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THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISHOP



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1912

THE CHAPEL, BRISTOL

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISHOP

BY THE
RIGHT REV. G. F. BROWNE
(LATELY BISHOP OF BRISTOL)

WITH PORTRAITS

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1915

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PREFACE

It was told of a preacher in Cambridge, very popular in my undergraduate days, that when he was publishing a volume of sermons the supply of 'proofs' suddenly stopped. He complained to the University Press. The manager replied that they had run out of their stock of 'capital I' and they were having some more cast for him.

Again, it was told of a well-known bishop, that when he was asked a question about his work, he replied that if he had known all it meant he would have said 'no' when the bishopric was proposed to him.

The remark of that bishop expresses my feeling in regard to this book of Recollections. And as one detail, I know that although the printers' stock of 'capital I' has not given out, an indecent amount of it has been used. Over and over again the third person has been tried and has been abandoned, the unfortunate writer sacrificing his own feeling rather than give his reader stilted stuff to read.

It should be borne in mind that these are Recollections, not Notes from a Diary,—a thing I never kept. In further mitigation of inaccuracies, I would urge that wholesome opportunities for correction have been lost in the move from a large house to a minute one, involving the sacrifice of the large majority of my books, and the hiding away of important papers in recesses where they are not available.

There is one overwhelming regret as I part with the book. It has been impossible to express my gratitude for the extraordinary kindness of all sorts and conditions of men and of women, and of children too, in all the phases of a long and varied and happy life.

G. F. BROWNE.

2 CAMPDEN HOUSE ROAD, KENSINGTON,
July 29, 1915.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

The Queen's Coronation—Prince Albert—The Walls of York—The Chartists—The Burning of the Minster—Guy Fawkes—James Wolfe—Lord Leighton—The Forrests—The Barony of Kendal—James I and Charles I—The York Proctors—A Citation in Church—Middlethorpe and Bishopthorpe—Archbishop Scrope—Voltigeur and the Flying Dutchman	1
---	---

CHAPTER II

Loss of Money—Nun Monkton—Farming and Horse-breeding—The Red House—Marston Moor and Walter Scott—A Wild Boar—The Priory Church—Save the Hay—A Village Jury—Poachers—Delirium Tremens—The <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> —The Leaden Statues—The School of York—Doggerel Carmen	20
---	----

CHAPTER III

Magdalene College and Catharine Hall—Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibitions—Idleness—Cricket and Boats—Mathematical Tripos—Conditional Offer of a Fellowship—The Cup in a Currant Tart—Mistake of Abolishing County Scholarships and Preferences—Advantages of a Break in a University Career—'Tales of a Grandfather'—Glenalmond—The Gladstones and Geordie Patton—Disciplining Boys and Men—The Warden of Wadham—William Bright—Scarlet Fever—A Reformation—Ordination—Scottish Disabilities—Dr. Trench—Malcolm MacColl—Father Ignatius—Jacobite and Nonjuror Documents	41
---	----

CHAPTER IV

The First Salmon—Teinds—Ice Problems—The Estuary of the Tay—A Long Fight—A Sporting Problem—A Whirlwind—William Selwyn—November Meteors—The Three Icy Saints—Ice in Summer—Mam Soul—The Flyfishers' Dinner—The Philosophy of Fishing Stories—Piscatorial Verses and Ambiguities—A Plucky Fight—A Lost Opportunity—Skill and Chance	62
--	----

	PAGE
CHAPTER V	
'English Episcopalians'—Services Taken in the Kirk—The Abbey Church of Iona—Memorial of Scottish Bishops in Cruden Kirk—War and a School Picnic, at Port Erroll—Combined War Service at Cruden—Scottish Ordinations—The Glenalmond Jubilee—Charles Wordsworth and Mr. Gladstone—Spontaneous Enthusiasm—A Fellowship Refused and Accepted—A Choral Wedding—Henry Bradshaw	80
CHAPTER VI	
Fred Morshead and the Alps—Dangers—My Sisters—President of the Alpine Club—Its Jubilee—Kanchenjanga—Lord Russell of Killowen—C. E. Mathews—Leslie Stephen—T. G. Bonney—British Association, Bath—Speke and Burton—Helvetic Societies—The Matterhorn Accident—Whympy—British Association, Bristol—De Rougemont—The Excursions—British Association, Dundee—Grouse, and Neeps— <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> —Du Maurier— <i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> —Mr. George Smith—Occasional Notes—Cambridge Letters	93
CHAPTER VII	
The Rectory of Ashley—Roman Catholic Patron—Act of Parliament—The Mastership of St. Catharine's—Shilleto's Epigram—Creation of the University Reporter—Discussions in the Senate—Secretary of Local Examinations—Women Students—A Senior Classic—A Senior Wrangler—Secretary of Local Lectures—First Visit of Local Delegates to Cambridge—Election to the Council—Its Composition—Management of Business—A Subpœna—Lord Coleridge.	114
CHAPTER VIII	
The Proctorship—High Opinion of Undergraduates—Prevention Preferable to Cure—Giving them Time—The Court of Heads of Houses—H. M. Stanley—Punishing Twice for the Same Offence—Proctorial Stories—A Cabinet Minister—Dinners with the Judges—The Power of Arrest—Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Undergraduates—More Stories—The Boat Race—The Borough Police—Sir George Paget's Fine	138
CHAPTER IX	
The Cambridge University Commission, 1877–81—Composition and Tone of the Commission—A Treasury Minute—A Fixed Easter—Dr. Philpott's Ability—Amendments to Graces—Sir George Stokes—Somnolence—Lord Rayleigh—Contributions of the Colleges—Death of Cockburn, C.J.—Dr. Bateson—G. W. Hemming—Boards of Studies—General Board—Great Results—Scope of Questions—Professorial Fellowships—Entrance Scholarships, Sharp Criticisms—Vacating Fellowships—Preachers Before the University—Sir Roundell Palmer—Endowments Available for Poor Men—Supernumerary Fellows and Scholars—College Statutes—Bend Or's Derby	159

CHAPTER X

PAGE

The Wearmouth Pandect—The Laurentine Library, Florence—Cassiodorus—Dr. P. Corssen—Rome—A Cambridge Gathering—Marble Screens—Florence Again—Padre Agostino—Disney Professorship—Scheme of Lectures—Scandinavian Sagas—Sigurd Fafnesbane—Weyland Smith—Runes and Ogams	182
--	-----

CHAPTER XI

Archæology—Byzantine Origin of Anglian Work—The Home of James the Deacon—The Wilne Font—An Early Norman Font—Kirk Braddan—An Arabic Inscription—The Brough Stone—The Bishop of Dowcus—An Inscription at Bath—S. Fabricatus—Stonehenge—The Barbed Wire—The Leaning Stone—The Date—The Caedmon and Bede Crosses—The Date of the Bewcastle and Ruthwell Crosses—Crosses at S. Petronio in Bologna	198
--	-----

CHAPTER XII

Dr. Thompson—Birched by the Same Man—Archdeacon Balston—The York Accent—My Grandmother—Dr. Bateson—His Death—The Mastership of St. Catharine's—G. F. Reyner—Dr. Perowne—His Fate—Vice-Chancellor—A Drawer of Reports—James Stuart—A Parting Presentation—Henry Bradshaw—Proposed Union of King's and St. Catharine's—Henry Fawcett—His Fishing Achievement—Dr. Lightfoot—Romauntsch Studies—His Latest Climb—Dr. Hort—Romauntsch Statutes of the Engadine—Wallon—King Leopold and Spa—Dr. Westcott—Dr. Lightfoot's Funeral—St. Ignatius' Church—Dr. Westcott on Oxford—His Latest Letter to Me—His Latest Vote—His Pectoral Cross—Compulsory Greek	217
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII

Borough Elections—Choosing a Candidate—County Elections—Lord Royston—The King's Story—Lord Hardwicke—My Father and Grandfather—University Elections—Walpole and Denman—Raikes and Stuart—Voting a Peer—Threat of the Clock Tower—Murder of Professor Palmer—Debate on University Seats in the Commons—Professors as Representatives—County Council Election—Election of Aldermen—The Liberal-Unionist Split—Leadership—A <i>Bona-fide</i> Pair—A Beneficent Caucus—Friendly Terms—Offer of University Seat	245
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV

The University Carlton Club—Edward Gibson and Alfred Austin—Lord Randolph Churchill—His Reporting—Continental Chaplaincies—Bennett of Bournemouth—Appeal on Church Reform—Address to the Archbishops and Bishops—Carlisle Church Congress—Examination for Holy Orders—Reading Prizes—Debating Prizes—Reception of Archbishops and Bishops, July 1888—Prince Albert Victor's Honorary Degree—The Prince of Wales (King Edward) in 1864—The <i>Hospitium Saltatorium</i> —Risks of Public Functions	267
---	-----

CHAPTER XV

PAGE

Grants to University Colleges—University of London, 'Teaching' Commission—Doctors' Robes—Thirlwall Prize—Election of Chancellor—Canonry of St. Paul's—Presentations—Honorary Degree—Orator's Speech—Honorary Degrees: Durham, Oxford, Bristol—Claim of Degrees for Women—A University for Women	291
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI

The St. Paul's Reredos—Dr. Temple's Umbrella—Examining Chaplain—Sermons—Speeches—Monosyllabic Articles and Sermons—Stories of Dr. Temple—London Diocesan Home Mission—Candelabra and Altar Cloths—Mosaics at St. Paul's—Lists of Bishops and Deans—Series of Kings and Bishops—The Lessons on Great Days—Amen Court—Archbishop Benson and Church Instruction—Lectures at St. Paul's on English Church History—The Church Historical Society—The London Council for University Teaching—St. Paul's School—The Chief Khama—Archbishop Nicolas—The Suffragan System—Offer of the Bishopric of Stepney—Delays—Reason for Leaving London—Primate Alexander, at St. Paul's and at Cambridge.	312
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII

Proctor in Convocation—Fees for Letters Patent—Cardinal Vaughan—Relations as Suffragan with Dr. Temple—The Prince of Wales and the East End—His Kindness at Sandringham and Biarritz—The Death of Dr. Benson—Richborough—The Granville Cross—The Board of Works—The Abbey Field at Canterbury—The Cardinal Archbishops of Reims—The 1300th Anniversary of King Ethelbert's Baptism—Visit of Bishops to Richborough and the Cross—The Diamond Jubilee—Service on Sunday, June 20, 1897—Procession and Service on Tuesday, June 22—The Body Guard and the Beef-eaters—The Queen's and the Prince's Thanks—The Visit of the Bishops to Glastonbury	338
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII

Election, Confirmation, Homage, and Enthronement—Church and State: their Several Functions—Bishops in Parliament—At the Coronation of Edward VII—Ritual Questions—Incense—Criticism of a Bishop—Heterogeneous Composition of the See of Bristol—The Old Palace and the New—The Greek Church	364
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX

The Abbey Church of Malmesbury—King Athelstan—Round Skulls—Protection of Ancient Monuments—Cathedral and Parish Churches—Relations of Bristol with Wales—Welsh Service at St. Paul's—Bangor and Deiniol—The Royal Yacht—The Lambeth Conference—Plodding to Holy Isle—Philanthropy in Bristol—Helpfulness and Friendliness—Archdeacon Robeson—Church Extension—University of Bristol—Lord Roberts—The Charitable Trusts Act, 1914—Presentations and Farewells	392
--	-----

INDEX	419
-----------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE CHAPEL, BRISTOL, 1912	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a Photograph by Miss Olive Edis.</i>	
LILIUM AURATUM, 54 BLOOMS, 1879	<i>Facing page</i>
	144
ON THE NESS, 1906	372
<i>From a Photograph by the Hon. Esmé Irby.</i>	
1911	410
<i>By Leslie Ward.</i>	



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CHAPTER I

The Queen's Coronation—Prince Albert—The Walls of York—The Chartist—
The Burning of the Minster—Guy Fawkes—James Wolfe—Lord Leighton
—The Forrests—The Barony of Kendal—James I and Charles I—The
York Proctors—A Citation in Church—Middlethorpe and Bishopthorpe—
Archbishop Scrope—Vultigeur and the Flying Dutchman.

My earliest clear recollection of a public event is the Coronation of Queen Victoria. Wagons were drawn through the streets of York, with hand printing-presses in them perpetually striking off little papers with 'God bless our young Queen.' Men stood in the wagons with long wands in their hands. They put the little papers into the split end of the wand and handed them up to the nursery windows of the houses. The same was done on the day of the Queen's wedding.

There is in memory a rather terrible recollection of the first visit of the Queen and her husband Prince Albert to York. She had been well known there as Princess Victoria, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Vernon Harcourt, having been her preceptor. There was a great gathering of carriages in the station yard, at that time within the walls of the city. The Archbishop's carriage and the Lord Mayor's and many private carriages were to join in the procession. My father's carriage had a pair of very fresh horses, and when the clash of the military bands and the ringing cheers burst out as the Queen and the Prince seated themselves in their open carriage, it was too much for our horses and they bolted, running the pole into the back of the royal

carriage, where the footmen were standing in their places on a shelf. The Prince stood up and delivered his sentiments, in German as we supposed. I can never forget his just wrath. Unfortunately we missed the meaning, though we felt the force, of his words. No doubt they were all that his native tongue—so well adapted for such an occasion—could do in the way of objurgation.

The mention of the station within the walls of York recalls two reminiscences. My father took me as a boy to see the first passenger train come into York through the walls. It came, memory says, with one of the front wheels of the engine red-hot. My father told me that after the station had been built and the lines laid outside and within, a legal question was raised, Who could give permission for the walls of York to be pierced? It turned out that the Archbishop was from the earliest times the custodian of the walls of York, and his permission was sought and obtained. Even in recent times the responsibility of ecclesiastics for the defence, and therefore the upkeep, of the walls in the neighbourhood of the Minster has been a practical matter. The College of Minor Canons was responsible for a certain number of yards of wall north of Bootham Bar, the Canons for another portion, and so on. York is a useful example of the feature so often observed in ancient cities on the Continent, the Cathedral Church being placed very near to the walls, or, it may be, the walls being carried very near to the Cathedral Church. The walls were pierced in 1840. The archway was to be completed on April 14 of that year. The station buildings were opened in the first week of January 1841.¹

The other reminiscence is from a later time, the Chartist troubles of 1848. A special train was bringing a large party of Chartists from Leeds to make a demonstration at York, on Knavesmire. I went to the walls to see the train come in. The Lord Mayor was on the platform, with the General Officer commanding the district. The troops, Lancers as

¹ This was ten years after the accidental death of Mr. Huskisson at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and fifteen years after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway.

far as I remember, were drawn up on either side of the line, the heads of the horses facing each other across the line. Those were days when railway carriages were locked, and people hadn't keys. The train steamed very slowly in. The front compartment, where the leaders were, was unlocked, and the leaders were free to come out. They appeared on the platform and entered into parley with the civic and military authorities. While this was going on, an engine was being quietly attached to the rear of the train. The leaders were placed in their compartment again and locked in, and the train steamed slowly out on its way back to Leeds.

The most impressive and vivid of early reminiscences was, naturally, the burning of York Minster in May 1840, in my seventh year.

The eastern part of the Minster had been burned in 1829, four years before my birth, by Jonathan Martin, a man who had brooded over things until his mind was unhinged. He had attended a service, and then hid behind a slab tomb till all had left and he was alone in the great church. He collected the service books into the pulpit and the Archbishop's throne and set fire to them. There was an immense conflagration, confined fortunately to the parts east of the stone screen on which the organ stood. The enormous and priceless east window was saved.

The fire of 1840 dealt with the nave and transepts, and the south-west tower where the bells were. The nursery windows of my father's house in Petergate looked straight across to the sounding boards of the bell tower; and one evening, when my father and mother were out at a concert, my small brother, aged four and a half, and I, instead of being in bed, were watching a dull little light, as of one weak candle, which shewed through the sounding boards. Suddenly it grew in size and became a blaze. It spread, and began to roar, and we bolted into bed and got under the clothes to escape from the glare. How long we remained there I have no idea.

Meanwhile the news had spread that the Minster was on fire. A rumour reached the Festival Concert room,

where my father and mother were, and my father went out to see. He returned instantly and cried out 'The Minster's on fire!' 'Who says so?' some one asked. 'I do,' my father replied. Then the concert came to an end.

My mother made her way down Blake Street to come to our rescue, for we were close to the burning tower, and by this time the nave too was ablaze. A cordon of mounted soldiers from Fulford had already been drawn round the Minster Yard, and at the end of Blake Street my mother was stopped. She pleaded that she had seven young children just under the fire. The officer in charge said his orders were precise; people could pass out, no one was to pass in. My mother always told us that the officer was a very nice looking, very young man. 'I just smiled in his face and ducked under his horse, and he didn't call me back.' So we were taken out of bed and wrapped in blankets; my older sisters walked or ran, we two boys and a baby girl were carried. When we reached Stonegate a fresh troop of horse came full speed down the narrow street; we were squeezed into an opening on the west side of the lane, at which I still look with interest, and we narrowly escaped being run over by the galloping horses. We were taken to my grandfather's house in Castlegate. It is quite vividly in remembrance that as we passed along the New Market there was a fizzling noise and a smell of something burning. It was a piece of charred wood that had fallen from the sky and burned my blanket. We heard afterwards that the great stream of blazing particles was carried miles out into the country by the strong wind that was blowing. The brilliant stream was a wonderful sight while my blanket was being 'put out,' and, unless my recollection is at fault, the wind must have been something like north-west.

My father spent the night on the roof of his house, removing the burning embers which fell there in showers. He was the 'official' of many of the 'peculiar' then in existence, and he had large stores of ancient documents in tin boxes; these he placed in a large old stone cistern half full of water, where they were safe.

The next morning the scene of desolation was most mournful ; mounted soldiers at all parts of the ruin ; two were near the stone screen where the organ was. Some parts of the Minster Yard were still inches deep in water. In front of the west end were lava-like streams of molten bell metal.

The cause of the fire was exactly what we had seen from our nursery window. Probably we were the only witnesses. Workmen had left a dip candle burning on the carpenters' table in the lower bell chamber. It had melted down and fallen over, setting fire to shavings on the table.

It may be not without interest to mention here a fact connected with my father's house which did not become known to me till many years after this. The house, by the way, is now a private hotel, opposite the south door of the church of St. Michael le Belfry, the end house but one in that part of Petergate. The house was leasehold of the Dean and Chapter, and at my father's death it came into our hands and we entered into contract to sell it. While the legal steps were being taken, a York paper was sent to me describing a fire that had taken place in the house, and stating that many of the citizens had taken the opportunity of seeing the house in which Guy Fawkes was born and lived. This was the ancient house which we had used for various purposes as out-houses, at the end of the small garden behind the dwelling-house. My interest in old things would certainly have prevented my selling Guy Fawkes's house if only we had known the fact in time. Still later, only a few years ago, another fact was discovered which would have made it impossible to part with the house. That fact was that an aunt of mine—with seven 'greats'—in Henry VIII's time married a great-uncle of Guy Fawkes, the head of an important Yorkshire family.

Those were not all of the links with Guy Fawkes. He was a schoolfellow at the old School of York, to whose unique history reference will be made later on. In the reign of Philip and Mary some royal assistance was given to the school, probably only something formal ; it is said to be the only school to which those sovereigns

gave assistance. Their intervention, however slight, bore remarkable fruit. The old ecclesiastical order was strong in the north country, and the old School of York had the training of many of the Yorkshire gentlemen, among them several of those who were connected with the plot. Guy's father Edward was a proctor of the ecclesiastical court of York; Edward's father was registrar of the exchequer court of the arch-diocese of York, and his mother was a Haryngton,¹ of an ancient Yorkshire family; she left by will to her grandson Guy her best whistle and an angel of gold. Father, mother, and son, were all on the communicants' roll of St. Michael le Belfry. Guy's mother married, as her second husband, Dionis Baynbrigge, of Scotton, whose mother was a Vavasour, and she and her Fawkes children went to live at Scotton, in the West Riding, with Roman kinsfolk all round—Vavasours, Slingsbys, Inglebys, Pulleyns, and many more. Here, too, Guy came upon the two Winters, who eventually became parties in the Gunpowder Plot. Under these influences Guy and his mother joined the Roman Catholics.

Late in Elizabeth's reign Guy sold his considerable property in and near York. Curiously enough the earliest conveyance of the site on which the school—removed from the Minster Yard—now stands, was granted by Guy Fawkes, and bears his signature, well written, *Guye Fawkes*; the date is August 1, 1592. He took his money away with him to Spain, and came back to England as Guido.

The fact of his having been a schoolfellow of ours made it unseemly to burn him on Guy Fawkes Day, and we had to select personages for that distinction. I remember one rather remarkable selection in my time. We had a schoolfellow who took a great interest in ecclesiastical affairs, Charles Best Robinson, afterwards Charles Norcliffe of Langton Wold. The time was that of the 'papal aggression' under Pio Nono, and Robinson was up in arms against the Government for their failure to take his view and be 'down with the Roman titles.' A select band of four or five of us prepared, with great attention to detail under Robinson's

¹ My collateral relationship to Guy is through this lady.

guidance, a bulky representation of the Pope. The dress was white, the triple crown was my work, a work of high art. The inscription on the breast was a real masterpiece, for which I am not quite sure which of us had the credit—

OH ! NO !

PIO

NO ! NO !

We then subscribed for an open carriage and a pair of horses to take our effigy down into York, where feeling ran high. Unfortunately—or as I should now no doubt think it proper to say fortunately—we had to pass the large house of an important magistrate, Danson Richardson Currer, afterwards Roundell, the father of a former schoolfellow of whose Oxford cricket we were very proud, Charlie Currer. He came out, stopped the carriage and its foot procession, had the carriage turned, saw us all back into the school grounds and the effigy taken out and the carriage sent away. We burned our victim with enjoyment not dimmed by the fiasco of the afternoon.

Guy Fawkes had nothing to do with the Gunpowder Plot in its inception. He had played an important part in the Roman Catholic interest when abroad. At the siege of Calais in 1595, when the place was taken by the Spaniards under Archduke Albert, Guy's reputation was such that he was 'sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue.' Sir William Stanley, the leading English Roman Catholic in the Spanish army, selected Guy and his York schoolfellow Christopher Wright to visit Philip III with a view to securing relief for their Roman fellow-countrymen when the death of Elizabeth created a political change. Guy has left on record a statement which sufficiently indicates his position. Speaking of the seven main conspirators, including himself, he says, 'all which seven were gentlemen of name and blood ; and not any were employed in or about this action, no, not so much as in digging and in mining, that was not a gentleman.' The probable course of the genesis of the plot was that Catesby hatched it ; then he got Thomas Winter ; Thomas

Winter got Guy Fawkes, they had been boys together at Scotton; then John Wright, Guy's schoolfellow, and Thomas Percy, joined; then Robert Winter and Christopher Wright, another of Guy's schoolfellows. These were the seven gentlemen of blood. Fawkes was selected to take charge of the cellar and to fire the powder, not on account of anything specially diabolical in his character, but because of his consummate coolness.

When the conspirators fled and were overtaken at Holbeach, and the sheriff set fire to the house in which they had taken refuge, Thomas Winter and Catesby, fighting back to back, were killed by one bullet, and Guy's schoolfellows, John and Christopher Wright, were killed too. When Guy was executed, only one of the original seven, Robert Winter, was executed with him.

Among Guy's schoolfellows at York, besides the conspirators John and Christopher Wright and others connected with the plot, as Brian Stapleton, Edward Oldcorne, and William Wright the Jesuit, were Thomas Morton (the Bishop of Durham) and Sir Thomas Cheke. Morton was the son of Alderman Morton, of All Saints Pavement, to which church the bishop bequeathed a chalice. He was six years older than Guy, and, curiously enough, he became the foremost controversialist against the Roman Catholics. He held Durham in princely state. He was very staunch, and during the Commonwealth he continued to ordain clergy privately. Sir Thomas Cheke was the son of Henry Cheke, the eldest son of the well-known Sir John Cheke. Henry Cheke married the sister of the Earl of Sussex (Ratcliffe) and lived at the Manor House in York. His second wife, to whom he was married at St. Michael le Belfry, was a daughter of Marmaduke Constable. Guy was either the same age as Cheke or a year older.

Another of the Jesuit priests who was indirectly connected with the plot is also said to have been at the Cathedral School at York. This was Oswald Tesimond, or Jesmond, who went also under the names of Greenway and Philip Beaumont. He, like Morton, was older than Guy, having been born in the North in 1563. It was he who administered

the Sacrament to the fugitive conspirators at Huddington the day after the failure of the plot. Thomas Winter declared at his execution that the fathers charged with complicity were all clear of share in the matter, particularly Tesimond. When Guy himself was reproached by Chief Justice Popham for pleading not guilty after his full confession, Guy replied that he did not withdraw his confession, but the indictment charged 'the holy fathers' with share in the plot, and that was unwarranted. Tesimond's own explanation of his administering the Sacrament on November 6 was that he saw the men were in imminent peril of death and therefore gave them the consolations of religion. He died at Naples in 1635. In 1610 he was reported by Sir Edwin Rich to be arranging for an embroidered doublet and hose, poisoned, to be sent from Naples to James I, to ensure his death.

The only other famous worthy connected with York with whom I can claim kinship is General Wolfe ; he was a cousin of my great grandfather William Brown, or Browne, who married Lucy Wray of Kelfield. Elizabeth Thompson, the mother of James Wolfe, lived from childhood in the old timbered house on Peaseholme Green, in the very ancient parish of St. Cuthbert, York. The Thompsons had a country house at Long Marston, and there the marriage with Colonel Wolfe took place. The young Wolfes resided for some time at the old house in Peaseholme, formerly the residence of William de Bowes, and then removed to Westerham, where James was born soon after their arrival. We had a sword of General Wolfe's to play with when we were children.

Lord Leighton's father told me that he once practised in York, and lived in the Minster Yard. Ill-health made him leave England and live on the Continent. I met him at Ilkley in his old age, when his occupation was chiefly reading French books of a light character. He told me that when his son—who was my senior by three years—was determining to be an artist, he walked him about the streets in London where second-hand things were sold, and shewed him oil paintings marked a pound and thirty

shillings, assuring him that was the most he would come to. The world of England owes much to Dr. Leighton's ill-health, as it was the means of introducing his son Frederick to continental art. I do not find any reference to York in any Life of Lord Leighton.

My mother's people were, and still are, 'statesmen,' at Troutbeck near Windermere. The present 'statesman,' my second cousin, holds two of the estates which formed part of the old Barony of Kendal and were held from the time of Ivo de Taillebois of that barony. They were held by border tenure against the Scots. One of the two was conferred by Ivo in the time of King John upon one Gilpin, for an act of bravery, one of the traditional slayings of an enormous boar. From this Gilpin descended Bernard Gilpin, at the time of the Reformation the Apostle of the North. My mother's Airay ancestor married the Gilpin heiress, in the time of Edward III. In 1628 her Birkett ancestor married the heiress of the Airays and Gilpins. In 1739 Agnes Byrkhead became heiress, and the estate passed to her husband Robert Forrest, my great-grandfather. Besides that interesting descent from the brave Gilpin of the early Norman times, the Forrests were themselves interesting people, being Reeves or Graves of the Forest of Kendal in the reign of Edward II. A number of deeds have recently been discovered in which, because of their office, they are called de la Foret and de la Forrest, whence possibly their name Forrest.

The great Barony of Kendal was eventually split into four; the Forrests were concerned with two of the four. Ivo's line ended in two sisters and co-heiresses. Of these the elder, Heluise, married Peter de Brus. Her daughter Margaret married Robert de Roos, to whom she brought the Castle of Kendal. Margaret's heiress, five generations later, married Sir William Parr, whose descendant, another five generations later, was William Parr, brother of Queen Catharine Parr, created Marquis of Northampton. From him this moiety was called the 'Marquis' fee. Heluise's younger sister Alice married William de Lindesay, and from her descended John Beaufort Duke of Somerset and Earl

of Kendal, to whose daughter this moiety was on his death granted, namely Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. From her this fee was named the 'Richmond' fee. It is not necessary to carry further the subdivisions of the original Barony of Kendal.

In the reign of James I of England the tenants of the Richmond and Marquis fees were threatened with the loss of their estates, on a very curious claim, of which I have never heard except from the Forrest and Browne¹ charter-chests at Troutbeck. James I put his son Prince Charles into possession of the Richmond fee. Prince Charles filed a bill against the customary tenants of the fee, claiming the estates which they held of the fee. The plea was that they held on border tenure, and as James was now king on both sides of the border the boundary was obliterated. There could not be any border war, and therefore border tenure had come to an end. They must pay full rent for their estates to Prince Charles as owner in fee simple.

The Troutbeck tenants and those of Ambleside were specially favoured under the old custom, paying only half and two-thirds of the fines paid by other tenants of the Richmond fee on change of lord or tenant. In all tenements of the fee, if daughters are left and no son, the eldest daughter succeeds without subdivision. A widow of customary right continues to hold her deceased husband's tenement 'during chaste widowhood.' Younger sons cannot succeed to any portion of a tenement. These arrangements keep the tenements undivided and send the younger sons out into the world to make their way, as many of them have done. My Forrest grandfather had done fairly well in that way. In a York directory of ninety years ago he is described as Sub-Chanter of the Cathedral Church, Rector of Fridaythorpe on the Wolds, Vicar of St. Mary Bishophill Junior, and Curate of Poppleton, four miles up the river; and by reason of some cousinship by marriage he was chaplain to the Earl of Erroll, the first subject in Scotland after the

¹ The long line of George Brownes at Troutbeck have no known connection with my father's family. They intermarried with the Birketts, and thus were kinsfolk of my mother. The fine old gentleman, George Browne, who for so many years was known as the king of the dale, died quite recently.

blood royal. The 'Maior and Jurats' of New Romney once applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury to send them 'a nimble curate in full orders'; and on January 31, 1664, they remonstrated with their non-resident vicar for having left them wholly destitute since Christmas last, up to which time they had enjoyed the services of 'a nimble curate who was usually in his sermon and prayer before it about a quarter of an hour.' The Forrest pluralist must have been a very nimble curate if he did all his duties at Poppleton and elsewhere.

The tenants of the Richmond fee took advice when the startling claim upon their customary estates was made. In accordance with the advice, they sent £2700 to one Francis Bacon, as a fee to induce him to look carefully into the rights of the case; and he confirmed them in their customary rights. That large sum of money was raised among them on bonds, two or three of my mother's ancestors being bondsmen, including John Forrest and Stephen Birkhead. Stephen Birkhead's bond for a second payment is now in the Forrest chest.

It is rather quaint that my mother's direct ancestors should have dealt successfully with King James by force of law, while my father's collateral ancestress was the aunt of a gentleman who unsuccessfully attempted to deal with that monarch by force of a more explosive character.

Francis Bacon was concerned in another Troutbeck dispute, again with royalty. George Browne, in 1615, disputed the right of James I, as lord of the manor, to take fish out of the river. A letter from Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, Attorney-General, sets forth that 'into the river of Troutbeck about October cometh abundance of troutes and salmonds to spawn.' It is to be feared that it was of these spawning fish that George Browne desired to have the monopoly for the tenants of the manor. Salmon, being a royal fish, needs a special charter if a man is to capture him lawfully, thus a curious question is raised here. I do not find any note of the result.

My father was a proctor in the Ecclesiastical Courts of York. The proctors were a close corporation, their number

being restricted to eight. Articled clerks succeeded by seniority. My father was so long in succeeding that the proctors supported his petition to the Archbishop that he might be admitted as a supernumerary proctor. His sixth child had been born, and the wife and children were seven solid arguments in his favour. Archbishop Vernon Harcourt appointed him in 1837. The proctors were admitted at a judicial ceremony in the south transept of the Minster, and I was taken at the age of three to witness the admission of my father. When I was myself admitted as a very different kind of proctor in Cambridge, my son, then in his third year, was brought to the Senate House to witness the admission.

My father's intention was that I should become an advocate in the Ecclesiastical Courts of York. The advocates stood to the proctors in the same relation as barristers to solicitors. The ecclesiastical lawyers of each class were supposed to hold themselves as socially superior to the corresponding class of state lawyers. When the changes in the Ecclesiastical Courts took place, and the chief parts of a proctor's business were transferred to the ordinary Law Courts, the proctors were declared to be by right solicitors, that they might retain their practice. I remember my father's wrath that he was now 'a gentleman by Act of Parliament.' The advocates were supposed by the proctors not to know much of the minor details of ecclesiastical law—an attitude not altogether unknown to the modern solicitor in regard to civil law. Accordingly my father thought the best preparation for success as an advocate would be a training in a proctor's office, and I was articled to him when I went to Cambridge. In the vacations the articled clerk was more or less in the office, rather less than more as he lived eight miles out of York.

Many years before that, a curious experience of ecclesiastical law had come my way. There was a great case known as *Worsley and Wake*, when a *Worsley* of *Hovingham* went to law with *Dr. Wake* of *York*, a descendant of *Hereward*, to defeat a will in *Dr. Wake's* favour made by an old aunt of the *Worsley*. My father was *Dr. Wake's*

proctor. It became necessary to issue a citation, addressed to the Worsley, and one Sunday morning my father—taking a very small boy with him—drove over to Hovingham to lodge the citation with the incumbent, himself a Worsley. Something happened on the road, and the morning service had begun before we got there. My father sent a man to tell the clerk that there was a citation to be read. The incumbent came to the vestry, received the citation, and read it in church at the appointed place. There cannot be very many persons living who have seen a parson called out of the reading desk by a lawyer and set to read in church a summons to a member of the squire's family. That long-drawn lawsuit paid all my school expenses, my father told me long after. Curiously enough, the Worsley cited and defeated became eventually Master of Downing College, and he left me his literary executor. I had by that time made acquaintance in a less hostile manner with the then Sir William Worsley, and had stayed at Hovingham with him in other guise than as an enemy's son.

The Ecclesiastical Courts were deprived of their testamentary and matrimonial and defamatory jurisdiction before my articles were out, and nothing came of the training at the time. But when I became a bishop the training proved to be most useful, one of the many examples in my personal experience of the unexpected ways in which work done, and apparently quite done with, comes in exactly *à propos* in the long run in a bishop's varied life with its varied needs. There was training in character too. My father was absolutely just, to the point of stern severity, the uttermost farthing. That was the Law. My mother supplied the Gospel. A proverb frequently on her lips was this: 'The liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things he shall stand.'

My father was selected by the body of York proctors to look after their case in the House of Commons and among the Bishops in the Lords. They got very good terms—two-thirds of the net average income of a series of years. It was agreed also that compensation should be given to articulated clerks, a list of such clerks to be laid before

the Archbishop and approved by him. My name and that of another proctor's son, afterwards a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, came high, if not first, on the list. Unfortunately we had got the Archbishop's prize at St. Peter's and the school scholarship for Cambridge. The Archbishop (Thomson) remarked, 'I happen to know that those gentlemen have a University career before them; I strike out their names.' So we didn't get compensation.

Some seven years ago, the editor of one of the daily newspapers wrote to ask me for my rule of life, as he had heard that I had reached an advanced age and was still vigorous. I replied that my rule was threefold :

1. To have had healthy parents.
2. To have been brought up in the country.
3. When things look black at night,

Turn on the electric light.

That third rule goes deep and far. Night after night, as the difficulties of a diocese loom so large and worry so seriously, to flood the bedroom with electric light gives instant relief. You are no longer at the mercy of the darkness. You have your things about you—your little bookshelves, your photographs of favourite friends. Thoughts fall into due proportion, responding rapidly to the flow of light. But of course the rule goes deeper than that, and advises appeal to spiritual sources of consolation and strength. I once worked the rule out in its fullness with the late Bishop of Oxford, Francis Paget. Towards the end of his life he told me that he was constantly quoting my rule in giving advice in individual cases of grave anxiety in his diocese.

The first rule was beyond my control. Fortunately for me it was an accomplished fact. The second rule also was beyond my control, but it, too, was carried out in practice as soon as my parents could afford it. Until that time came, the whole seven of us were put through three weeks of sore trial every spring. My father was a great believer in Harrogate and in the efficacy of its waters. As each spring came round there came to his house in York a barrel of the most offensive of the waters, and every

morning before breakfast we each of us had to drink a big cup of this stuff, *warm!* As five of us lived to be well over eighty—one of the seven dying early from climate in South Africa and another, the sturdiest of us all, breaking his neck when well on his way to eighty—it must be allowed that this vernal alternative to living in the country justified itself. When the science of eugenics becomes practical, I hope that the son of two generations of livers in towns will have to marry a country girl if he marries at all.

When the time came to leave the town for the country, we went to a charming Queen Anne house at Middlethorpe, half a mile short of Bishopthorpe. The house was in a York parish, and had a pew there; but the distance made it very inconvenient to go to the parish church. The old Archbishop, Vernon Harcourt, sent his personal chaplain, Evelyn Vernon, to invite us to occupy one end of the great throne pew in the little church at Bishopthorpe, and my early boyhood was thus steeped in an archiepiscopal atmosphere. My place in the pew was next to Canon Dixon, and he used a Hebrew Bible which naturally impressed me a good deal; a Hebrew Bible became an early possession as a result of this impression. We had to be in our places early, before the grand entrance of the Archbishop, preceded by four attendants in sumptuous liveries. His seat was a throne chair in the middle of the great pew, and the members of his family had the end opposite to ours. The Archbishop moved and sat and knelt with much dignity in his robes. When his successor (Musgrave) came, the archbishopric had been shorn of its great income. He had one plain gentleman in black to precede him, and he took snuff in his throne chair. After we left, the great throne pew was done away with, and now the little church itself has gone.

Some forty years after this, Sir George Paget told me a story of the first visit he paid to 'Old Tom' Musgrave when he was made Bishop of Hereford. Professor Adam Sedgwick was with him. The Bishop and his wife took them out for a walk in the little city of Hereford, leading the way out of the Palace grounds. One of the first houses

they passed was a public-house, and in its window was an announcement of a beverage which made Sedgwick give a loud laugh. The Bishop looked over his shoulder and said, 'I know what you fellows are laughing at!' The announcement was of a special brand of gin, 'The Real Old Tom.'

Musgrave was one of six Liberals who met at the Lodge of Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi, to memorialise Lord Melbourne on the lack of ecclesiastical preferment for Cambridge Whigs. Lamb had called the meeting and prepared three resolutions. When the time came, only six in all were present. Some one proposed that, as they were too few to give weight to their proceedings, they had better disperse. Lamb pointed out that there were enough of them to propose and second the three resolutions, and it was not necessary to say anything about the number present. The suggestion was carried into effect. Lamb was made Dean of Bristol, Musgrave was made Bishop of Hereford. Boustead became Bishop of Lichfield and was designated for York. All but one got something. I do not feel sure of the other names. Canon Swainson was my informant, now many years ago.

In the old Archbishop's time a dole was given at the Palace three times a week, I think a threepenny piece and a loaf of bread. Canon Dixon used to send to York for a carriage if he had to go to the city on a dole day; it cost less than facing the long line of beggars cost. When the new Archbishop came, with a much smaller income, the dole of course ceased. Then, as now, the main entrance to the Palace grounds had a curved row of palings on each side. Some beggars came, not knowing of the change. One of them had a sense of humour and a piece of chalk. He counted the palings, so many on each side, to suit his proposed inscription. He wrote one letter on each pale. The whole read thus: 'God bless the old Archbis'—then came the gate—'hop he was good to the poor.'

We had a ghost of our own at Middlethorpe, 'Tom of the Hall,' who sat upon the pediment with his head under his arm. And we had the stone coffin in which the headless

body of Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York, was first placed. Prince John of Lancaster, according to Shakespeare (*2 Henry IV*, Act iv, Sc. ii), having got possession of Scrope, Mowbray, and Hastings, in the forest of 'Gualtree,' bade

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

Scrope was beheaded in a field near Middlethorpe, June 8, 1405 ; a windmill marked the place till 1881. The people of the neighbourhood associated our ghost Tom with the headed Richard, without reason.

Shakespeare's Forest of Gualtree was the Yorkshire Forest of Galtres (Calaterium), which covered some 100,000 acres on the north side of York. It was disforested in 1670. The Archbishop and the Earl Marshal were captured near Pontefract, south of York, and sent up the north road for judgment to Bishopthorpe, where Henry IV was present. The execution of the Archbishop raised questions of great importance, for no secular judge had jurisdiction over the life of a prelate. Arundel, the Archbishop of Canterbury, had advised reserving him for the judgment of the Pope, or of Parliament, but the King would have his head off. York and the North treated Scrope as a martyr and saint, and at the Reformation the chapel in which the offerings at his shrine were kept was one of the most valuable of all. His Indulgence Cup is now among the treasures of York Minster, with its inscription: *Recharde archebishope Scrope grantes on to alle the that drinkis of this cope xi dayes to pardune*. The cup was given to the Corpus Christi Guild of York (dissolved in 1547) by Agnes Wyman, wife of Sir Henry Wyman, Lord Mayor of York. Sir William Gascoigne's eldest son married the daughter of Sir Henry Wyman, and it may be suggested that Scrope's cup fell into the hands of the Chief Justice, who took at least some part in his trial ; what part is still in dispute.

The critical corner of the York race-course on Knavesmire took its name from our home, the Middlethorpe Corner. There was a universal belief that in the earlier

days of Archbishop Vernon Harcourt he used to be driven that way with his accustomed four horses, and used to get out under cover of Knavesmire Wood and watch some famous race. My father used to take us boys there and teach us to take an interest in the sport, as sport, without any tendency towards betting. In a like spirit he very patiently taught us all to play whist on sound principles. This love of the sport of horse-racing led on one occasion to a rather surprising visit to my school. The occasion in itself deserves to be put on record.

We had nearly finished morning school when the door of the hall opened and a large retriever rushed in, followed by my father. He went up to the head master, Archdeacon Hey, and asked if he might take me away for the rest of the day. He was asked why. Because the greatest match of the time was to be run that afternoon, and he wished his son to be able to say all his life that he saw it! Some further parley took place. He stuck to his point, and the parley ended favourably.

The match was between Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman, a very dark brown, and Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, a chestnut. Each had won the greatest races, Voltigeur being a year older than the Dutchman. No one could say which was the better horse; so the two earls agreed to have a straight match, £1000 a side. Yorkshire put its money on the Dutchman, Durham on Voltigeur. The Dutchman won. Thereupon a charming courtesy was enacted. The two earls had pavilions facing each other, raised above the ground. From a platform on one pavilion a bridge could be lowered to a corresponding platform on the other pavilion. The losing earl, Zetland, lowered his bridge, walked across, and with low bows complimented the winning earl, retiring to his own pavilion and raising the bridge. The winning earl then lowered his bridge, walked across, and with low bows complimented the losing earl on the gallant fight made by his horse, retiring again to his pavilion and raising the bridge. My father was right. It is some sixty-nine years ago, and I can never forget it.

CHAPTER II

Loss of Money—Nun Monkton—Farming and Horse-breeding—The Red House—Marston Moor and Walter Scott—A Wild Boar—The Priory Church—Save the Hay—A Village Jury—Poachers—Delirium Tremens—The *Gentleman's Magazine*—The Leaden Statues—The School of York—Doggerel Carmen.

My father lost his money in the railway crisis in the forties with which the name of George Hudson was specially connected, and I was informed that I should have to make my own way in the world. My brother was taken from school and sent to sea. I had obtained a school scholarship which gave me board and schooling for four years. Two of my sisters had been sent to the Continent to finish their education; the other three had not that advantage. Expenses were cut down all round, and we left Middlethorpe.

'George Hudson' had been a name to conjure with in connection with the early boom in the north in railway-building and railway shares; many people came down in the crash that ended the boom. He was a linen draper and silk mercer originally. I remember going, as a small boy in petticoats, with my mother to get a silk dress for the Mansion House Ball, and Hudson himself, the Lord Mayor, came to the counter and served her, saying he wished her to look her best at his ball. There used to be all sorts of quaint stories told of his mayoralty. One struck me even at the time as very funny, when I was a small boy, and it still seems so after more than seventy years. The Lady Mayoress was receiving a Royal Duke. She asked him, by way of making society conversation, if he knew Sir John

Lowther, the member for York ; he was a great friend of theirs ; when he came to York he always slept with them. ' What ! three in a bed, ma'am ! three in a bed ! '

My father was much given to country pursuits, and was fond of farming. He found a delightful home at Nun Monkton, eight miles up the Ouse, in the angle of the junction of the Nidd with the Ouse. It was a William III house, built of bricks brought from Holland, the most symmetrical of all the houses of that type which I have seen. They are all of them quite unmistakable. Some are too large and some too small for the style and proportions. The largest which I know is Ramsbury Manor, a house of the Burdetts near Hungerford, now in the occupation of my friend Mr. Ernest Wills. Ramsbury covers probably four times the area of Nun Monkton, and, beautiful as it is, it seems to me too large for the style. Our predecessors at Nun Monkton were the Butlers ; he was a brother of the Earl of Kilkenny, as his monument in the lovely conventual church set forth, and his son succeeded as Viscount Mountgarret. There were some ninety acres of pasture land attached to the house, with excellent paddocks and other arrangements dating from the time when the hounds were kept there. My father was very fond of horses and took to breeding hunters and carriage horses. A drove of three-year-old ponies passed through the village one day and he bought five of them at £5 apiece. On these we scoured about the country like wild things. Then my father took a hundred and fifty acres of arable land and we all learned and practised farming. He used to go to his office in York three days in the week, and on those days I was in charge of the farm operations in holiday and vacation time, summer and winter. There was a good deal of game, and there was good fishing in the Ouse and Nidd. We rode with the York and Ainsty, and not infrequently the Bramham Moor came within reach of us. I well remember the dismay we all felt when we arrived at a meet at Kirby Hall and found that since the hounds were last there the various fences in the park had been replaced by galvanised wire, a thing we had up to that time never seen. The hounds were taken away at once, not

a horse there having been trained to rise at wire. The master, Sir Charles Slingsby, was credited with a power of language ; but he did not use it. If it had been the Bramham Moor ! I remember a horseman getting among the Bramham Moor hounds, more their doing than his. He happened to be master of a pack of harriers. Old George Lane Fox stood up in his stirrups and used language by the space of a minute or more, ending up with ‘Get away home to your confounded currant jelly pack !’ Those Nun Monkton experiences were of great value to me when I found myself bishop of a diocese that held a large part of the country of the Beaufort Hunt.

We used to take the horses we bred to Boroughbridge Fair and sell them there half made, usually greeted on our return by questions as to the number of gross of green spectacles, and usually with a good answer. The sale of fat cattle to the butchers on days when my father was not at home seemed at first to be a great responsibility. But he had a little set of tables which told the weight of a fat beast if the length and girth were properly taken with the tape at the right places. The butchers had learned that the tables gave the weights on the whole with remarkable accuracy, and all that had to be settled was the price per stone. The simple truth that the master’s deputy was not allowed any discretion as to price made his bargains not infrequently rather better than the master’s. They wisely preferred the tape to other people’s scales. A friend of mine, who is very light for his size, not ten stone, tells me that the only time he weighed eleven stone was when he was weighed in South America, in the scales in which meat was weighed for the settlers.

The entrance hall at Nun Monkton was hung round with relics of the battle of Marston Moor, which was fought some five miles away. The local tradition held that the Ouse was blocked by the bodies of fugitives drowned in their haste to escape from the field. There was a charming painting on a panel over the fireplace of the small drawing-room, of a brown-haired young man with a baton and a blue ribbon. This was by tradition Prince

Rupert. In our time it was discovered to be an Earl of Derby. It is now known to be an Earl of Northumberland, who owned the estate as the son-in-law of Nevill Lord Latimer, to whose father the Priory of Nun Monkton was granted at the dissolution.¹ Queen Catharine Parr had resided at the Priory for a time, as widow of the grantee Lord Latimer. That it is not Prince Rupert is now quite clear to one who has seen and studied the portraits of Rupert and Maurice and their sisters at Ashdown Park, the Dowager Countess of Craven's hospitable house.

On the other side of the Nidd was the delightful old house of the Slingsbys, Red House. This was the favourite home of the cavalier Sir Henry Slingsby, and here he lay hid in a secret chamber which the soldiers of the Commonwealth could not discover. The herd of deer is the descendant of Sir Henry's favourite herd. His enemies traded on his known love for the dun deer. They calculated that when the moon was at the full he could not resist the temptation to come out of his hiding-place and revel in the sight of his herd by moonlight. There was one small door in the containing wall of the enclosed garden, by which access was had to the deer park. A soldier was placed on either side of this door. At midnight Sir Henry opened the door and stepped out. He was seized, carried off, and beheaded. I have often stood at that door and reproduced the scene.

Sir Walter Scott published a portion of the diary of Sir Henry Slingsby, and this gave him some personal interest in the locality. This local interest is shewn in his 'Rokeby.'

The battle of Marston Moor, July 3, 1644, had been won by the royalists in the earlier part of the day, and they had chased the Scots and many of the roundheads off the field; the Scots fled northwards, and so to Nun Monkton to cross the Ouse at the ferry there. Walter Scott, in the first canto of 'Rokeby,' describes the headlong

¹ The mother of Sir Henry Slingsby of Scagglethorpe, who rebuilt Scagglethorpe and christened it the 'Red House' from its colour, was a Northumberland Percy. The elder Sir Henry had presumably married a Nun Monkton neighbour,

flight from a field of battle which later in the day the party of the fliers won :

Monkton and Mitton told the news
How troops of roundheads choked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward passed,
Cursing the day when zeal or meed
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.

Myton is a ferry higher up the river, above the junction of the Ure and Swale which together form the Ouse. It is on the Swale, not the Ouse.¹ It was on the regular war-route between York and the eastward Scottish border, and as such it had seen a great drowning long before Marston Moor, at the fight known as the 'White Battle' of 1319, five years after Bannockburn. William de Melton, the Archbishop of York, and John Hotham, a Yorkshireman and Canon of York though at the time Bishop of Ely, with a great number of priests—whence the name 'White'—led the *posse* of the county against Randolph and Douglas, lying at Myton with great plunder from York. The *posse* was defeated, and for the most part drowned in the Swale. The two leading ecclesiastics escaped.

The Yorkshire Swale has been credited by mediaeval writers with the baptism by St. Augustine of 10,000 English on one day. Of course Augustine was never anywhere near Yorkshire. His Swale is the river which divides the Isle of Sheppey from Kent, and falls into the sea at Whitstable Bay. Paulinus baptised in the Yorkshire Swale, when he visited Edwin and his queen at their Catterick home. The union of the Ure and Swale to form the Ouse provided Michael Drayton with one of his prettiest couplets,² in his 'Oration of Humber,'

My yellow-sanded *Your*, and thou my sister *Swale*,
That dauncing come to *Ouze*, through many a dainty dale.

Scott had got clear in his mind the idea that the Ouse

¹ Scott's original draft of the couplet avoided this error, by not naming the ferries :

Hot Rupert on the spur pursues,
Whole troops of roundheads choked the Ouse.

² *Poly-Olbion*, song xxviii.

must be crossed by an army marching to or from Scotland, though it does not run east and west, as do Tyne and Tweed. He knew Drayton's couplet, for he quotes from it in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'

The lands that over *Ouze* to *Berwick* forth do beare,
Have for their blazon had the snaffle spur and speare.

He makes Marmion reply to King James's suggestion that his projected invasion of England may reach Marmion's castle of Tamworth, with the warning that

In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep.

He also told his grandson¹ about the battle at Myton mentioned above, and informed him that because of the large number of ecclesiastics it was called 'The Chapter of Mitton.' He may probably have heard of Myton from Morritt when visiting him at Rokeby; for the Robinson from whom Morritt's father bought Rokeby descended from Sir Henry Stapleton of Myton, and—a double connection—Sir Henry's wife came from the Robinson who bought Rokeby from the last of the Rokebys. Sir Henry was a nephew of the Sir Henry Slingsby of Red House whose diary Scott had published.

My father was in advance of his age in farming operations in those parts of Yorkshire. He was the first person there to grow mangold wurzel. And he did a thing which in those days was never dreamed of, in those parts at least; he sent to Germany for a Westphalian sow. She came, a great creature covered with red and grey hair in wavy stripes. She soon presented us with a large litter, fathered in Germany, and in the course of time her progeny spread and multiplied. They were a very fine breed, both in appearance and for the butcher and the curer. One of her sons, a very popular boar, became too savage to live, and the butcher was sent for. The boar turned him out of the sty, would have none of him. I happened to be in charge that day. It had always been my intention to test the truth of the story told by gardeners' boys, that the round holes in garden

¹ *Tales of a Grandfather*, first series, chapter x. Hailes says that 300 ecclesiastics fell in this battle.

doors had been made by shooting tallow candles through them. Here was my opportunity. I loaded up, leaned my gun on the wall of the sty, and shot him in the forehead. He fell dead. I am sure he was not more surprised than I was. The butcher at once commenced upon him. I asked the cook to let me see what had happened to the forehead. There was a little wad impressed upon it, the telescoped wick of the candle as we supposed, and there was no fracture. My theory was that the butcher, supposing him to be dead, as we all did, killed him by cutting him up before he had time to recover from the shock of my artillery.

Our home derived its Domesday name from the fact of its being the site of an Anglo-Saxon monastery. After the Conquest it became a Priory of Benedictine Nuns. The residence house was known as Nun Monkton Priory. My mother was a firm believer in the theory of Spelman in the 'History and Fate of Sacrilege,' and I well remember the impression made on my mind by her quotations of cases in the family discussion. It ended in our calling it Nun Monkton Hall. When it was bought over our heads by an iron-master, it reverted to the old name, Priory.

The church of the Nunnery formed one side of our courtyard. We had a flight of steps in the yard leading up to our four-post pew, and the servants had a door on the ground floor. All ecclesiastical architects know the perfect beauty of the lancets and the intramural galleries of the church, and its unique transitional west front. It was not then in the restored condition in which its full beauty now shines out, and my father set the example of care by spending his wet days in cleaning the coats of plaster off the exquisitely graceful mural shafts with a pocket knife. It is worth something to have been brought up under such influences.

I was twice present at a scene which must be very rare now. It was a tradition in the village, indeed there is more authority for it than mere village tradition, that the Sunday services might lawfully be interrupted if the river Nidd broke its feeble bounds and flooded the common-fields in hay time. The Ouse was, as a rule, too highly embanked

for such danger. Twice it happened that in the course of morning service a man came into church in haste and spoke to the minister, who on one of the occasions was 'in his sermon.' The minister stopped at once and said the Grace, and then made the traditional announcement, which had a curious quickening ring about it. 'Nidd is out. All hands save the hay.' And off we all went, and did as we were bid.

I wonder, too, if there are many people now who sit on juries of a village court. The court used to meet annually in the Servants' Hall. My father sat at the head of the table as the representative of the lord, with the vicar on his right hand and the lord's steward on the left, the old Anglo-Saxon arrangement of a joint court. Each year the list of penalties for offences against village law or village property was revised and renewed. The court could lawfully impose any penalties not amounting to two pounds. The heaviest penalties in use were thirty-nine shillings and sixpence. One of the offences punishable with the highest penalty was carrying an uncovered light in a stackyard; another was, leaving a stallion horse at large. I used to be allowed to be there as a looker on, and the whole thing was both very quaint and very real; of hoar antiquity and of vigorous practical life. Again a very enlightening kind of experience.

There were other experiences. There was a good deal of poaching; and when I got a little older I made the coachman promise to let me know when firing was heard in a well-known cover, Saffron Wood, and we would go after them. The mysterious message came one evening and I slipped out. Each of us had a double-barrelled gun. The cover was only about a mile away. We heard very little shooting, at the further end of the wood. On the whole we thought it was getting nearer; one of us thought it was getting uncomfortably near. But it died away. We were lying in a dry ditch which ran along one side of the wood, and we heard one of the poachers, or possibly two, coming heavily and slowly along the side of the ditch. I confided to my companion, who deservedly owned the

name of Sampson, that I was very much afraid of my gun. What in the world was I to do? The men would come suddenly to our part of the ditch; was I to shoot them—in cold—very cold—blood? Sampson confessed he very much wished his gun was a good stout cudgel. He suggested that we should jump out and startle the men, and as they ran away shoot low down at their legs. But we had not time to elaborate this counsel, for the steps were on us, and a head appeared. It was an old grey mare! One of us was a good deal ashamed. Both of us vowed that we would never again go out against poacher or robber armed with double-barrelled shot-guns. In later life, when the cares of the married state came upon me and I was not infrequently called on to go and make sure that some noise in the house was not a burglar, I always refused to take fire-arms. The poker as a weapon of offence, and a large feather pillow as a shield against blows or bullets, were the sole armoury for domestic purposes.

Sampson had been groom to a young man who took lessons in boxing from Ben Caunt. He had a natural poise and aptitude for the sport, and Ben Caunt had often given him teaching and practice. He sometimes, in the course of my instruction, let me hit at his face time after time. Each time he threw his head on one side and saved himself. He knew by the striker's eye on which side the blow was going to be given. Once, and only once, my fist got what I believe is called 'home.' Next day the carriage came up to the door and the coachman had his face turned away. Inquiry showed a black eye. That was the end of my early lessons in an art which later received further study.

I suppose every man wants to know if he is a coward or is not a coward. And comparatively few men are happy enough to have had a real test. When a test does come there is too often a doubt as to whether it was a real test and whether it was successful. I well remember an interesting occasion a month before I was married, when I was spending a week with my future wife and her mother at Buxton. The landlord of the lodgings was an ex-game-

keeper, very powerful, an excellent man, good waiter, everything that seemed right. One night there were screams from the kitchen parts, and I went to see. The man had gone mad—it appeared afterwards that there had formerly been something of delirium tremens. He had a large carving-knife, and had tried to kill his wife, the cook. Two maids had very skilfully pushed her under the kitchen table, and bravely stood in front of the table, screaming for help. A policeman had looked in at the window but told them his orders were not to enter a house unless the master of the house called him in! I got to the kitchen door and was just taking one step in when the man came with his knife and said in a strangely logical way, considering his wild condition, ‘This is my castle. You don’t rent my kitchen. If you put one foot into my castle I’ll stab you.’ He gave the impression of not waiting till I did put a foot in his castle, and I cautiously drew back—shall we say in order to draw him away from his victim? Each step I took backwards he followed up, his knife within a couple of feet of the place where it would go in. I remember realising how difficult it would be to get safely backwards up the first step of the staircase from the kitchen. That difficulty was surmounted, and up we went, keeping our relative positions. We went round the dining table so, and round some other room, and then upstairs and along a passage. Alas! I remembered that it ended in a blank wall; and I greatly doubted whether my eye would stop him when I perforce stopped, at the end of a not very well lighted passage. The man had kept saying to me: ‘Born in a garret¹ and bred in a kitchen,’ and he got more and more vicious at it as the time went on. I realised that he was intending to end up with a good thrust and the cry ‘and died in a passage!’

The situation was saved in an unexpected way. My future mother-in-law was an imperious person. She had heard what he had done and tried to do to his wife. She appeared on the scene and blew him up with remarkable

¹ I was writing and sending off daily things for various papers and magazines and reviews. We supposed that he was crediting me with being a poor poet.

power. His knife-arm fell to his side. He looked puzzled. The madness took another form. He turned and ran downstairs into the dining-room, out of the window of which he bolted. His body was found in a wood some distance off, three weeks after his disappearance. The maids had made quite safe by getting their mistress into the scullery, locking the door, and making off with the key.¹ To this day I don't know whether I was a coward or not. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, once told me something about fear of death. 'I have been with troops of all nationalities on the eve of battle. They are all in a funk, not of battle but of the next world, except the Turks. Till you gentlemen in black abolish hell, your men will never fight as the Turks do.'

One hot Sunday we were going round the kitchen-gardens at Nun Monkton, and some one caused a plank to fall off the edge of a heap of straw and manure on which a marrow-frame was set. Under the plank there were swarms of snakes. We had never seen one about the place before. My mother was always practical, and always knew what to do. The cry of a peacock, she told us, will always banish snakes. She got a peacock and peahen from some friends. The cry of the cock certainly banished sleep for a time ; but we never saw another snake. I caught one of the swarm in a landing-net and put it in the river. To my great disappointment it didn't swim in vertical curves as they draw the sea-serpent ; it wriggled itself across the Ouse in horizontal curves. There was a toad near the spot where it landed. The toad turned over onto its back and stuck out all its four legs as if it had been some time dead. The snake took no notice of it and passed on. The toad after a time set itself right way up again and continued its journey.

No doubt the peacock had used its beak as well as its voice. We had quite a number of pea-fowl in the course

¹ The tactical pushing of the cook under the kitchen table has had a parallel in higher quarters. When the Duke of Cambridge was visiting Egypt he dined with the present Lord Kitchener. There was a slight delay in the middle of the dinner, scarcely noticeable. The next day the host complimented his native staff on their success, and asked what caused the slight delay. 'Cook he die of cholera. Push him under table. Go on.' My informant claims to have heard of it at first hand.

of time, and we ate them young and used the eggs, my mother being a remarkable poultry woman. The old original peacock became very savage at times, when he used to fly at my mother and tear her shoulder with his spur. On those occasions we were set to duck him, a great and rather difficult sport. We had to chase him till we got a good grip of his tail, no easy thing. Then we ran him like a wheelbarrow into a pond, and kept him there till he was nearly drowned. He was tame for a month after that.

The gardens of Nun Monkton and their maze and its life-size leaden statues are celebrated in one of the 'Poetical Essays' of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1732, vol. ii. pp. 1026-7. They are described as a paradise, gardens

Which whereso'er I turn my ravished sight
Surprize still with new objects of delight;
In pleasure I am lost a thousand ways
While on the living statues here I gaze.

Here Mars severely frowns with horrid mien,
Placed near Minerva dauntless yet serene.

In proper emblems rural statues bear
The changing seasons of the various year;
The artful scene four infant Bacchi grace,
Each shows his cup, his grapes, and honest face,
And well they claim those mansions to surround
Which, Bacchus, with thy generous gifts abound.

The poet very properly does not neglect the chief of the two rivers in the angle of whose juncture the house and grounds and church are placed. As Alcuin, who was born just a thousand years before these verses were written in 1732, wrote of York, the city of his fame, eight miles below Nun Monkton,

Hanc piscosa suis undis interluit Usa,
so our poet of the *Gentleman's Magazine* sings of

Ouse's azure tide,
Which boasts, a tribute of your board, to feed
A race un-numbered of the scaly breed.¹

¹ The Prioress had a fishing in the Nidd, valued at 1s. vii^d. a year, four-pence less than her dovecote.

The salmon ran past us in quantities on their way to the gravelly beds of Ure and Swale and their hill tributaries. One of our best water-picnics was up the river to Linton dam, where a long pole was fixed horizontally, at right angles with the bank, over one of the chief salmon-leaps of the weir. On our arrival a bag-net was drawn out on the pole by a pulley, and the next salmon that jumped was put into a cauldron of hot water which we had got ready in a hollow of the bank. Did ever salmon taste better than that! How often on Tay and Ness I have thought of the fish of school and undergraduate days at Linton dam; enjoying the thought all the more because there was a dash of the spirit of free poaching about that pole method as compared with the eighteen-foot rod of sporting propriety.

The poet of 1732 makes a great point of the statues in the grounds at Nun Monkton, and very justly. They are in my judgment the best of the leaden statues that I have seen, as a collection, though as an individual statue the 'Flying Mercury' at Holme Lacy is finer than any one of the many statues at Nun Monkton. There is an even larger collection at Melbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, which I used to know very well in the time of my kind old friend Mr. Fane; but most of them are dull and rather dead. The 'Fame' at Nun Monkton is very fine; so is a charmingly dressed young woman looking admiringly at fruit which she holds up to the level of her eyes. There is a tall and graceful girl dressed as a Roman soldier too. Among the most vividly characteristic of all is a Dutchman 'half seas over,' footing it with keg and cup.

It is with some shame that I here quote a paragraph from the first page of a monumental work on 'English Lead Work, its Art and History.'

The greatest enemy of lead fonts, as of all lead objects, has been the intrinsic value of the material. The discarded stone font makes a convenient trough for watering animals, or will pleasantly decorate the parsonage garden when used as a flower-pot, but the lead font has higher uses. It can be turned into many bullets. There may be no present occupant of the bench of Bishops who in his youth converted a lead font into slugs for the shooting of rooks, but there is a stain on one episcopal

conscience to-day in the matter of the fingers of a lead statue of a heathen god. Doubtless, therefore, in less enlightened days lead fonts have gone piecemeal on the same charming errand.¹

The episcopal conscience here referred to is that of the present writer. A few years ago I received a telegram from Sir Henry Howorth, the President of an Archæological Society then visiting Nun Monkton. The society sent me its congratulations on the beauty and interest of the church and my old home, and made sly reference to a tradition they had heard on the spot, to the effect that my brother and I used to melt statues to make bullets for rook-shooting. As a fact we found in a loft in the great range of stabling where of old the horses of the hunt were kept, a quantity of débris of bits of broken members of statues, and some of these bits we did indeed use in the way indicated. It was thus that Mr. Weaver heard of the un-archæological performance of a future Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries of London.

William III brought over from Holland one John van Nost, who established a factory of leaden statues in Piccadilly. The position of the statues at Nun Monkton shews that they were placed there when first the maze in the grounds was planned, and they probably date from the building of the house in that reign. By an interesting coincidence the earliest leaden statue in England to which a definite date can be affixed² is the little 'Blackamore in led' of Sir Henry Slingsby's Diary of the year 1638, when it was cast by 'Andrew Karne a Dutchman.' Karne also carved the race-horse in stone which still stands at the Red House, the representation of a favourite horse of Sir Henry's which won a race on Acomb Moor in the presence of King Charles in 1633, when the King paid a visit to his faithful cavalier on his way to Scotland. Sir Henry's 'Legacy to his Sons,' written in the Tower shortly before his execution, is a striking example of self-restraint.

The story of Red House naturally made a deep

¹ *English Leadwork*, p. 1, Lawrence Weaver, F.S.A. Batsford, 1909.

² The 'Neptune' at Bristol has been supposed to date from Queen Elizabeth's time.

impression on a growing boy, as did the whole atmosphere and history of Nun Monkton. In after times, when it became necessary to know something of Anglo-Saxon for the sake of studying inscriptions in runes, the experience of Yorkshire dialects proved useful. Our talk at Nun Monkton, though we were on the West Riding bank of the boundary Ouse, was not West Riding, it was East. It was very Anglo-Saxon, though in propriety it should be phrased as Anglian, for we were not Saxon at all in Northumbria. 'Shoot t' yet' was our exclamation for 'shut the gate.' The great difference between our talk and the real West Riding may be expressed by two reports made to me. The first was the account given by the foreman of a cart accident. 'T' meer switched her teeal and pricked her loogs and went labbering away through t' mooock.' The other was the account a West Riding keeper gave me, one of the best bats of my cricket eleven. He had been driven onto his own wicket, when I was in the tent and did not see the accident. 'T' bar lep reet darn mar throiat.'

The typical West Riding people are the descendants of the latest Romano-British Kingdom, Rheged, at the court of whose king Taliessin played the bard, while it is in tradition that Paulinus himself was of the family of Urien King of Rheged. The two notes of the descendants of these Romano-Britons are non-aspiration and singing naturally in parts. The former is the note of descent from the Romans, the most complete of non-aspirators; their descendants, unlike the cockneys, only leave out the letter *h*, they don't put it in where it should not be. The other is the note of descent from the Britons, a note which is as clear in parts of the West Riding as in the hills of Wales.

Nun Monkton saw the end of my school days. This is naturally the place for some notes on the School of York. It has been said above that the history of the School of York is unique. That is abundantly true.

When the mania for pageants was in full swing, the people of York very properly felt that if places like Sherborne, Warwick, Romsey, were to have pageants, the supreme claims of York must not be allowed to lapse. It had fallen

to my lot to preach at the three pageants named above, and the Dean of York was good enough to ask me to preach in the nave of the Minster at the time of the York pageant.

It was evident that the School of York, whose historic interest I had done something to make known, while Mr. A. F. Leach had carefully investigated its continuity, must have an important place in the pageant. The head master informed me that they must have a school song to sing, and they wished me to write one. The idea was, a song in mediaevalised Latin, otherwise doggerel, setting forth some of the salient features of our remarkable history. The thing ran itself off rapidly, over-mediaevalised in parts, and was left in the rough, as fairly suited to our Yorkshire temperament. Accent rather than metre is the important thing in a song of this character, and the continental pronunciation of the vowels, against which I am always ready to argue, tends to obscure any liberties taken with metre. It is evident that many of the lines richly deserve the title *Scazon*.¹

The history is in itself worthy of some notes to elucidate the references in the *Carmen*.

First, we claim that the Yorkshire boys were the cause of the coming of Christianity to England. Gregory fell in love with their charming appearance in the slave-market in Rome and questioned the slave-master. 'Of what race are they?'—'Angli.'—'Not Angles, but Angels. Of what country?'—'Deira.'—'I will save them from the wrath (*de ira*) of God. Under what king?'—'Aelle.'—'I will teach them to sing Alleluia.' Gregory bought a number of boys to train them for the conversion of their fellow Angles; but he changed his plan later. It is often present in my mind, as a calculated guess, that the missionary Paulinus may have been one of the bought boys, of royal blood.

The Saxon homily on Gregory's birthday tells us that the merchants who had the boys for sale in the Roman market were themselves English. This would naturally mean that two of the Anglian kingdoms had been at war,

¹ See p. 119.

and the conqueror had sent to the best slave-market in the world a batch of prisoners, captured in battle. Now Aethelric, King of Bernicia, that is, the territory between Forth and Tees, and Aelle, King of Deira, that is, roughly, Yorkshire and parts of Lancashire, were ninth in descent from Woden, by two of his sons. They had come to this island late in the conquest of British territory, much later than the conquerors of Kent. Aethelric's father Ida was the first king of Bernicia, Aelle was himself the first king of Deira. They had yet to settle between themselves which, if either, should be dominant. Aethelric invaded Deira and overcame Aelle, in or about 588. Gregory had returned from his long residence in Constantinople in 585. All the conditions point to the suggestion that the boys were captives of Aethelric's invading army.¹ Aelle's son Edwin in turn conquered Bernicia, and twenty years after Gregory's death became the first Christian king of Northumbria.

Of course, wherever the Christian missionaries effected a serious settlement in England, they set up a school for the instruction of children in the faith. Canterbury, Rochester, and London, must have had schools very early, before the north was converted. Northumbria was first Christianised in 626 under Edwin, and Edwin's death in battle in 633 was a great set-back. The first definite mention of a school comes a generation later; but it is evident that this was an important educational development, not a school for teaching the elements of Christianity. Wilfrith, who became Bishop of York in 664, established a school on public school principles. He undertook to train boys for either of two great purposes, to serve God in the ministry or to serve the King in arms. His chaplain and biographer writes thus: 'Principes saeculares, viri nobiles, filios suos ad erudiendum sibi dederunt, ut aut Deo servirent aut regi armatos commendaret.' That was the beginning of a public school.²

In the year 735 the Venerable Bede left his monastery of Jarrow to pay a visit to Ecgbert, the Bishop of York,

¹ *Augustine and his Companions*, S.P.C.K., 4th edition, 1910.

² *Theodore and Wilfrith*, S.P.C.K., 1897.

afterwards Archbishop. We do not know of any other occasion on which Bede left his cell and monastery. He was to have visited Ecgbert the next year also, but he was too ill to do so, and instead of visiting him he addressed to him the famous *Epistola ad Ecgbertum Antistitem*, which fills seventeen octavo pages and tells us more of the state of Christianity in the north at that time than all other sources of information put together. Ecgbert had spoken to Bede of his difficulty in finding an adequate supply of men fitted for the ministry. Bede advises him to take boys very young and train them from the first to serve God in the ministry. This was the end of the public school and the beginning of a cathedral school or seminary.

In connection with Bede's advice to Ecgbert it is very interesting to note how exactly he forestalled Henry VIII in his attitude towards the monasteries. So much land had been given to monasteries and thus made unprofitable for secular purposes—he wrote in 734—that the king was shorn of means for securing adequate protection against invasion. Further, more bishoprics were needed; to provide means for that necessary development some large monasteries should be taken by the king and their income applied to the maintenance of as many bishops and episcopal staffs. His plan of campaign differed from Henry's. The bishops were to be appointed to the abbacies, and so have command of the incomes. Otherwise, 734 was a forecast of expressed intentions of 1534.

Ecgbert became Bishop of York in 734, in the reign of his first cousin Ceolwulf, to whom Bede dedicated the 'Ecclesiastical History.' When Ceolwulf retired as a monk to Lindisfarne, Ecgbert's older brother Eadbert became king, and reigned from 737 to 758. By Bede's advice Ecgbert applied to Rome for the pallium, and York became the head of a metropolitanical province, with Ecgbert as Archbishop. On Ecgbert's death in 766, Adalbert (or Ethelbert or Albert), a cousin of the king, succeeded as Archbishop. Each of these princes was head master of the School of York. They—especially Albert—founded the famous Library of York, of which the next head master,

Alcuin, wrote in such glowing terms and made such great use both in England and in France.

Alcuin was trained from his earliest years in the School of York. He became practically head master in 766 and completely so in 778. In 782 he was called away to be Charlemagne's right-hand man in education, religion, and in much of his political work, continuing to hold in name the mastership of York. In 792 he finally severed his official connection with the school and devoted himself to the service of Charlemagne, dying at Tours in 804. When he settled at Tours in 796, and established the famous school there, he could obtain in Francia (the Frankish domains) only ordinary books for the study of his pupils. He asked permission of Charlemagne to send some of his staff of teachers to borrow books from the Library of York, which had once been his own property by bequest from his former master, Archbishop Albert, and had been added to by himself. 'I your poor servant need some of the more abstruse books of scholastic learning which I had in my own land by the devoted labour of my master and to some extent of myself. I say this to your excellency that you may be pleased to allow me to send some of our young men to pick out what I need, and bring to Francia the flowers of Britain; that not in York only there may be a garden enclosed ('Solomon's Song,' iv. 12), but in Tours also the scions of Paradise may bear fruit.'¹

Here then is the doggerel:

THE SCHOOL OF YORK

CARMEN SÆCULARE

1. Imprimis salutemus pueros,
Anglos, Eboracenses, Angelos,
Qui, tunc ut semper pulchri, captivum
Duxere captivi Gregorium.
2. Tu praesul docuisti, Wilfride,
Tu, filios Eboracensium
Aut arma dare regi splendide,
Aut sanctum Domino servitium.

¹ *Alcuin of York*, S.P.C.K., 1908.

3. En venit Baeda Venerabilis,
Doctus prae omnibus, amabilis,
Schola per cuius consilium
Secundum accipit initium.
 4. Egbertum, Adalbertum, principes,
Summos magistros, archipraesules,
Honoris hos laudamus apices,
Tot conferentes nostris codices.
 5. Nulli secundus intrat Alcuinus,
Infans, scholaris, doctor nobilis ;
Scholarum Franciae caput, decus ;
Orbem totum docens epistolis,
 6. Reges, reginas, duces, proceres,
Sorores, abbatissas, abbates,
Episcopos et archipraesules,
Romaeque maximos pontifices.
 7. Scripturas sacras et liturgiam
Correctas reddidit per Franciam ;
Versu iocis cantu palatium
Mulcens, et ipsum Magnum Carolum.
 8. Officium fidele praestitit
Schola mutantia per tempora ;
Regale demum nomen addidit
Illa quae dicitur Sanguinea.
 9. Honores debiti per saecula
Dantur, et multa laudum genera ;
Has inter laudes ullam nostra vox
Non dabit tibi laudem, Guido Fawkes.
-
10. Iam laudes dabimus modernis,
Proavis dignis, hodiernis,
Scholae qui dant novos honores,
Honoratorum successores.
 11. Hi cymbam brachiis levem pellunt,
Pilam fugacem clavis, pedibus ;
Illi salutem fortes conquirunt,
Aut mortem subitam, in Alpibus.
 12. Mercatores, oratores,
Medici, presbyteri,
Periti iuris et doctores,
Milites, episcopi,

13. Scientiarum professores,
Graeci, mathematici,
De rebus omnibus scriptores,
Physici, theologi.¹

14. Schola nostra Cathedralis
Vivere merebitur
Triumphalis et Regalis,
Gaudeamus igitur.

November 5, 1908.

The 'sudden death' of stanza 11 refers to the Rev. Charles Hudson, a famous athlete and a first-rate mountaineer. Having made in 1865 the first ascent of the Matterhorn, he was killed in descending from the summit. With him perished Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, and the guide Michel Croz. The survivors of the party were Mr. Edward Whymper and the two Taugwalders. The school has kept up a close connection with the Alpine Club. At one of the large annual dinners, the two members selected to return thanks for the toast of the Club were both of them of this school, Tempest Anderson and myself, the extremes of heat and cold in their mountain studies, the one an explorer of subterranean ice in the stillness of pitchy darkness, the other a reckless photographer of active volcanoes in the hot glare of wind-tossed flames. The school has had a three-years' President of the Club, and it still has George Yeld, who for so many years has been the admirable editor of *The Alpine Journal*. Another member of the Club, Clifford Allbutt, now Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, was a younger schoolfellow of mine at York.

¹ Stanzas 11, 12, and 13, describe the careers of schoolfellows of my time, including cricket and rowing blues. Football had to be mentioned, but it was of little count then.

CHAPTER III

Magdalene College and Catharine Hall—Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibitions—Idleness—Cricket and Boats—Mathematical Tripos—Conditional Offer of a Fellowship—The Cup in a Currant Tart—Mistake of Abolishing County Scholarships and Preferences—Advantages of a Break in a University Career—'Tales of a Grandfather'—Glenalmond—The Gladstones and Geordie Patton—Disciplining Boys and Men—The Warden of Wadham—Saved by William Bright—Scarlet Fever—A Reformation—Ordination—Scottish Disabilities—Dr. Trench—Malcolm MacColl—Father Ignatius—Jacobite and Nonjuror Documents.

WHEN the time came for entering at the University, almost all of our school traditions were connected with Cambridge ; there were not many links with Oxford. We were naturally proud of a famous Oxford cricketer. But, on the other hand, we had had an Oxford man so perpetually thrown at our head by 'Tommy,' as a type to faint resemblance with which we could none of us ever attain, one William Fishbourne Donkin as I seem to remember the name, and this too often in connection with penalties for being so little like him, that Oxford was not popular. It is true that if I could have waited a year longer, and had been a year younger, Oxford would have been my fate. But already I was a year late in going up, for several reasons. Ill health had something to do with it ; but a main cause was the fact that without the school Exhibition my father could not afford to send me to the University, and there was no chance of gaining that in 1851. It is with a curious air of anachronism that the pages of the Cambridge Calendar tell the dates, as compared with mine, of men whose great work was done and finished generations ago as it seems. Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Durham and formerly Lady

Margaret Professor of Divinity, went up only four years before the year in which I should naturally have gone up, and Dr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, only three years before, a year junior to Dr. Lightfoot. It seems an age since Cambridge sent me as its representative at the funeral of Dr. Lightfoot, in company with Dr. Butler the Master of Trinity, and an age since it fell to my lot to announce one Sunday afternoon from the pulpit of St. Paul's that Dr. Benson had died that day in Hawarden Church.

When I was going up in 1852, Archdeacon Hey, our head master, wrote to the Tutor of Magdalene to inform him that I proposed to enter at that college and claim my rights as of kin to their second founder in Elizabeth's reign. This claim had been allowed in previous generations. The Tutor of Magdalene—not at all an innovating member of not at all an innovating college—replied that a Commission was appointed, and it was certain that they would put an end to claims of kinship to scholarships and fellowships. The college must not create any new claim to compensation ; but if I were equal or nearly equal to their best man, they would have regard to my relationship to one of their chief benefactors. That was not sufficiently definite, and I did not go to Magdalene. In after years the Fellows of Magdalene used to receive me as almost one of themselves. It would have been helpful to belong to a college where a collateral ancestor was a chief benefactor, his portrait one of the chief pictures in the Hall, his arms on the buildings. The arms, by the way, have the baronet hand on the shield, and he was a knight, before the invention of baronets. His descendants were baronets, and no doubt a copy of a more recent shield was supplied to the stone-cutter.

There were no open scholarships in those days. Of colleges with special opportunities there remained Catharine Hall, as I prefer still to call it. Two of the five Fellows there had been at school with me. Yorkshiremen had a county right to scholarships and fellowships, and at the end of my first year a classical scholarship fell to my lot, including the income for my freshman's year.

There was a much greater prize open to us at Queen's College, Oxford, but the opportunity only came once in five years, and in 1853, when the next turn came, I should be a year too old. These 'Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibitions of £100 a year for five years, five in number, were open to some thirteen north country grammar schools, and the York school always in my experience got one of the five. By Lady Betty's will the examiners were to select seven of the candidates as worthy of scholarships, and 'in order that Providence might have a share in the award,' the examiners were to draw lots to determine which five of the selected seven should have the five scholarships. Later on I asked one of the examiners, the incumbent of the parish in which Lady Betty's interesting house was and still is, how far they obeyed this quaint instruction. He told me that usually there were not more than five candidates worthy of scholarships, and so there was no drawing of lots; but on the latest occasion there had been seven, and as a matter of fact they did honestly draw lots for the five.

A very small college, as Catharine Hall then was, has its advantages and its disadvantages. So, of course, has a large college. We made few friends outside the college, and gradually saw less and less of schoolfellows at larger colleges. We were an exceedingly idle set of young men; not unstrenuous, or vicious, or indolent, but very idle in regard of study; the one undergraduate of whom I knew all there was to know was phenomenally idle, and always had been. 'Decidedly the most indolent boy in the form,' was a severe school report, which my father sent to me when he heard I had been elected to a Fellowship. Just that difficult kind of boy who without effort could do enough to keep—for the most part—out of scrapes, and had no ambition at all to do more than that. And the undergraduate was just the same. When I sent to my late head master the printed list of our first May examinations with a line printed below my name, not without expectation of compliment, the answer I got was, 'A Triton among minnows.' Many of us being Yorkshiremen, we

held our own at cricket, and I was offered by the Tutor a commission for the Crimean war, as was the captain of the boat; I was a member, at home, of the eleven of 'Yorkshire Gentlemen,' but could not afford to join the University Cricket Club. Rowing in the races was forbidden to me, and my share in the successes of the boat was to start it on twenty of the twenty-one races rowed in the three years. It made a bump every time I started it. On the one night on which some one else started the boat, an accident at Newmarket on the One Thousand day—where of course I had no business to be—when a horse landed me on the wrong end of my body on the cobbles in Tattershall's yard, prevented my being there. The next night they made two places, so in my twenty startings they made twenty-one places, rising from thirtieth to ninth. In the following year there was a great clearance of men, and only eight full members of the College Boat Club remained. The embargo against my rowing in the races was taken off by the doctor, and the necessary ninth was found. For six nights the boat held its place, ninth, with all the Boat Club in the boat; indeed, night after night we overlapped the boat in front, Sidney, but our coxswain was nervous and durst not put on the rudder. The whole achievement of our little college was understood—at least by us—to be unique.

Forty-two years after this, the Bishop of Bristol was receiving visits from the country incumbents of his new diocese. A card was brought in which recalled the whole of the cricket and boat memories. 'The Rev. N. Tibbits, Stoke Gifford,' a Sidney man, known forty-two years before as 'Beauty Tibbits.' After a little conversation on parochial and diocesan affairs, he came to business. 'I once bowled to you, my Lord, a whole day on Parker's Piece and didn't get you out.' I thought I remembered it. 'And you once rowed behind me, my Lord, six nights running, and didn't make your bump!' I remembered our coxswain.

We were proud of our little college, and of its importance not many years before, when Dr. Corrie was its trusted Tutor. The tradition was that in his time there were

seventy men there in place of our thirty-six, and it was necessary to have two 'halls' and two 'chapels.' We had no prophetic vision of the year 1914, up to the outbreak of the war, when the college had twice the number assigned by tradition to Dr. Corrie's time, and had ten University blues of one kind and another. It filtered through to us, somehow, that our master, Dr. Philpott, was the leading business man of the University, the adviser of Prince Albert our Chancellor. Prophetic vision would have told us he was to be the first Head of a House to have the office of Vice-Chancellor continued to him for a second year. And we were given to understand that our Chaplain, Archdeacon Hardwick, was the coming Regius Professor of Divinity and the future Bishop of Ely.¹ But all the same we wasted our time as if to make it sure that such men would have no successors among us—or among our immediate successors so far as our example could make it sure.

The Mathematical Tripos came a few days after Christmas then, and the Classical Tripos followed about three weeks after the publication of the Mathematical list. Idleness was properly punished. A skating accident of broken ice, in Barnwell Pool of all horrid and sickening places, which involved sitting frozen for two hours in a room without a fire, immediately before Christmas, led to an application for an aegrotat degree. Our favourite tutor, F. J. Jameson, urged the withdrawal of the application, in case I thought of taking a mastership, and his advice was followed, arrangements being made for supplies of tea and biscuits, my sole food, in the Senate House. When the list came out, Dr. Philpott, the Master of the College, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, informed me that the College had decided to give me a Fellowship if I would go in for the Classical Tripos, in three weeks' time.² My

¹ He was killed in the Pyrenees.

² In accordance with a regulation of my scholarship then existing, I had been examined orally in Greek each year by no less formidable a body than the Master of the College, the Master of Trinity, the Regius Professor of Greek (or of Divinity), and the Public Orator. Dr. Philpott had evidently formed an undue idea of my knowledge. One of his last acts before leaving for the bishopric of Worcester, some four or five years later, was to pass a College Order that I should be given a Foundation Fellowship.

doctor, Humphry, said if I did I should not live to receive the first half-year's dividend. Thus ended, or appeared to end, a very inglorious University career.

The Senior Moderator that year was one of a family of high mathematicians, Sir John Phear. An invalid, who had spent valuable time on one of his problems, perpetrated an epigram :

May *Phear* ne'er *metus* face to face
At any other *timor* place.

A curious question was set by the other Moderator : 'Explain the action of the inverted cup in a currant tart.' I was told years after, on high authority, that only one man got full marks for it. One man, treating it as a matter of barometric pressure, and knowing that the water-barometer has a column of about 34 feet, made the proviso that the cup in the tart need not be more than 34 feet high.

It is not always safe to ask an examiner about one's doings. I once did. The answer was sharp : 'If you'd shewn any signs of reading, we should have given you a first.' One delightful man appeared as the very last in a Tripos list. Some years after, he met one of the six examiners in a smoking carriage. He came and sat confidentially by him, and in a beguiling Irish voice asked : 'I say, old fellow, did I *get* through, or did you *let me* through ?' That examiner was always equal to an occasion. 'Well—there were two views.'

The disappointment at Magdalene was not my only adverse experience of University Commissions. A vacancy came in the Yorkshire Fellowships, for which I was fully qualified. It was not filled, no explanation being given. Then another vacancy came ; again not filled, again no explanation. Years after, when I had access to the college books, I found that the college had received permission from the Commissioners to abstain from creating fresh vested interests, pending the proposed abolition of the county rights.

I have myself no doubt that the doing away of rights of this kind has been a mistake. History tells us how many

men who have done great service both in State and in Church, poor men of comparatively low origin, have been enabled by means of just such claims as these to proceed to one of the Universities, without having to compete with men whose parents were wealthy enough to have their sons carefully trained for the competition. In the present system of examination for open scholarships, it is more preparation than brain that tells.

A grave mistake was made, in my judgment, when a Schools Commission cut off the country grammar schools of the north from direct connection with the old Universities. This was done by excluding Greek from the curriculum of the schools. In former times, when a boy shewed early promise, he was put into the local grammar school, and if he carried out his promise his passage to a position of usefulness and educational importance was assured. That was the life history of one and another of the great men of my early times. When the full University curriculum was no longer allowed in the local school, the promising boy was cut off from a University course unless means could be found to send him as a boarder to some distant school, where Greek—for instance—was allowed to be taught during school hours.

In large city centres we are now finding what a great number of promising boys there are in elementary schools, and we have a system of successive ladders which brain them on and give them full chances. All this is exactly as it should be, and I have played my part in bringing it about. But the city boy is not the country boy. We want healthy vigorous bodies for our boys and men of brains, and I have been saddened by the sight in our Universities of city pallor and city frame with eyes of brain.

The determination of the authorities not to fill the Yorkshire Fellowships was the best thing that ever happened to the sufferer by their determination. It sent him away from Cambridge; and he went to Scotland. To have a real break between life as an undergraduate and life as a college authority is a great advantage. The man learns something of the world. His ideas are expanded.

Cambridge is not just everything. He is freshened up. When he does come back he comes back to a novelty. He has had time to think of college life while he is not in it; from the outside, not from within. And if his fate takes him to some charming part of Scotland, happy is he; happy while he is there, happy in it ever after. To this particular fugitive from Cambridge Scotland gave a second nature; converted a disgracefully idle person, who had never done one decent day's work at school or college, into a devoted lover of work for work's sake, making games and sport—which had banished brain work—the handmaids of study. When his sons pursued the same idle course at school and college, while fairly strenuous in other respects, and he spoke brotherly words of wisdom to them, one of them would reply, 'It's answered pretty well in your case, father;' as, I feel bound to say, it has in their case, when the practical work of life was faced.¹ Personal and family experience distinctly points to there being an eventual advantage in a healthy idleness of brain when a young man's bodily system is maturing. A wider than personal and family experience points as distinctly to hard-working and highly successful young men who are tired men at thirty-five.

A simple scene enacted on December 4, 1846, is very clear in my memory. It was my thirteenth birthday, in the usual and erroneous way of reckoning, meaning the thirteenth anniversary of the birthday, thirteen years old. My mother and her brother Dr. Charles Forrest were discussing which of two books should be given to the boy, Peter Parley's 'Annual,' or Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather.' The mother-sense prevailed, and I had—and still have—the Tales. When of two masterships that offered themselves, one of the schools had Perth as its post-town, the thing was settled without a moment's thought, and I went to Trinity College, Glenalmond. In all my life since there has never been one moment's regret that the choice was so made; nothing but thankfulness, deep and real.

¹ Lieut.-Col. G. H. S. Browne, Chief Inspector of Small Arms, and C. E. C. Browne, a partner in Dysons, Parliamentary Agents.

Scotland was all strange and new and delightful. The answer of the waiter at the George Hotel in Perth to my question where was the coffee room, 'turn to the west at the bottom of the passage,' was a revelation; like some other revelations by no means clear in its meaning. Driving out from Perth to the college we came to Almond Bank. Struck by the recurrence of the name I asked my driver if almonds abounded in those parts. Then I found that the almond was potable, not edible. Gaelic studies told me later that it is formed on the native name for a river. Further on we came to a castle. 'What castle is that?'—'Methven.' The very place where the Bruce was at breakfast when the English came upon him and he was taken prisoner, but his friendly captor let him go. I said something of this to the driver as we passed on. 'Aye,' he said, 'and yon's the Bruce ston where he was took and let go.' It made one thrill with romantic delight. And then came Methven kirk-yard, where Bessie Bell and Mary Gray 'had thocht to lie, Amang their noble kin.' And then up to the higher ground and on to the College of Surprise, whose charm is beyond my words. A most unforgettable drive of ten miles, with a most unforgettable end.

Mr. Gladstone had been the originator and the chief mover in the foundation of Glenalmond. On August 31, 1840, he wrote thus to Manning ('Life,' i. 230):

Hope [J. R. Hope Scott] and I have been talking and writing upon a scheme for raising money to found in Scotland a College akin in structure to the Romish seminaries in England; that is to say, partly for training the clergy, partly for affording an education to the children of the gentry and others who now go chiefly to presbyterian schools or are tended at home by presbyterian tutors.

He added that he must first consult his father, Sir John Gladstone of Fasque.

In the autumn of 1842, still to quote Mr. John Morley, Hope and the two Gladstones made what they found an agreeable tour, examining the various localities for a site, and finally deciding on a spot 'on a mountain stream, ten miles from Perth, at the very gate of the Highlands. . . .' It was 1846 before the College was opened for its destined purpose.

When it was opened, it was regarded rather as the 'Scottish Eton' than as the likeness of a Roman seminary. Dr. Scott, of 'Liddell and Scott' fame, was chosen as first Warden, but on the death of Mrs. Scott before a beginning had been made, he gave up the work. Mr. Gladstone then spent a Sunday at Winchester, and persuaded the second master there, Charles Wordsworth, to accept the Wardenship of Glenalmond. Three years before I went there, he had been succeeded by Dr. Hannah.

The site was given by Mr. George Patton, of 'The Cairnies,' a very pretty cottage near the college.¹ He was a younger brother of Tom Patton, to whom the Glenalmond moors in considerable part belonged. After a successful career at the Scottish bar he became Judge Advocate with a seat in Parliament, and then Lord Justice Clerk. He was known in the neighbourhood as 'Geordie.' As the years rolled on, he, and his wife when he married, shewed very great kindness to me.

'Geordie' Patton more than once described to me the visit of the Gladstones. Other sites had been pressed upon them. 'Geordie' desired to develop his property in Glen Almond, and he believed that people would build houses and come and live there for the education of their sons. He was determined to give the Gladstones and Hope such a reception as would ensure their adoption of his site. 'I sent for a case of the most persuasive champagne that could be got in Edinburgh, and I gave them a supper.' He was a good host; and it is only fair to say that while there may be places as beautiful, no lovelier spot—granted the absence of lake—has ever gladdened my eye, nor any spot more perfectly suitable for the proposed purposes.

My work was to be the Mathematics of the Upper School and the Classics of one of the Forms. I felt at once that when mathematics were being taught the boys were out of hand. I had the whole of the Upper School, all to myself, for a full half-day at a time. Discipline was not instinctive. I talked the matter over with the

¹ Here, and at the Pinetum near by, I was taught by him much that was of great interest in the Forestry of Coniferæ.

other masters, and found that my predecessor had practically been driven away by the boys. Their last assault had taken the form of half an ounce of snuff in his college cap, placed hurriedly on his head when the row in the room became so unbearable that he fled.

Disciplinary matters were in the last resort dealt with by the sub-warden. We sent the boy up to him with a note 'So-and-so for punishment,' and the sub-warden whipped him, as a rule most inadequately; it's no use pottering with a culprit, boy or man. No one else had the power of the cane. Prefects were of course sacrosanct.

One afternoon, when I was in charge of the big school-room, the ideal boy did something outrageous, I quite forget what; a robust manly fellow, good at all games, already rather a friend of mine out of school. The upper-school boys had desks in pairs against the walls of the great school, with shelves for books projecting from the wall between each pair of boys. In these recesses they kept their bats and other things for games. 'Langlands, bring your hockey stick here'; and I thrashed him round the room with it. He took it exactly right, as I knew he would. He had honestly earned it, and he got it. There was no struggle; he was quietly impelled round the room, taking his punishment—which was not made too hot; it was only a demonstration in force. The senior prefect, captain of the school, came to me white with wrath—and quite properly. 'The prefects wish to go to the Warden, Sir.'—'You may go.' After a time they returned, and took their places in their desks, rather *piano*, I thought. I learned afterwards that the Warden, instead of comforting them, told them Mr. Browne should thrash the prefects too if they didn't take care. Langlands, of course, became a great friend of mine; he was killed, as he always said he would be, in his first battle, rushing a native fortification in New Zealand, shot through the heart three hundred yards in front of his men. The captain of the school, then known as Pat Henderson, with promise of brilliant scholarship, would not appear to have borne any ill feeling, if I may judge by an extract from an article in *Blackwood*

of November 1908, describing Glenalmond 'sixty years since,' 'by P. G. Wright-Henderson, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford.' The extract had better go into the modest obscurity of a note.¹ I need hardly say that there was no more difficulty about discipline.

In connection with the sub-warden's monopoly of the cane, which we were thankful never to dispute, a quaint story may be told. A boy of an introspective type presented himself at the hour reserved for disciplinary interviews. 'Please sir, I've come for punishment.' 'Who sends you?' 'I've come of myself, sir; I wish to be caned.' 'What for?' 'I don't wish to tell.' Naturally the sub-warden told him he had better relieve his mind by telling and talking it over; no cane. But he persisted in requesting to be caned. The sub-warden said if he didn't tell he wouldn't be caned. He must tell or go away; and he'd much better go away and think it over. 'Please sir, I *must* be caned. I deserve it. I said, sir, you were an old fool!'

The masters were all Oxford men. The sub-warden was very fastidious. That, I didn't at all object to; but everything that was not fairly antiquated in manner was to him an abomination, and he came down upon it in season and out of season. I was always at least half on his side, as both of us loved Cranford. Among other relics of undergraduate days I had a red flannel shirt, and this, which I seldom wore, was a red rag to him; the colour sometimes shewed up a wide sleeve. It seemed advisable to put some check upon his comments. One Sunday I put the thing on, intentionally, and he saw the red glow in the sleeve of my coat at breakfast. On Sundays we went to each other's rooms in turn, after our midday

¹ 'The Bishop of Bristol was our cricket hero. He came to us from Cambridge in 1857. He may perhaps read these reminiscences, so I must be careful. For a man who had been taught to bat by Julius Cæsar (by the small boys vaguely identified with a Roman general of that name), and had learnt from that famous cricketer how to hit to square leg, we could feel nothing but reverence and admiration. His singularly handsome face and figure, his strength of character tempered by kindness—boys are extraordinarily good judges of masters, and like both strength and kindness—made him a hero. If he ever reads this, he will forgive me this impertinence of praise.'

dinner, for wine and dessert. I changed my shirt and went to his house with the rest. As I passed a decanter he said—'That horrid shirt.' I maintained that he couldn't see the red. 'Yes, he saw it quite clearly.' 'No, I had made it impossible for him or anyone to see it.' I had quite failed he declared; he saw it clearly. I took off my coat and shewed an immaculate white linen shirt. That was a cure. Alas! he died this year. He would have enjoyed the reminder of the red shirt, for the explanation was that he was in fact very short-sighted.

We had a very able German colleague, a favourite in society, a man of gifts. But he was very suspicious of anything that looked like an inadequate recognition of him and his position. I am not here writing of a dear friend of mine who succeeded him, Dr. Hangen. On one occasion there was a chance gathering of masters in my room, and after a time our German friend came to see me on some business, and seeing me thus engaged was withdrawing. 'Come in,' I called to him, 'come in. Here's a pitch-up.' We used a good deal of Winchester slang, and a 'pitch-up' meant a chance gathering. He clicked his heels, made a low bow, and retired. After a time I got an elaborate note. He had looked up the word I had called him in the Slang Dictionary, and found that a 'peacher' meant 'one who tells tales.' In Germany he would have had my blood for that. In vain I explained. We all explained. He took the line that the 'pitch-up' explanation was a mere device to shelter me from his wrath and contempt. He was terribly in earnest, and I was really sorry. I felt that the only thing to restore his peace of mind was that he should have his will of me. I offered the gloves. No!—The fists? No, barbarous!—The single stick? Ah, yes! So we appointed a second each, and we had the drill sergeant in as master of the ceremonies, and we set to. He was very quick in attack, but he only had about three cuts. As for defence, he had fought his German duels so completely padded on his right side that he had no defence for right knee and right elbow, so I pegged away at those. He stood it in the most gallant way for a long time, till I was

nearly tired out ; but at last he could bear it no longer, and he collapsed. It was by no means a one-sided affair. When he got about again, after a day or two, I found that the prescription had answered. His honour was saved. I almost believe that as time mellowed the story he came to think I may really have said 'pitch-up' and not 'peacher.' Quite recently I saw that he had received a very honourable public presentation.

There was to be another and much graver trial before things settled down in that first half-year. The trials of life are a far better education than its pleasures and its successes. Any man who can look back upon a long and varied life, of fair usefulness, must feel conscious that the very things that at the time tried him most were just the things that most strengthened him.

There arose a question of personal treatment between the young schoolmaster and the head of the staff, the Warden, of whom I cannot write without deep respect and affection. The young man was hurt ; and he sent a note to the Warden to the effect that he had learned to love the place in all its details, but he would rather leave at Christmas than face a recurrence of what had hurt him. The reply was an acceptance of the resignation which the note implied.

Pleasure passed out of life. All was gloom. The change was soon noticed by one and another of the staff ; but nothing was said on either side, and the rapidly approaching departure remained a secret. At last William Bright, the future Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, asked his young friend to come and talk things over with him. That invitation was the pivot point of a long life. Bright read the two letters, and said he could carry the note of remonstrance through any Common Room in Oxford. For some days I heard no more. Then a message came to me, would I go and see the Warden. I went. The Warden held out his hand with a winning air. I grasped it, and went off, without a word on either side. From that day to the end of his life we were fast friends. When he was dead, his son told me that among all the varied correspondence, docketed with painful care, my

many letters and the notes of his replies were among the most careful of all the packets.

It turned out that Bright had discussed the matter with the other masters, and almost all of them had said they would go. Bright himself had prepared a letter to the Scottish Bishops resigning an office which he held under them. He carried the whole of this information to the Warden, who then took the matter carefully into consideration, and, as only a strong and true man could, he determined at leisure to undo what in haste he had done. He certainly never regretted it. As for the young man's relations with Bright, that was the beginning of an affection on the one side which came near to hero-worship, of an influence on the other side which still abides with the old man, strengthened rather than weakened by the flight of time and the death of the benefactor.

I was intimately acquainted with all the stages of the proceedings which resulted in the removal of Bright from his Bell Professorship by the College of Scottish Bishops. When the 'Memory' of Bright's life was being written, I had some communication with those who were concerned with it. The decision came to with regard to the painful story to which I have referred was that as Bright himself scrupulously avoided any reference to it in his lifetime, nothing should be said about it in any detail in the 'Memory.' I therefore do not say anything about it here. I was completely on his side. One characteristic little detail I may mention here. Bright's position was twofold: he was Bell Professor under the Bishops, and he was Theological Tutor under the Warden. When the decision of the Bishops to relieve him of the Professorship was known, the Warden wrote to him to say that he would naturally resign the Tutorship. 'No,' Bright replied, 'you must dismiss me,' and that the Warden had to do.

The Warden could not bear the idea of any illness among the boys. I once heard him say, 'I will *not* have boys die here.' There came a time when scarlet fever broke out. There was then no isolation house, no sanatorium. Now, everything of the kind is there at its best.

The cases had to be taken to the top room of the tower, where mattresses were laid on the floor. One day the Warden sent for me. A little boy was dying, I think one of the Fairlies. He would certainly die unless he took a certain saline draught, and he couldn't—wouldn't—swallow it. The nurse who had watched his delirium sent down word that if Mr. Browne would give it to him he would take it, and the doctors said he would live. 'What *are* we to do?' the harassed Warden asked. 'If you go, the infection will get out into all the school.' He couldn't decide, and left it to me. I said the thing seemed simple to me; he and I couldn't let the little fellow die. I would put on an old fishing suit, go up to the tower, and then bonfire the clothes. The dear little fellow was quiet and still as soon as I appeared; took the stuff as if he liked it; lay down, and went straight on to recovery. I burned the clothes, and taught my classes as usual. There was not another case, and no one died at the college; but little Johnnie Wordsworth was taken home and died there.

There was one death in my time. Farquharson and the present Dean of Chichester were late for a roll-call, and they scrambled down the wooded bank of Almond to wade across instead of going round to the bridge. Close to the bottom of the bank, Farquharson's foot caught on the root of a tree, and he landed on his head and broke his neck. Hannah waded across to the saw-mill near by, and the mill men waded back with him and carried the body shoulder high through the river, a sight never to be forgotten. The very beautiful reach of the river, and the men up to their waists with their tragic burden held clear of the water, would have made a striking subject for an oil painting.

The second year at Glenalmond was the turning point of my life. I was asked to stay at Pitfour, in the Carse of Gowrie, some six miles from Perth. There were three very agreeable young ladies, one of whom eventually became my wife. They were very keen about reading and knowledge, and they had stored up questions to ask me—historical, literary, philological. I had been hopelessly

idle, as far as useful reading was concerned, and I was hopelessly ignorant. That three days switched me off onto a new line. Work in all the directions mentioned became a passion. Throughout the fifty-seven years that have followed, work has been the main pleasure of life.

Those were days of 'Scottish Disabilities.' Anti-Jacobite flavour still existed in Scottish legislation. A man in Scottish Episcopal orders was under serious disabilities in England. I was assured that we only had one tinkling bell for the chapel because bells to call people to an Episcopalian service were unlawful; I never looked into that. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews Dunkeld and Dunblane, had been Warden of Glenalmond down to the year 1854, three years before I went to Glenalmond, and he was living, with his young second family, at the Feu House, near Perth. From the first he shewed remarkable kindness to me. To save me from the disabilities which would follow upon his ordination of me, he asked his old friend Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, to ordain me, without a title, on my school work. The Bishop of Oxford very kindly consented to do so, and I went down to Oxford for the examination and ordination at Cuddesdon, at Trinity 1858, when I was a year and a half above the normal age. On the first occasion, by the kindness of one of my colleagues, curiously enough an old schoolfellow, H. A. Barclay, I spent two days in Christ Church as the guest of Dodgson, of endless fame for 'Alice in Wonderland' and much else. I found him immersed in abstract mathematics, writing a book as far as I remember on Determinants. Anything more unlike 'Alice' than his room and its furniture, or his personality, or his interests at that time, could not easily be conceived. When I went the second time, for Priest's Orders, I spent the corresponding days in New College, in the rooms of another colleague, Coker Adams, a man of much quaintness, of rather entangled ability, of many interesting connections, with a perverse inclination and an uncanny gift for finding flaws in limiting statutes. He it was that first took me abroad, with two stipulations, one, I was never to raise an objection to any

hotel bill—‘no rows about money;’ the other, I was always to wear a clerical collar at the *table d’hôte*. That second principle goes far, and I have always acted upon it and advised other clergy to do the same. It is a great preservative in the relaxation of social stiffness abroad.

The days of examination at Cuddesdon were Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and the ordination came the next day. I was lodged in a charming cottage at Cuddesdon, the blacksmith’s I think; on the second occasion in the palace. When I was up for Deacon’s Orders, the most agreeable among the candidates for Priest’s Orders was Hemming Robeson; I never met him again until as Arch-deacon of Bristol he put me up for six weeks when I went to Bristol as Bishop and found that there was no house of residence. It seems strange to think that a Bishop with such a reputation—a just reputation—for introducing improvements, should still in 1858 be holding his examination for Holy Orders on the three days preceding the day of ordination.

One episode in the examination is very fresh in my mind. On the Saturday afternoon the Bishop sent for me. He told me that I was not there under usual conditions; I was not seeking work in his diocese. If I had been, he would have had seriously to consider whether he must postpone my ordination. Those were not days when candidates for Orders argued with Bishops; still, I ventured to ask what was the matter. My papers on Early Church History were hopelessly bad. Again, I ventured to ask for a special point; for I rather liked Early Church History. The chief offence was the answer to a question ‘State in order the chief orthodox writers of the third century.’ But, I said, I answered that correctly, and in addition gave the dates correctly. Further, the paper was one of the latest set, only the evening before; I had not seen any book since; I was prepared to sit down then and there and write out the list, and to add the approximate dates of the first and the last writings of each. And, I was prepared to do the same for the heretical writers. He gazed at the list he held in his hand. I saw him change

colour. He got very red. 'Mr. Browne, I can never forgive myself. I see that these history marks belong to the next name on the list. Dr. Trench, whose questions they were, is in the next room ; do go and tell him what you have told me.' I went. Trench looked a little dishevelled. His hair was ruffled up. He was evidently not in a melting mood. He heard me out. 'I couldn't do all that. You speak very confidently. How can you remember it all ?'— 'I have put it into a few doggerel hexameters, *memoria technica*.' 'Ah ! A mere mechanical memory ! Good morning.' And that was the last I ever saw of Dr. Trench.

Of the Divinity Students at Glenalmond, Malcolm MacColl had just left when I first went there, but he revisited the old place in my time. He always spoke and wrote with great affection of his life there, and he has made public recognition of the impressions he received from Alfred Barry, William Bright, and—*longo intervallo*—this present writer. One of the students whom I found there achieved an even larger fame than MacColl, namely, Father Ignatius, then Joseph Leycester Lyne. He was above all things *very* young. He had a sweet voice, and an always oppressively humble manner, enthusiastically grateful for any attention—and for any kind of attention. I remember that one Easter he was entrusted with the duty of decorating the lectern in chapel. The lectern had two faces : one with the Old Testament, the other with the New Testament. It worked on a pivot. Under Lyne's pliant hands it took on an air of firm and solid beauty. Ivy was twined round it from foot to face. The upper part was made fairy-like, in contrast with the solidity below, so far as the Scottish vegetation at Easter could provide the means for producing that effect. When the Chapel was quite finished, the Warden came in to inspect. He had not been very sympathetic about the decorations. He paused for just a moment at the entrance from the ante-chapel, then hurled himself upon the weak spot. He made straight for the lectern, close by which Lyne was standing with an angelic air of rapt admiration. The Warden gave a vigorous trial twist to the lectern. Lyne's ivy was too much for him ;

the thing wouldn't turn : ' Mr. Lyne, you must be a fool ! ' Claspings his hands in an ecstasy of gratitude for this pointed recognition of his services, he sighed forth with indescribable fervour, ' Oh, please sir ! Yes, sir ! ! *Thank* you, sir ! ! ! ' I am afraid that we used to think of him as *Μοι πεμπτε*, because in his earliest printed verses, in extreme youth, he had made an English stanza end with this line,

Μοι πεμπτε ειρηνην,

printed just so, enclitic and all. He became one of the greatest of my surprises, as I watched boys develop into young men, and then into men.

There was a good deal to be said for the anti-Jacobite flavour of legislation concerning the Episcopal Church of Scotland. We had in the library at Glenalmond the quite priceless collection of original documents which had been preserved by the Scottish Episcopal College, that is, the Scottish Bishops. There were the copy letters sent out to the king across the water by the Scottish Bishops, recommending to the king two names of persons fit to be appointed to a vacant bishopric ; with the original reply signed by some so-called Secretary of State, informing the Scottish Bishops that the king had chosen such one of the two, whom accordingly they proceeded to consecrate. Among the collection were the papers of the non-jurors, and there we found the Letters of Consecration of George Hickes, which had been supposed never to have existed. It may be imagined how Bright loved the business of reading and sorting such documents as these, and how dearly a youthful colleague of his loved companionship in the work, and learned deep things from Bright's *obiter dicta* ; learned also how to extract from Bright at inopportune moments that uncontrollable shriek of laughter we knew so well.

On one occasion the Warden informed me that Lord Bute was to be sent to Glenalmond and was to be in my form. There was a curious element of doubt about it. If he was in Scotland on his approaching birthday, his Scottish guardians would make the arrangements for his education

and he would come to us. If he was in England on that day, he would be under the Lord Chancellor and would not be sent to school in Scotland. Up to the afternoon before his birthday he was north of the border ; but that evening he was carried off to England, and he was sent I think to Harrow. I have sometimes wondered whether the ecclesiastical air which Glenalmond then had, and the abiding influence of Bright's personality and his strong and sound churchmanship, might have created a different future for the boy's life.

Notwithstanding Charles Wordsworth's care and Samuel Wilberforce's kindness in saving me from Scottish disabilities, the *amari aliquid* remained and emerged. When I was ordained, I saw the legal secretary of the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Davenport I think, write on the back some words of which I did not then know the effect, 'For the Bishop of Edinburgh.' About 1864, Mr. Gladstone at the instance of the Duke of Richmond passed an Act removing the outstanding disabilities. When I was instituted to an English benefice, under conditions described elsewhere in these reminiscences, I met the Bishop of Ely at his lawyer's office, and, among various documents, I was called upon to read and sign—and according to the account rendered to pay two guineas for—an abjuration of obedience to Scottish prelates. The secretary maintained that the words written on my Letters of Orders put me into Scottish Orders, and I must abjure obedience to the Scottish Bishops. I think I knew more about the Act removing Scottish disabilities than the secretary did ; at least I could quote it more fluently, and I urged the point that I had never taken any oath, or made any promise, to any Scottish Bishop. And, further, 'For the Bishop of Edinburgh' was a serious untruth, it should have been, if anything, 'St. Andrews Dunkeld and Dunblane.' The thing ended in a kindly smile from Harold Browne, and the remark 'I am quite satisfied of Mr. Browne's loyalty.' The two guineas were struck out from the account.

CHAPTER IV

The First Salmon—Teinds—Ice Problems—The Estuary of the Tay—A Long Fight—A Sporting Problem—A Whirlwind—William Selwyn—The November Meteors—The Three Icy Saints—Ice in Summer—Mam Soul—The Flyfishers' Dinner—The Philosophy of Fishing Stories—Piscatorial Verses and Ambiguities—A Plucky Fight—A Lost Opportunity—Skill and Chance.

THE Almond swept in a beautiful curve round the site of the college, and in those days it was a good trout stream, with a fair number of sea trout. But the first salmon! Saints' Days were whole holidays, and so long as a sufficient number of the staff of clergy was present for the chapel services, the rest of the masters could be away the whole day. On a Saint's Day in June, a very hot day, the heather very dry from a long drought, and the burns for the most part passable dry-shod, I set off early in the morning for a day on the Tay at Ballathie. Ballathie was then a remarkably pretty cottage, with a gay Scottish garden, a residence of General Richardson Robertson of Tulliebelton, to whom I was indebted for the day's fishing. My only instructions were to keep a little north of east till I should strike the Tay. There was no road, and the distance was said to be some twelve or thirteen miles in a straight line, sixteen or more according as you were lucky or the reverse.

We had a rather frail bridge then across the Almond, which bounded our playgrounds on the north. Thence up the brae to Heriotfield, where I had learned something of the ecclesiastical niceties of Scottish phraseology, from a notice in the porch of the kirk—'There will be two diets of worship on Sabbath first with a service of fruit and cake between.' Then to Chapel Hill, where some years later

Ian Maclaren was assistant minister, and where he created and placed 'The Bonnie Briar Bush.' A northward turn made me miss the delightful old building Logie House, with its three venerable sides of a square and its old Drummond coats of arms, now put into repair and occupied as a Murray residence. The Logie estate has from early times had water boundaries, two rivers and two burns,

Shockie and Shilligan, Almond and Braan,¹
These are the marches of Logie's laan'.

Missing Logie House meant missing also the railed-in grave down by Almond side, the romantic burial-place of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies,
They biggit a bower by yon burn side
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

They theekit it o'er with rashes green,
They theekit it o'er wi' heather,
But the plague cam' fra the burrough's town
And slew them baith thegither.

The turn northwards led too far north, towards Glenshee, an error which had to be corrected, and the Shockie was crossed lower down. Further on, towards the Ordie, was an unexpected monument, an obelisk in memory of the farmer-poet Nicoll, who died at an early age in 1837, at Little Tulliebelton. It stands on a knowe, looking on the Ordie burn, which has its place in Nicoll's poetry, when he sings of the memories that

Are twined wi' the stanes o' the siller burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
Upo' bonnie Ordie braes.

These two big burns, the Shockie and the Ordie, are very mischievous in time of flood. They are credited with the intention of overwhelming Perth by means of the Tay,

¹ 'Swift-foot Almond and land-louping Braan,' as the old poem on the Scottish rivers graphically describes these delightful trout streams. 'Tumbling Tummel' and 'Gravelly Garry' are other examples of felicitous phrase in the poem.

into which they run in combined stream at Strathord. The Almond, which joins the Tay a little lower down, at the point where in the Roman times the town of Bertha¹ lay, can produce a vast flood, but tradition makes the combined malice of the two burns more dangerous to the welfare of the town of Perth, a few miles down the Tay. The tradition takes more than one form :

Says Shockie to Ordie, 'Where 'shall we meet ?'

Says Ordie to Shockie, 'In Perth's High Street.'

the latter line being variously given thus :

At the Cross of Perth, in Perth's High Street,
and thus :

At the Cross of Perth, when men are all asleep.

To make safe, the burghers of Perth, when they were building the noble bridge which now spans the Tay, built—it is said—the old cross of Perth into the middle pier of the bridge, where Ordie and Shockie are quite welcome to meet and do their worst. It was above this pier that the old Duke of Leeds was standing one Sunday, watching the salmon run up the two main streams of the Tay. A fish of unusual size passed up, and the Duke drew in his breath with a whistle. A passing policeman laid his hand on his shoulder — 'Ye maunna fustle on the Sawbath.'

Tulliebelton House was the property of my host at Ballathie, and its tenant was hospitable and put me in the right way for eventually reaching my goal. The name Tulliebelton tells of the time when the demon Beltane fires burned on the hill, now the resort of black game of another kind. Auchtergaven came next, with the flavour of another pretty stanza of Nicoll's :

Happy, happy, be their dwallins
By the burn and in the glen ;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callans,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Then Bankfoot, and so at long last Ballathie.

¹ The local theory is that this name was transferred from Almond mouth to St. Johnstoun in the form 'Perth.'

I little thought that Tulliebelton was to cost me a good deal of money some years later. My wife was a residuary legatee of 'Old Tully,' the old laird, in whose time the income of the minister of the parish was raised. The Court of Teinds (our word 'tithes') drew the whole increment annually from two of the heritors, the Duke of Athole and Sir William Stewart, being too indolent to apportion it according to law among all the heritors. This went on for some thirty years or more, when the Court made the allotment and came down upon us—who had never heard of the transaction—for all the back money with interest at five per cent. The scandals of the officials had been rather notorious then; the story was that a young man recently married had had a similar demand of large amount, due to the same indolence, and had committed suicide. So I said in reply to the demand that if they wouldn't take three per cent. I would go into court and make a big disturbance. They took three per cent.

The General—those who knew him will feel quite sure—was not down. His man informed me on the General's authority that there was no water in the river and no fish in the water; the day was so bright and glaring that it would have been little use fishing if there had been water and had been fish. The two boatmen took the same view. I told them that I had come a long way to fish the Tay, the first day of fishing for salmon in my life, and I could not possibly go back without wetting a line. They thought that was reasonable, and I got into the boat and began to cast just below Cargill Bridge. Down the river we slowly went, stern first, past one famous pool with its legends and another, nothing shewed itself. In time we got to the last bit of the General's water which we could fish from the boat, and I had no skill to fish from the shore under trees. One more cast, and it must be the last. Something happened. There was a great dash; my line was seized by something very strong, and the rod nearly dragged out of my hand. The thing was so sudden and so unexpected, and so very much more forcible than I had ever imagined, that it was quite an appreciable time before I realised that I had a

fish on. Fortunately he had made very safe of it, as a salmon at that particular spot as I have since found usually does, and after my heart had been in my mouth till I thought it never could get back again, and the boat had been in dangers from which I thought it never could escape, we landed in a comparatively quiet place on the far side and got him out. Never was so lovely a fish, clean run, a perfect shape, sea-lice on, everything exactly as it ought to be. Memory says fourteen or fifteen pounds. Conscience knows it was only twelve. I wouldn't part with it. The General said he would send it to Perth and so to the college ; but after some much-needed food I slung it on my back, wrapped up in rushes, and reached the college with it about nine at night, one of the very hardest days of my life, and one of the very happiest. The scoffer says that fish grow in weight more rapidly after death than during life. I can only say that after eleven or twelve hours on foot, with a 12 lb. fish on your back for the last four hours through heather and bog, you feel your fish growing in weight with every step you take.

The river Almond had special attractions for me in the way of ice problems. One was, that it is one of the few rivers that freeze from the bottom. Another, that after great frost and great flood, we used to find masses of ice with big salmon embedded in them ; a different problem from the other. And there was always the pretty phenomenon of the formation of screens of ice, covering and concealing the little falls in the burns that went prattling on under the ice to swell the stream of Almond. Almond had a still greater attraction. By a skilfully engineered path, which wound along its lofty and beautifully wooded banks and shewed us huge salmon spawning on its gravelly beds, we reached the house of Tulchan, with its charming host and hostess,¹ its mixed bag of every kind of game except red deer, and, sympathetically often, a special niece of the hostess from the Carse of Gowrie.

In course of time our romantic isolation was invaded. A railway was made from Perth to Methven, only four

¹ Graeme and Catharine Mercer of Gorthy.

miles away from our privacy. The dwellers in our parts did not believe in new-fangled things; they had a deep distrust of the railway and its unreliableness. One of them had to be in Perth early in the day, and was advised to try the new method of getting there. 'Na! I'll no hinder wi' the train; I'll just take a stick and traivel.'

At Pitfour, in the Carse of Gowrie, the net-fishing in the tidal waters of the Tay was in those days—as it still is—very valuable. I once saw 330 salmon and grilse lying on the bank, as the spoil of two pair of nets for one tide, a day of spate, the last day of the season.¹ The tide there rose fifteen feet, and at high tide the expanse of water at the spot where the Earn runs into the Tay was a very fine sight. The lower reaches of it held all the fish that were bent on ascending the two prolific salmon-rivers, the Earn and the Tay. I used to maintain that at low tide the combined Tay and Earn formed a fresh-water river and there was no reason why the salmon should not be taken with rod and line. My future father-in-law used always to reply that the Scots knew all about such things, and if the water had been fishable it would long ago have been fished. When I had married a daughter of the house, I asked for a boat and a boatman when the nets were off, and immediate success attended the experiment. The tacksmen came down from Perth to take the net fishings for the next year. My father-in-law told them in a jocular tone that he desired to make a change in the conditions: he would reserve the rod-fishing. They were highly amused with the joke, and replied, 'Deed y're welcome to thart, Sir Jone.' He rang the bell. 'Bring Mr. Browne's fish.' A great dish appeared with a salmon, a grilse, and thirteen trout. That was the beginning of a greal deal of rod-fishing where fly had never been cast nor minnow spun.

On one unforgettable occasion I determined to try at high water, twelve noon. In a very short time I was into a fish, which proceeded to lead my boatman such a life as he had never had before. We were mere children in

¹ My mother-in-law saw seventy salmon taken in one sweep of a net, drawn in her honour as a bride, off Moncreiffe Island in the Tay.

the clutch of that fish. He took us some two and a half miles down with the tide, getting us into the big waves of the estuary ; became a perfect fiend at the turn of the tide ; took us five miles up the river with the next tide, as far as Elcho Castle ; became a demon at the turn of the tide, and had us down again some two miles. Then he determined to let us off. He came up to the top, ten hours and a half after he laid hold of us—it was now pitch dark—and lashed the water with his tail till he hit the line, and off he went, carrying away as his memento of triumph the tail hook of my minnow. That was bad enough. There was worse to come. My mother-in-law, one of the ‘handsome Hays,’ a daughter of the Lady Mary Ramsay from whom some favourite reel-music was named, met me as I entered the house after eleven at night. She had lived among sport most of her life, but she never would have anything to do with it, and never would use the ordinary terms of sport. She was also, with all her charms, of an imperious nature. She had sent my wife off to bed, and, stamping in her wrath, finished me off—very staccato—with ‘Why—didn’t you—cut—the string—and let—the wretched—thing—go!!’

One feature of this long fight, with no lull, no sulking of the fish, has been much discussed. When it became pitch dark, and we were famished—for he never let us touch the shore—a boat came out to us bringing food, if oat cake can be called food, and a lantern. As soon as the lantern came, the fish drew near us. I held the lantern over the stern with one hand, and saw him quite clearly, poised on his fins, drawn by the light. ‘Why, Jimmie, I believe I could bring him up and gaff him ; he comes to the light.’ ‘Deed, a body wadna tell.’ ‘I don’t think it seems right, somehow.’ ‘Nobody need never know,’ Jimmie replied, and that was fatal. I didn’t try it. The question is, was this quixotic, or was it the right thing ?

When Mr. Gathorne Hardy was writing the ‘Salmon’ volume of ‘Fur, Feather, and Fin,’ he asked me if he might use my account of the fight published in the *Cornhill Magazine* at the time. When I answered in a genial

tone, he felt he could safely ask the question, which as himself a skilled fisherman he knew to be important, 'I suppose I can take the main points of the story to be correct?' In his *précis* of my account he stated that the fisherman was the present Bishop of Bristol. This appeared very soon after I left Stepney for Bristol.

One Sunday, when I was staying for some time at the inn at Chippenham for the purpose of making acquaintance with clergy and laity in that charming part of my new diocese, a battery of guns under Major Paget was on its way to Salisbury Plain. The officers called on me in my room in the inn, and asked me to dine with them that night, winning my heart by adding 'always cold dinner on Sundays.' In the course of dinner one of them asked where I supposed they had been that afternoon. 'Six of us rode over to Badminton to consult Worcester¹ about your fish, we couldn't agree about it.' I found that they had seen Gathorne Hardy's account, and they couldn't decide the question as between gaffing and not gaffing by use of the lantern. 'And what did he say?' I asked. 'He didn't say anything for some time, and then he said: "The Bishop was right, but I should have gaffed the fish."'

It may be added that not long after the great fight, Frank Buckland wrote to my father-in-law 'we have got Mr. Browne's fish.' He and H. Pennell—who many years after told me all about it—had found an enormous salmon in Bond Street; it came from Newburgh in Fife, exactly where I fought my fight; it had my marks; and so on. It was weighed and photographed at Newburgh as of unprecedented size. It weighed 74 lb. there, but wasted a good deal between that and Bond Street. I had the pleasure of giving in 'Off the Mill,' being a collection of my papers on holiday matters, a photograph and the weight of the fish I didn't get.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy's artist misunderstood a phrase in my account. The fish once shewed itself, pushing about two feet of its length out of the water; the tail hook of the

¹ The late Duke of Beaufort had ceased to reside at Badminton, and the present Duke, then Marquis of Worcester, was living there.

minnow was firm in the middle of the upper snout. The artist took this to mean throwing itself two feet into the air, and drew his picture accordingly—a very pretty picture—an enormous fish in the form of a crescent, all well above the water. This picture was reproduced on the menu of the Fly Fishers' dinner described in this chapter, with the humorous title 'Salar loq. Nolo episcopari.'

It has always been a fascination to come across a chance of doing something out of the common run of things. I remember being found by Canon William Selwyn on the Cherry Hinton road with beard and hair full of dust and bits of rubbish. A revolving pillar of dust and rubbish had come slowly down the road, about five feet high and a yard or so across, an unusually perfect example of the sort of little whirlwind one sees catching up the hay on a hot summer's day. The instinct to get inside it was irresistible, and for some distance I walked with it whirling round me, feeling only a steady slow push straight onwards. At last it crossed a grip and we parted company, just as Selwyn came up. He was a keen observer of nature, and he regarded this as a novel experience. We could not understand how it was that the entrance and exit of a dense body did not break up the column, or how the slow push onwards was maintained so long.

William Selwyn fractured the base of his skull by falling from his horse. Unlike William Whewell, who died of a similar accident about the same time, he recovered from the accident. While he was lying at his home, Vine Cottage, apparently unconscious, the great annual display of meteors on November 14 took place. He noted their paths by projecting them upon the rectangular frames of the window-panes, and thus estimated the point from which they appeared to come, in Orion. When he got a little better he occupied his mind and memory—he had been Senior Classic as well as sixth Wrangler—in turning Enoch Arden into Latin verse. This he eventually wrote down and published, with a dedication to the two men at the University Press, and the two undergraduates, who picked him up after his fall. The undergraduates were two close friends, Ravens-

croft Stewart, afterwards my favourite Archdeacon of North Wilts, and W. R. Kennedy, afterwards Lord Justice. On the comparatively early death of the Lord Justice the beautiful chalk drawing of Selwyn by George Richmond came to St. John's from the artist's daughter, Kennedy's widow. It now hangs in the Combination Room of the college.

The recurring shower of meteors had been the subject of much discussion, and this particular display had been eagerly looked for from scientific points of view. Adams finally shewed that they are the débris of a comet.

It seems almost impossible not to connect the meteoric showers of November 14 with the icy days of May 14 or thereabouts, exactly six months apart. These icy days are so marked that the German gardeners at Frankfort and similar garden places wrap up their outdoor camellias in matting for the three days May 12, 13, 14. The French gardeners have a saying of these days :

St. Pancrace, St. Gervase, St. Boniface,
Ces Saints de glace,
Ne fondent jamais.

In 1864 I published a suggestion that an immense cloud of fragments is revolving about the sun in the same period as the earth, their orbit intersecting ours each six months. Some of them actually penetrate our atmosphere in November, while in May the whole mass are between us and the sun, absorbing much of its heat. Neither the display of November meteors nor the accurateness of date of the icy days is as marked as it was in 1864.

An unexpected investigation of an ice problem came in my way in Scotland. My wife and I went in the sixties to stay with an aunt of hers at Corriemoney, at the head of Glen Urquhart. Mr. Ogilvy, our host, finding that I had made a study of ice under various conditions, and could walk a little and if necessary climb, told me that he had long wished to find some one who would investigate the truth of a statement in the old Statistical Account of Scotland. The statement was to the effect that thirty miles south-west of Beaulieu there was a lake on which the ice never thawed in the hottest summer. He calculated that the

lake must lie some eighteen miles in a bee-line a little north of south-west of him, but in all the years that he had talked about it he had never succeeded in getting any hint of its being a reality. A study of the map suggested that the place—if there was such a place—could not be very far from the west end of Loch Affric ; but the range of possibility northwards and southwards of the end of the loch was rather disconcerting. Mr. Ogilvy had a gille¹ who would walk down any Englishman that ever was born, so there was no difficulty on that account, if I would undertake to be the Englishman.

We started very early to cross the moors, at first by my companion's local knowledge, then, later, by the sun. A very rough walk it was. We saw a great driving of red deer on a part of the forest then held by Major Inge, and by the gille's advice we made a serious *détour* to avoid disturbance of the arrangements. This led to our losing our way completely and getting on to high ground to the left from which we found it difficult to descend. My gille had not any belief in the existence of the loch that never thaws, and it seemed probable that his real aim was to give the Englishman his fill of very bad walking. Looking at the map afterwards, our natural course was to make straight for the river Glass and cross it by the bridge leading to Cannich, and so along the course of the river Affric and up the left bank of Loch Affric ; instead of which we kept on the wrong side of the loch.

Arrived at the far end of Loch Affric we made—or rather my tired gille made—the now too familiar inquiry for the loch that never thaws, and received the now too familiar reply that there was no such thing in that part of the world. At last in some despair we went uphill to a nice-looking cottage, and sat down on a wall by the door. A pleasant-mannered woman came out, and we learned that she was the wife of the chief keeper. On putting the usual question, we were told that her husband had said there was a loch up there—‘ there ’ being Mam Soul (Sodhail), not far off

¹ Why people put an *i* into this simple Gaelic word I do not know. The insertion of an *i* in a Gaelic word usually makes it a genitive.

4000 feet above the sea, nothing like that above the keeper's house of course. The gille was not good for the climb, but it had to be done. The keeper was somewhere up the hill and I found him. Whether we really went to the top of Mam¹ Soul I do not know; I much doubt it; but we came to an evident crater of an extinct volcano.² It contained a quantity of still water, very black, of considerable area. At its south-west end and along the south side the lip of the crater was high, and the water there was over-arched by an immense mass of snow, we guessed about thirty feet thick, under which the surface of the crater-loch lay black and gloomy. And so we really did find, almost exactly thirty miles south-west from Beauly, a loch one half of which was covered by a great mass of snow, probably permanent and getting thicker each winter. It is probable that under the great hollow dome of snow the winter's ice still covered the black water, so that the statement in the old Statistical Account would be literally correct. We were far too hot, and too much pressed for time, to make any attempt at investigation of those chilly recesses, if indeed access could have been won, which seemed very doubtful. It would be interesting to know if the crater-loch still has this cold white cap at its dark and gloomy end.

On descending to the keeper's house, we found the gille restored to vigour, and a sharp heel-and-toe walk along a decent road brought us to Cannich and the bridge, whence we stumbled across the moor in the dark. The gille was taken ill in the night with some internal inflammation and for a day or two was in great danger. He was eventually pensioned off. It was the pace, he kept moaning, not the distance or the number of hours, that broke him down. I have often wished to go up Glen Affric again, to renew acquaintance with its exquisite beauties in less laborious fashion.

Next to the dinners of the Alpine Club, my one experience of the annual dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club stands I think

¹ A hill the shape of a woman's breast; the same word as mamma.

² It is tempting to suggest a reference to this in the Sodhail. But Gaelic is much too tricky a thing for guessing.

highest. I was never a member of the Club, having nothing to do with south country fishing, but I had heard of great fun at the dinners, and had read a charming speech by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu when he was chairman. So a request that I would take the chair at the dinner of 1911 was very welcome. It was a very large and jovial dinner. One speaker pleased me by protesting against fanciful rules of scientific fishing. He, like myself, remembered well the early fight between the champions of 'fishing up' and 'fishing down.' 'I used,' he said, 'to fish up for science, and then fish down for the pot,' exactly my own method in early times. A namesake of mine, who gave as his best wish for salmon-fishers

With your gille always sober
May your line be often tight,

specially delighted us all by the graphic end of his speech. He was suddenly taken short in his utterance. He caught his breath, and stammered—'I haven't an impediment of speech, gentlemen, but I asked my neighbour to warn me when my time was up, and he's just done it with a pin.'

The *Field* was very kind in its remarks. The chairman was said to have 'set an extremely high standard of that manly wholesome mirth which Walton loved, and his speeches were received with a continuous ripple of delighted laughter. In the second, a brief acknowledgment of the toast of his health, he apologised for the length of the first, which, he confessed, had exceeded the allotted space by some three minutes. But he pleaded that if the company had not consumed some time in laughing, he thought he would not have been over his prescribed term of speech. And it is highly probable that the audience even robbed his lordship of a minute or two.

'He started by some little consideration of fishing narrative. The sport of fishing, he submitted, was divided like Gaul into three parts, of which the third, "telling of it," had been brought to the highest level of excellence, and he indicated that the good story was that which kept "a just balance between fact and fancy." Speaking "not

purely and entirely as a bishop," he admitted some merit in your good story. It was not for an angler who was "on comfortable financial terms with his boatman" to inquire too curiously into the behaviour of a steelyard which had a tendency to level up to the even pound, nor did it seem his duty "to be microscopic" when a fish was enthusiastically pronounced to be crowded with sea-lice. He then lost a good deal of his ten minutes by speaking of a laddie who remarked on the poor piscatorial plight of the Ark, which had only two wurrums; it took quite a long time for the audience to compose itself for the proud local report that a Helmsdale loch was "three pairts fish and one pairt watter." In justice to a genial friend, I should add that these two stories were due to Sir Archibald Geikie.

But the quotation from the *Field* has gone far enough. The people seemed greatly pleased with some remarks on heredity in fish, with two illustrations, animal and vegetable. A strange minister at a Scotch kirk found himself in a muddle in the middle of his sermon, and afterwards explained to the elders that his wife's little dog had evidently got hold of it and destroyed some of the pages. 'Eh! Man! Gie oor minister a pup!' A gentleman of Perugia had the misfortune to have his wife hang herself on a fig tree in his garden. A neighbour called, and was thanked for coming to condole with him. No, that was not the purpose of his call. He wished to have a slip of that fig tree, to see whether his wife would take the same view of it. Just two more of the stories, each of them shewing a minister and a boy, as is not unusual in lay stories in Scotland. A minister found a boy crying on the Sabbath, and asked what was the matter. Father wouldn't let him go fishing the day. The minister was greatly pleased that his father was teaching the boy to keep the Sabbath, and told him so. 'Eh! Meenister! Feyther said there wasna wurrums enough for the twa on us!' Or again, a boy with a string of nice trout on a Sunday morning met his minister, and received a severe rebuke on the wickedness of casting a fly for trout on a Sunday. Had he no better to do than

that ! A righteous judgment might fall upon him. ‘ Eh ! Meenister ! the jeedgment’s falln upo’ thae. What had they to do snappin’ at flees on a Sawbath ? ’

It appeared that the practice at the Fly Fishers’ dinner is that a fly shall be specially dressed for the chairman and formally presented to him at the dinner. The fly is sized according to the chief branch of the art of fishing which the chairman practises. In my case, it was a salmon fly. The gift is enclosed in a green velvet jewel case, lined with white silk. The skilled fly dresser who creates the fly is also a skilled versifier, and the lid of the case contains stanzas written by him. Here are the stanzas for the 1911 dinner. The fly itself is a beautiful work of art, far too beautiful to be divorced from its silken bed. In a corner of the case the artist puts his *fecit*, as artists should ; it stands thus, in best Latin,

F. C—W.
tidit.

The stanzas are thus :

Feb. 1911

As a symbol of fishing, in which we delight,
Here’s a fly we present to our Chairman to-night.
From the hue of his name, and the shade of his gown,
It seems right to dress it with Purple and Brown.

It’s a fly for a fisher right Reverend and true,
Who has fished many waters as fishermen do,
Some were easy and shallow, some rapid and deep,
In turn he’s attacked them his harvest to reap.

When *we* fish it’s of salmon and trout we take toll,
When *he* casts his line it’s to garner a soul,
We fish lake and river and streamlet, but *he*
Devotes himself mostly to working a See.

Contentment will harbour with everyone here
Who sticks to his job without favour or fear,
It’s a fisherman’s guerdon, especially when
He’s that best of all fishers, a fisher of men.

F. C—WEMYSS.
21 Feb., 1911.

Three stanzas which the chairman recited with an apology appeared to be new to everyone, as indeed he was assured by his right-hand neighbour, a police magistrate of supreme familiarity with fishing stories, all the little stories he had told were to him. These three stanzas are the best things of the kind I have ever heard ; they must be recorded here. They are properly printed without punctuation.

Upon the river's bank serene
A fisher stood where all was green
And looked it.

He saw just as the light grew dim
The fish or else the fish saw him
And hooked it.

He took with high erected comb
The fish or else the story home
And cooked it.

[19] We took great pains to ascertain the authorship of these clever ambiguities. In course of time the information came. They were composed at Lowick Rectory, Northants, by the Rector, J. S. Watson, his daughter Betty, and Dean Ingram of Peterborough. The composers felt that the ' high erected comb ' was not up to sample, and they felt that there ought to be a concluding stanza, ambiguously stating the result.

This story I told to Father Waggett, on our way from Bournemouth to spend a bright day at Clouds. He suggested my trying ' booked it ' as the point of a concluding stanza. This I tried, and after some time it took shape thus :

Recording angels by his bed
Weighed all that he had done or said
And booked it.

The tendency of the fourth ambiguity is no doubt towards condemnation. An opposite tendency would be unjust to any real fisherman's imaginative powers.

The pluckiest fight with a fish I ever saw was fought by Lord de Mauley, the brother of a delightful hostess and friend, Fanny Lady Kinnaird of Rossie. His sister had

asked me to take him out with me on the estuary. He told us he had never caught a fish larger than a gudgeon, though he had owned a famous trout stream. We assigned to him the left-hand rod, which always took more whitlings than the other rods, because the left shore, as the boat turned round, was more in their run than the opposite side. In this way we shewed him how to handle the rod and work the reel. At last the expected swish came; there was a salmon on. He stuck tight to his rod, holding it very upright, and we told him when to let the fish have his way and when to reel up. Once he stepped back in the boat. The thwart behind him caught him at the back of the knee, and down he went on his back in the bottom of the boat, nothing shewing upwards but the soles of his boots. I offered to take his rod while he got up. Not a bit of it, he would work the fish as he was. There he lay, doing with precision and coolness all he was told to do, we keeping the boat with its stern to the fish. The fish seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing and gave him any amount of work. After some twenty minutes the fight slackened, and the time came when we must land to kill him. I proposed to take the rod while the fisherman got ashore. He wouldn't hear of it. We had to extricate him from his lair between the two thwarts, still sticking to his rod, religiously keeping it upright and the line tight. Then we got him onto the side of the boat, and then onto Jimmie's back, for it was bad landing. The fish again shewed its sense of humour and made a big rush. Jimmie stood still in the water while his burden let the fish run and then wound him up again. Arrived at the shore the fisherman disembarked from Jimmie's back and played his fish for some five minutes from dry land, and at last we sent Jimmie in with the net and had him safe, a very clean-run female fish of 21 lb. weight. Many years after, when I became Bishop of Bristol, I went to Swindon to see Maurice Ponsonby, Lord de Mauley's son, the Vicar of St. Mark's, Swindon, a name and personality known and loved throughout the National Church. It occurred to me to tell him about my long-ago meeting with his father. 'Ah!' he

said, in the quietly interested way I, too, soon learned to love, 'my father tells the story of that fish almost every day.'

On another occasion we were asked to give a day's fishing to a guest at Rossie. There was something mysterious about him. He was evidently a man of some mark and of a good deal of importance. We did him well in the way of salmon. That night my wife and I went to Rossie to dine and sleep. We found Lord Kinnaird closeted with the mysterious stranger. He came out of his study waving a paper and saying to me in his buoyant way, 'You'd give a good deal to know what that is!' Next morning it appeared in the Liberal paper, Charles Stuart Parker's address against William Stirling of Keir for the county election! The mysterious stranger was the Liberal agent from London! When I told Jimmie who the man was we had done so well for, he was staggered, for he had rather liked him. But he soon recovered, and with a deeply regretful air, as of a golden opportunity missed, he said—'Eh! and we nicht ha drooneded him!'

I will end this with a verse expressive of what I believe to be a sound idea, that in salmon-fishing in a river with strong streams there is more luck than skill in success; indeed I have known skill defeat itself, as against the method—if so it can be called—of chuck and chance it. It is very different in quiet water, and of course very different with trout anywhere. I once heard the chief boatman of one of my brothers-in-law humming something to himself. Knowing that he had a very pawky way of putting rather incisive opinions, I asked him what it was. He answered with the assumed air of a modest poet that it was something of his own. 'What is it?' 'Just this'—and then he explained, with the manner of one who has made a deep discovery, 'if you haven't your fly on the watter, you'll never get a fish'—

When your fly is on the watter,
And the fish is in the pool,
You never know the minute
When he will play the fool.

CHAPTER V

'English Episcopalians'—Services Taken in the Kirk—The Abbey Church of Iona—Memorial of Scottish Bishops in Cruden Kirk—War and a School Picnic at Port Erroll—Combined War Service at Cruden—Scottish Ordinations—The Glenalmond Jubilee—Charles Wordsworth and Mr. Gladstone—Spontaneous Enthusiasm—A Fellowship Refused and Accepted—A Choral Wedding—Henry Bradshaw.

SCOTLAND is nothing if it is not ecclesiastical. The experience of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, like almost all experiences, proved very useful later on. I do not wish to reopen past controversies, but no harm can be done by referring to the position of the 'English Episcopalians' in Scotland. There were several congregations of episcopalians who held aloof from the 'Episcopal Church of Scotland,' mainly on account of the supposed 'high-church' attitude of that ancient Church, and the adherence of many of its members to 'the usages.' Within the Episcopal Church of Scotland itself there was a division into two parties, the adherents to the use of the Scottish Liturgy, and those who used the Liturgy of the Church of England while in full membership of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. At Glenalmond we used the Scottish and English Liturgies on alternate Sundays, until the Scottish Church altered its statutes, when the practice was introduced of using the Scottish Liturgy only when a certain number of communicants made request for it.

The 'English Episcopalians,' usually called 'Drummondites,' though that description was not in all cases correct, would have nothing to do with the Scottish Episcopal Church. This led to serious difficulties about confirmation. There were here and there English bishops who frequently

visited Scotland and while staying with friends confirmed those who were of suitable age. At Glenalmond we thought that to be very wrong, from an ecclesiastical point of view. In other cases, candidates were taken into England to be confirmed by English bishops acting in their own diocese. The two nearest Bishops were Durham (there was no diocese of Newcastle then) and Carlisle; and it so happened that those sees were then held by men who were in sympathy with the 'Drummondite' position. After my return to Cambridge, each of the two sees was filled at the next vacancy by a Cambridge man, in each case a friend of my own. Harvey Goodwin, the Dean of Ely, was made Bishop of Carlisle. I put before him the Scottish position, and after careful consideration he acted as it was certain that he would act. Then, in course of time, Dr. Lightfoot was made Bishop of Durham. I put before him, too, the Scottish position. He borrowed my histories of the Scottish Church; went very thoroughly into the matter; and acted as it was certain that he would act.

We used to discuss in a very hostile spirit the action of English clergymen who during visits to Scottish friends preached in the kirks of the (Established) Church of Scotland, men of the type of Dean Stanley. In the fifty-two years that have elapsed since I left Scotland, I have spent holidays in that delightful land more often than I can count, and the requests to preach in the kirk have been frequent. But my principle has always been to say no, with the proviso that rather than there should be no service I would occupy the place of the (Established) minister. That proviso has only been acted upon twice. Once at Loch Melfort, when I was Bishop of Bristol, a lady came to see me on a Saturday night. She was the wife of the minister. He had suddenly been taken ill, dangerously ill. She had driven round the district and could not find anyone to take either of the services next day. She had heard that there was an English clergyman fishing at Culfail, would I give them a service? Yes, I would give them two, borrowing their gown and bands, and using my own printed prayers. And I much enjoyed doing it. The diocese was that of Argyll and the Isles, and

if there ever was a firm and thorough Episcopalian it was my old friend Chinnery Haldane, then Bishop of the diocese. Of course I wrote to him and owned up. He replied that I had done exactly that which he hoped he might have had the grace to do in like circumstances.

À propos of using my own prayers, that is, the English Book of Common Prayer, a little story may be interposed. One snowy Easter in Glen Quoich, a probationer of the (Established) Church of Scotland came to take the Sunday services in the little mission church. Two or three gilles, five or six gilles' wives, and the Bishop of Bristol, formed the congregation. In one of his prayers the probationer had evidently used up most of his material. His eye fell on me. A new theme was started. 'Brethren, let us pray for more torlerance. We should be torlerant even to them that read their prayers.' In his sermon he discoursed on the theme that the women in Scripture were all 'great.' When he came to the Magdalene I wondered what he would say. 'She was grea-a-a-t. She was a grea-a-a-t sinner.' I felt that he had in him the makings of an original, pointed, and interesting preacher, and I spoke of him to important persons of his communion. If these words should catch his eye, I hope they catch the eye of an observant and useful minister of the Gospel.

The other case was like that at Loch Melfort. The minister of a parish (Caputh) where I was staying with a favourite niece, broke his knee on a Saturday afternoon. His father, a well-known minister retired, Dr. Donald Macleod, was staying with him at the time ; but he too had slipped and sprained his ankle and could not get to the kirk. The precentor had seen me arrive at the Murthly station on the Saturday, and he suggested that a request for help should be sent. The parish was very large, and parishioners came from miles away ; it was impossible to send round word that there was no service. The precentor came on the Sunday morning and gave me a list of the several parts of the service—hymns, psalms, paraphrases, prayers, thanksgivings, lessons, sermons, thirteen items in all. I cut it down to ten. For the 'general prayer' I

took the first half of the Litany, omitting the responses ; for the ' particular prayer ' the second half, again omitting the responses ; omitting bishops, too, but not altering the phraseology. The next day my niece heard a great deal in various cottages about ' thae beautiful prayers.' It was a great tribute to the stately archaism of the language ; for they had often enough heard the same course of prayers in their minister's own words, equally appropriate, but not archaic. Another interesting result was an interview with the minister in his bed and the minister's father in his chair, from which in spite of his sprained ankle he persisted in rising. I can never forget the dear old man's benedictional ' Almost thou persuadest me to be one of thine.'

One ideal opportunity of drawing nearer together the (Established) Church of Scotland and the National Church of England was perforce lost, only some three or four years ago.

When the Abbey Church of Iona was completely fitted by the trustees for divine service, and arrangements had been made for its use on Sundays during the season by clergy appointed by the authorities of the Church of Scotland, I received a request that I would take the services on the first Sunday. I was to hold such service as I chose, and the other churches in the island would not be open at the times of my services. This request I felt to be of far-reaching effect, and it simply delighted me. I replied in that sense ; but added that I must naturally consult my brethren the Scottish bishops. The Primus,¹ whom a few years before I had brought from a Scottish incumbency to be vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol, from which position he was elected to the Bishopric of Brechin, referred my letter to the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, in whose diocese Iona is included, curiously enough another member of the staff of St. Mary Redcliffe. The Bishop of Argyll felt that my acceptance of the invitation, as an English diocesan bishop, would tend to put further off the possibilities of closer

¹ The Bishops of Scotland are from ancient times a College. They elect one of themselves to be the Chief Bishop, Primus Episcopus, for life. At the last Lambeth Conference the Scottish Primus was seated with the Metropolitan Archbishops and addressed as Most Reverend.

relation between the Church of Scotland and the Episcopal Church in Scotland. So I had, with infinite regret, to give up the idea which had so greatly attracted me. I feel bound to add that as a devoted friend of the Episcopal Church of Scotland I took exactly the opposite view of the tendency of the proposed action ; I suppose that six years' residence in Scotland had failed to make me canny as a Scot.

When Dr. Robberds, the Primus referred to in the previous paragraph, was consecrated at Dundee to the Bishopric of Brechin, I had the privilege of preaching the sermon and acting as one of co-consecrators.

In another case I had the happiness of taking part with Scottish bishops in a 'drawing together' under really remarkable circumstances.

The parish minister of Cruden in Aberdeenshire, the Rev. Adam Mackay, being greatly interested in the history of his parish, found that one of his predecessors, Dunbar, had been consecrated bishop and afterwards ejected, while another ejected bishop, Drummond of Brechin, had lived in retirement in the parish with the Earl of Erroll, and had in conjunction with the earl built the bridge over the Cruden water which still bears the Drummond and the Erroll arms. The minister formed the happy idea of placing a memorial brass in his church in honour of these two bishops. The Moderator of the Assembly, Principal Stewart of St. Andrews, promised to attend a dedication service in the parish church of Cruden. The Bishop (Dr. Ellis) of Aberdeen and Orkney fell in with the idea so warmly that he promised to attend the service. Then the Primus (Dr. Robberds of Brechin) was approached, and he too said he would attend. The parish minister and the Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. John Strachan, very kindly called on me at the Cruden Bay Hotel, and asked me to attend with the two Scottish bishops. Of course I was delighted to go. The Moderator and the parish minister and the Free Church minister performed the general service, and then the Moderator called upon the Bishop of Aberdeen to give an address on the bishops memorialised. Then the Primus was called upon to give a general address on friendliness,

which he did with wonted skill. The Episcopalian clergyman also took part. After the service there was a large party at luncheon, in a tent in the manse garden, at which a great many of us made speeches. Canon Duckworth was there, and made the inevitable remark about 'Cruden's¹ Concordance.' An eminent Scottish advocate, a member of the Established Church of Scotland, said that union was in the air, at present as between the Established Church and the Free; but the ultimate hope was that all the Reformed Churches in the land would be at one. The hearty friendliness all round was very cheering to one who has long had dreams in that direction.

The Protestant Sons and Daughters of Freedom passed the following quite lovely resolution on the subject (*Aberdeen Free Press*, September 9, 1911):

That the Protestant Sons and Daughters of Freedom strongly condemn the outrageous erection and dedication of a memorial tablet in Cruden Parish Church, Aberdeenshire, for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of two sacerdotal Episcopal Bishops who existed about the time of the Revolution Settlement—That the presence at this audacious ceremony of ritualistic prelatial bishops and priests, together with leading members of the Church of Scotland, including the Moderator (Rev. Principal Stewart), was a public scandal and a gross unmitigated outrage on the Protestantism of our Scottish National Church—and That we demand that this traitorous hobnobbing and commingling with Episcopal bishops and priests on the part of Presbyterian ministers at secret conclaves and toast-drinking competitions, having for their avowed object an ultimate union with prelacy, should cease, in the interests of that national purity and prosperity enjoyed since Reformation times.

Cruden and its minister afforded in the memorable year 1914 yet another opportunity for 'drawing together,' indeed a double opportunity. War was declared a day or two before the combined schools' picnic in the large district of Cruden. The money had been collected. Endless bags of sweeties had been prepared, and one contingent of cakes had been baked, all by private hands and at private cost. The picnic was due on the day after my arrival from Perthshire. The committee was sitting in Port Erroll to consider

¹ *The Concordance to the Scriptures*, by the Rev. Alexander Cruden, 1736.

whether the picnic should be held. The baker was awaiting their resolve, prepared to enter upon the great public baking that would complete the arrangements and would absorb the money collected. Flour was scarce ; sugar was dear. They were good enough to ask me to meet the committee, and having heard their several opinions to give a word of advice. Having done that, I left them to settle it. A deputation promptly informed me that they had taken the course suggested. The whole thing was to be so arranged as to produce the most instructive effect upon the children in the various schools. The picnic was to be given up, and the money applied in the district in the coming winter to the relief of distress caused directly or indirectly by the war. The children and their teachers and their ministers were to assemble in a paddock adjoining the house of the main movers¹ in the whole matter. An address was to be given to the children, the general line being that they were to remember all their lives that as soon as war was declared they gave up the picnic and saved the money to meet distress ; they were to say the Lord's Prayer, sing ' God Save the King,' and then receive the sweeties and cakes already prepared. That was to be all. A proclamation was to be written and struck off, and taken to all parts of the large district by the boy scouts on bicycles. The committee wished the proclamation to be drawn up and the address given by the person who had suggested the procedure.

The boy scouts and the juniors, 'wolves' and 'wolf-cubs,' did their work admirably. The organisation and marshalling were excellent. When all were lined up and we were ready to begin, a great and agreeable surprise was sprung upon us. There came marching down the road the 'Pro' and caddie-master, followed by the whole of the caddies from the famous links of Cruden Bay, four abreast, lassies first, and they marched into the paddock and lined up behind the schools.

It will be a very unretentive memory that allows the scene to fade from the mind of anyone then present.

¹ The Rev. R. S. Mitchison and Mrs. Mitchison, of Wellington House Port Erroll, and of Barby Rectory, Rugby.

This not unnaturally paved the way for yet further 'drawing together.' The (Established) minister proposed an arrangement for a Sunday service, which was felt to be not free from difficulties by the two bishops concerned, the Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney and the English visitor-Bishop. A broader basis was then suggested, and the suggestion was carried out. Its success surprised even the most optimistic of its organisers. The combined service was held in the spacious kirk of the parish, recently re-seated and made thoroughly reverent. An afternoon hour was chosen, when no other religious service was being held at any place of worship in the district, and when a service lasting an hour would leave an hour and a half clear before any other service was due. All the ministers in the district took part in the lessons and prayers, and by common agreement among them the visitor who had spoken to the assembly in Mr. Mitchison's paddock gave an address on the war. The service lasted an hour. It was a great sight to see the roads in all directions crowded with people going home. And it may be hoped that not the most fastidious Episcopalian, Scottish or English, could see in the whole thing any element of disintegration.

I have not concealed my desire to see signs of the possibility of a larger step being taken in time towards a union of Reformation churches. An English deacon is ordained priest by a bishop and a number of priests who in concert lay hands on his head. In the (Established) Church of Scotland a presbyter is ordained by a number of presbyters who in concert lay their hands on his head. Why should it not be possible that a friendly bishop should be asked to join with this number of presbyters in ordaining the presbyter? If this were done during a bridge-building period of from fifteen to twenty years, there would be more substance in the claim of obliteration of border line than there was in the claim which Prince Charles made upon my Forrest ancestors when his father had become king on both sides the border.¹

Before leaving Glenalmond, I must forecast an occasion

¹ See Chapter I.

nearly thirty years later, when I was a Canon of St. Paul's. We were very strict about 'keeping residence' at St. Paul's by attending all the statutory services during our several months. We used to say that was because there was no statute enjoining our attendance. My months were February, June, and October. There came a summons to attend the Glenalmond Jubilee on October 2, 1891, my first October. Mr. Gladstone was to be there, as having been intimately concerned in the foundation of the college. The representatives of the old staff were to have been Bishop Alfred Barry, Professor and Canon William Bright, and myself. Barry could not go. Bright would have found it painful to go. I put it to the Chapter, could I go? Dean Gregory knew Glenalmond well; the former Warden, Hannah, was his brother-in-law; any little personal tie of that kind was likely to secure a favourable opinion from Gregory. The Chapter agreed.

My hostess, Mrs. Malcolm Patton, 'was the widow and heiress of the donor of the site of the college, the Lord Justice Clerk, 'Geordie' Patton. She was to have the chief seat in the Hall, and she was determined that I should sit next her and not Mr. Gladstone, who with Mrs. Gladstone was staying with the Smythes at Methven Castle. As we processed into the Hall and came to the first row of chairs, my hostess seated herself. Her selected guest, the representative of the old staff, contrived to stumble over a hassock, and Mr. Gladstone, nimble with all his eighty-two years, seated himself next her. This placed me between Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone; and I had the duty and pleasure of conveying many messages from the anxiously careful wife about the management of Mr. Gladstone's coat collar in relation to draughts. Charles Wordsworth, Mr. Gladstone's tutor at Christ Church, was in the chair. He was by three years Mr. Gladstone's senior, being eighty-five years of age.¹ Whether we were impartial judges may be doubtful, but we were more struck by the tone and polish of the tutor's utterance than by the force and grasp of the pupil, who made a very fine speech, fully reported in the

¹ He died the next year.

Guardian. Lord Lothian specially delighted the boys. He was 'the first boy' to enter the school, as Lord Schomberg Kerr. He had brought me in his carriage from Perth the day before. The boys had met him at the gate tower and taken out the horses and dragged him down to the college. In spite of his protests I had escaped, for I remembered how very nearly I had seen Lord Elgin—the father of the present peer who was then a boy under me as Lord Bruce—wrecked under like conditions at a dangerous turn in the 'approtch.'

Mr. John Morley writes of this visit as follows¹:

In September he paid a visit to his relatives at Fasque, and thence he went to Glenalmond—spots that in his tenacious memory must have awakened hosts of old and dear associations. On October 1 he found himself after a long and busy day, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had never stayed since his too memorable visit in 1862. . . .² On October 2 he gave his blessing to various measures that afterwards came to be known as the Newcastle programme.

My memory provides a link between Mr. Gladstone's Glenalmond and Newcastle that day. Dr. Spence Watson was the Liberal leader at Newcastle, and he was my very best ally in the work of the Cambridge Local Lectures. His was an exceedingly pleasant house and family to stay in and with. Not very long before this I had had the great privilege and pleasure of speaking on a Newcastle platform with the then member, Mr. John Morley, in furtherance of the external work of Cambridge. Dr. Watson had arranged a special train for Mr. Gladstone from Perth to Newcastle, and he was good enough to ask me to go with them so far on my way back to London. It did not quite suit, and I went by the ordinary express.

A man very well known in Perthshire, John Dickson, drove me into Perth in an open dogcart. He was about

¹ *Life*, iii. 462.

² It was then that he made the speech which appeared to assume that Jefferson Davis had established successfully a Southern Nation. The American Ambassador told the Prime Minister he was preparing to pack his bag. Mr. Gladstone afterwards, in writing of some errors in his political life, described this as 'the most singular and palpable, I may add the least excusable, of them all.'

the most positive man I ever met ; and if anyone ever did hate, within exceedingly elastic Christian limits, he did hate Mr. Gladstone. As we drove along the high road from Methven to Perth, we found men on bicycles stopping at all the cottage gates on the roadside, telling the people 'the great man' was coming, they must all come out and stand at the gates and cheer. Nearer Perth, two men on horseback performed the same duty. It may be imagined how John Dickson fortified himself in his doubtfully Christian attitude by this arrangement for spontaneity of enthusiasm. Presently we heard a carriage behind us. It was the Gladstones. Dickson squared his elbows, steered for the middle of the road, and said 'I won't budge for them.' The carriage got very close, and I told him if he didn't pull the near rein I would. He was inclined to use language, but he gave way. Then, as they were just going to pass us, I told him he must take his hat off as they passed. He used language. I told him if he didn't take off his hat I would knock it off into their carriage. The Perthshire that remembers him will never believe that he did take it off ; and being good at bottom he did it so effectively that he got a specially gracious acknowledgement from the innocent statesman, which led to further use of language.

Early in 1863, St. Catharine's offered me a Fellowship if I would leave Scotland and reside in Cambridge. I had been made very unhappy by something which had happened in regard to the Mastership of St. Catharine's, and on one account and another I was ideally happy at Glenalmond, where I now held, very unworthily, the office which Bright had held. The offer was declined. By a rare chance, there being only five Fellowships, another vacancy came within three months, and the offer was renewed. I had succeeded Bright in his offices of Bell Lecturer and Theological Tutor, giving up my classical form and retaining the mathematical teaching. It did not promise to be a good combination. An attack of ill-health warned me that in my moneyless condition it was unwise to run the risk of having nothing to depend upon if health broke down. I accepted the Fellowship, going to live in College but leaving

my heart behind me in Perthshire. The Fellowship only lasted two years, for in those days we lost our Fellowships by marriage, and my heart had come from Scotland to rejoin me in Cambridge.

It is difficult to realise the fact that the wedding of a person so much alive as to be writing these words fifty years after the event, was the first wedding of anything like a choral character in or near Liverpool. My father-in-law had taken a house at Wavertree, to establish one of his sons with a firm of Liverpool merchants, and so it fell out that we were married at Childwall. Some churchy and musical lady friends of my future wife proposed to form themselves into a choir and have a choral wedding, a quite new idea. I was incited to ask Rector Campbell to allow the organ to be used on the occasion. He refused. On some ground or other, or using some additional influence, I returned to the charge. He wrote to me that he didn't suppose the 'kist fu' o' whistles' could do much harm, and we might have it. The *Guardian* had a special article on the growth of ecclesiastical feeling in 'the great town of Liverpool.' Several examples were given. A Church Choir Union had held its first festival; and so on. Then came this :

Another of the Church's services was clothed with more than its usual beauty, the other day, by the introduction of psalmody upon the occasion of the marriage of the daughter of Sir John Stewart Richardson, Bart., of Pitfour Castle, Perthshire, with the Rev. George Forrest Browne, of Cambridge. The ceremony took place at the parish church of Childwall, a pretty little village some three or four miles from Liverpool. The Bishop of St. Andrews and the Hon. and Rev. G. Orlando Bridgeman (a cousin of the bride) officiated; the bride was met at the west door of the church and conducted to the chancel steps by a surpliced choir, who sang in procession the 212th Hymn from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. The espousals took place there, after which the party proceeded to the Lord's table, the choir chanting the 128th Psalm. The celebration of the Holy Eucharist followed the marriage, the whole of both the services being choral. The effect of thus surrounding the service with everything to conduce to devotion was most marked in the behaviour of the congregation that had assembled to witness the ceremony, for there was a total absence of that indecorum and irreverence

too often witnessed at fashionable weddings. There were many present that day who felt for the first time that, if a wedding is a pleasant thing, there is also something very serious about it too. The success and the hearty approval of something so new to Liverpool as a choral wedding and celebration of the Holy Communion, may also be counted as one of the signs of the times, that the time is fast drawing to an end when to go once a week to a bare church with high pews, wretched singing, unmeaning dialogue between parson and clerk, and a sermon an hour long, was all that was required to stamp a person as a good Christian and sound Protestant.

Just think of it ! All of that was so startling a novelty that the leading Church newspaper could so write of it. And on October 3, 1915, it will be only fifty years ago.

It might have been added to the story that when the bridegroom turned to his best man for his hat and gloves, neither gloves, hat, nor best man, could be seen. The attendant in the church said he 'thought the gentleman was under the organ, he had been told there was an old brass there.' The diagnosis proved to be correct. The best man was under the organ. How many old friends I wonder are left to whom this will seem quite a natural thing, when it is added that the best man was Henry Bradshaw.

CHAPTER VI

Fred Morshead and the Alps—Dangers—My Sisters—President of the Alpine Club—Its Jubilee—Kanchenjanga—Lord Russell of Killowen—C. E. Mathews—Leslie Stephen—T. G. Bonney—British Association, Bath—Speke and Burton—Helvetic Societies—The Matterhorn Accident—Whymper—British Association, Bristol—De Rougemont—The Excursions—British Association, Dundee—Grouse, and Neeps—*Cornhill Magazine*—Du Maurier—*Pall Mall Gazette*—Mr. George Smith—Occasional Notes—Cambridge Letters.

SOME two years before I left Glenalmond, our staff was enriched by the coming of Fred Morshead to take a form in Classics. He was a first-rate mountaineer, one of the most active and most popular of the early members of the Alpine Club, afterwards the esteemed second master, and much else, at Winchester. I had already been much drawn to Switzerland by the fact that a married sister had gone to live in Geneva, and my father had begun to take a chalet in the Jura for the summer months. Morshead's coming settled the direction of my thoughts and steps.

We used to train for the Alps for about a month before the end of the half-year, on the road through the Sma' Glen, a name ruined by Wordsworth because it wouldn't scan :

In this lone spot, afar from men,
Lies Ossian, in the Narrow Glen.

The milestones were regular and clear. We trained by degrees in heel-and-toe walking, till we could keep up to twelve minutes a mile for as many miles as we desired to walk. One year—this was after we had left Glenalmond—Morshead proposed that we should go up Mont Blanc—a very different matter then (1865)—and down again in one

day, without guides ; it had always been a dream of his. Eventually I fell ill in Geneva, and lame of one leg, and so had to go to the hut at the Grands Mulets overnight, with Peter Perrn and a porter, and a plucky young friend of Morshead's, a boy of sixteen, afterwards Captain Gaskell of the 9th Lancers. It was the first ascent of the year. Morshead started from Chamonix half an hour after midnight, with one porter who came to an end of his promised pluck shortly after the Grands Mulets, came on alone, and joined us at the top, not quite in time to share in the honours of the salute of cannons at Chamonix. He followed our traces, and had used our steps across the ice of the Mur de la Côte, which that morning was all sheer ice ; otherwise he had done it all himself. For the descent he walked with us, never touching the rope or taking a hand. He kept us in spirits—one lame member of the little party of four much needed it—by telling us stories. One of these I put in print many years ago. A man gazing wrathfully at Mont Blanc after three attempts to get up. ‘Darn you, Blank. If I had you in America, I’d roll you out flat and plant you with potatoes!’ We got down so rapidly that I was in my bath when the cannon that should have saluted our return got themselves fired off. That raised a question of a ten-francs tip.

In the course of the descent, Perrn kept looking at Morshead's springy walk, muttering ‘Das ist ein grieslicher Reisender!’ The word ‘grieslich’ was new, and an explanation was demanded. He was only quoting. It was Christian Almer who had used the word, probably patois, not meant for ‘gräslich’ ; no other German word and no French word would express it. It was far beyond ‘schrecklich,’ and a good deal beyond ‘heillos,’ and ‘heillos’ Stephen had declared to mean past-praying-for. Almer and Perrn had been discussing various Herrschaft who had given them greater grinds than their soul loved. Morshead was the climax of the review, brought off by Almer with a deep sigh and ‘Das war ein grieslicher Reisender!’ Good men all three. Repose to their souls.

Our arrival at Chamonix that year was marked by a

disquieting incident. We found a considerable crowd gathered round some object at the wooden cross in the little village, as Chamonix then was. The object proved to be the shrunken and contorted leg and foot of a man, which had come out that day at the foot of the Glacier des Bossons. This was one of the relics of the party of Dr. Hamel, swept away by an ice avalanche in the couloir of the Ancien Passage.¹ On a careful calculation of the rate of motion of descending ice, it had been expected that about forty years would elapse before the remains of the party would emerge. The accident occurred in 1820, and for some time before our arrival fragments had been appearing, leather things and so on, and here in 1865 was the whole leg of one of the party.

When we were plodding our way up from the Grands Mulets through the untrodden snows of winter, and had found the work very hard, we had to settle the question which of three then possible routes we should take from the Plateau, no one having taken any one of the three that year as yet. The porter who had joined us was very decided in favour of the Ancien Passage. The day was fine. The way was clear. It was by far the shortest way to the top. A party of English officers who were following us with an array of guides and porters were quite sure to take that route, and so have the credit of the first ascent of the year. He would guarantee there would be no avalanche that day. My sole contribution to the discussion was to ask what would be the net value of the guarantee if an avalanche *did* come? The end was that we did not take the Ancien Passage, but took the more laborious way. Before long, a noise more impressive than thunder broke upon the ear. Glancing in the direction from which it came, we saw the whole broad couloir of the Ancien Passage swept by an avalanche of blocks of ice sufficient to have shattered all Chamonix. Before we reached the top of our steep snow slope, another *éboulement* filled the couloir with masses of ice that bounded booming through the air, looking as large as cottages.

¹ The first recorded fatal accident on Mont Blanc.

A terrible accident in the Ancien Passage not long after this swept away the whole of a considerable party except a guide who was on the rocks at the edge of the couloir, not with his party in the couloir itself. This guide was the porter who guaranteed us against an avalanche in the couloir. I communicated to the *chef-guide* the facts here mentioned, and he was struck off the list of authorised guides.

It is interesting to look back into the past and note the minute points that have exercised a direct influence upon the course of one's life. To have taken one rather than another of two streets equally available for our purpose, and so have met some one or seen something that has had a considerable influence upon the future, is no very rare occurrence. In a good many years of climbing without accident, there must have been fortuitous escapes of that character. If one can look back upon real dangers averted, there is usually a consciousness that the escape turned on a small point. And so of a danger that has not been averted. During the three years of my presidency of the Alpine Club there was no recorded accident to any one of the seven hundred members. But at noon on the day after I vacated the office, one of our very best climbers lost his hold and was killed. It was the dead of winter, and he naturally wore gloves. Naturally, too, the gloves did not fit too tight. The place where he had slipped was examined. He had grasped a rock exactly at the right spot, and there his glove still was. His hand had drawn out of it, and so he had gone to his death.

One occasion of an escape from danger was rather picturesque, and possibly it may have been unique. I had stayed too late one day on the Mont Parmelan, near Annecy, investigating underground ice, and the dusk came on. I had to make for Thorens. They pointed out the general line of my route, and told me there was a broad but shallow river to cross, easily fordable if I hit a right place, but with difficult rapids if I got too low down. By the time I got to the stream, the light had gone. It is a horrid thing to go into a stream you have never seen before, with not light

enough to see it at all. The attempt had to be made. There was no means of fixing upon a spot on the other side to guide one straight across. Even by daylight, if you have to watch your feet as you wade, a stream imperceptibly takes you in a diagonal line ; the tendency is to trend downwards. I felt that I was very far from going straight across, and I could hear noisy water not at all far off. A sense of despair began to assert itself, but I pushed on. Standing still to steady myself a little, I tried to realise the opposite bank sufficiently to fix a point for which to make. There came out a little twinkle of light. A glow-worm ! I made straight for it and got across. I knelt down and had a look at it, and I blessed the little thing and often have blessed it since. I never join in ' Lead kindly light ' without remembering that glow-worm.

While I have been so fortunate as never to have been in any actual accident in connection with climbing, either above ground or underground, my sisters twice had a companion killed in their excursions. Each case was in its way remarkable. The owner of a chalet in the Jura, which one of my sisters rented, was an elderly man, far from steady in relation to alcoholic beverages. He knew a good deal about flowers, and had often promised to take my sister to a place where a specially fine lily grew. They came near the spot, and stopped to eat their luncheon. He wandered away, and did not come back. My sister returned to the chalet and told his wife. She took a wifely view, and said the old reprobate had no doubt gone on to his sister in the next *commune*, where he would drink for a fortnight, a usual game of his.

Some days after, a friend from that *commune* came over the hill. When asked, he said the missing man was not there, had not been there ; there must have been an accident. The men of the two *communes* met to search the intervening woods, a long line of them, at so many yards apart, like beaters at a shoot, only much closer. At the second beat they came upon the body. There were three lilies in the pocket of his coat, one of which I have. He had fallen only a few feet and had broken his neck.

In the other case, again, they did not see the accident. They had gone up to the Mattmark See with their old and attached botanical friend, the renowned botanist the Abbé Imseng. He stayed behind to settle something with a tenant, and he did not overtake them. A search party went out and found his body in the lake. My sisters had always warned him to tuck up his cassock when he was springing actively among rocks. A tear in the hem of the cassock shewed that it had caught on a rock and he had fallen into the lake. The neighbourhood blamed the 'English dames' for having left him, and his niece Charlotte smuggled them out of the village at night, before the funeral. It was a heavy addition to the sorrow for his loss.

The Alpine Club was founded in 1857, and its jubilee was to be held in 1907. In 1905, the Club was good enough to elect me as its President for the usual term of three years, ending with the jubilee year. Both for advanced age (well over seventy) and for lack of climbing reputation,¹ there had never been such a President before; but they never let me feel that. We could not find a public room anywhere that would hold the members and guests at the jubilee dinner, or at the President's reception the night after. By the kindness of 'Dick Webster' we got the very fine Hall of Lincoln's Inn for the dinner; and by the kindness of Sir Edward Davidson, who became President three years later, the 'Sir Davidson' of the Riffel Alp, we had the whole beautiful suite of rooms of the Inner Temple for the reception. Those arrangements did indeed make our joy complete.

There was one great disappointment in connection with the jubilee of the Alpine Club.

We had proposed to mark the occasion by a determined attempt to ascend Kanchenjanga. Full preparations had been made. The Viceroy, Lord Curzon, was keenly interested. The commander-in-chief, Lord Kitchener, had promised the services of Major Bruce, the greatest Hima-

¹ The Alpine Club is not merely a climbing club. Qualifications for membership are: (1) Alpine climbing; (2) Alpine literature; (3) Alpine science.

layan authority, and twenty-five Gurkhas. An abundance of native porters, accustomed to the highest elevations, were available. A generous friend of the Club had promised the amount of money which we estimated to be necessary, in addition to a liberal contribution from another source. Six Swiss guides were ready. The two heads of the expedition were secured, two of our most competent members. Just when all was ready, Lord Curzon resigned the Viceroyalty, and our hopes were dashed. But, to our great satisfaction, one of our own members was appointed in his place, the Earl of Minto, and he at once promised to do all that it was proper to his position that he should do. Then came a fatal blow. The expedition would have to cross a narrow piece of the territory of Thibet. The matter came before the Cabinet, of which my very old friend Henry Campbell—then Campbell-Bannerman—was the chief. The Secretary for India, Lord Morley, and the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, vetoed the attempt. Russian susceptibilities were very sensitive just then. The two nations had agreed that neither should send out any exploring parties. The Alpine Club expedition would be regarded as a contravention of that arrangement, for Russia would not understand its character and would believe that it had objects more important to them than the attempt to ascend the highest point of the great range of giants. We were told that the Government would give us all facilities for attempting Mount Everest; but it had become known that the last few thousand feet of that particular giant were unscaleable. And so we had no giant's scalp to grace our festivities.

Among recollections of Alpine Club dinners, usually the very brightest of public dinners, one of the most vivid is connected with the presence of Lord Russell of Killowen, and his abrupt departure. He was the principal guest of the evening, dining as the guest of Justice Wills, whose Alpine home, the 'Eagle's Nest,' enshrined so many memories of past heroes of the Alps. It fell to my lot to propose the toast of the visitors, and according to custom I passed in review some twenty of the more prominent

guests, and at last came to Lord Russell. The few points of my remarks, which led to his rather explosive departure, were simple, and I still think inoffensive. Several of the members of the Club have from time to time reminded me of the scene, and have been unable to explain the effect produced. Of course I intended to give him a forensic opportunity of coming down upon me; I should always aim at providing anyone whose toast I have to propose with the kind of point he could best take up.

I bade the members look to themselves, for I summoned them before the Lord Chief Justice of England. It was only the Oxford men who must look out. Juvenal had made the Cambridge men safe—‘*Cantab it vacuus coram* so-and-so.’¹ We delighted to see him sitting there with our own judge, whom we loved so much that we would rather be hanged by him than acquitted by any other judge; didn’t the sight remind them of Miss Yonge’s novel ‘The Dove in the Eagle’s Nest’? We congratulated him on his appointment, and hoped he would find the Aiguille Rouge of the judicial bench only pleasantly stimulating. That was all.

To our dismay, he rose in wrath, growled out something about not understanding these studied impromptu jokes (I remember that at least the Dove in the Eagle’s Nest was not studied), sat down, and almost immediately rose and walked out.

The death of Charles Edward Mathews in 1906, the year before the jubilee of the Club, was a serious blow. He had been looking forward to the fiftieth anniversary of the Club with extraordinary keenness. He was one of its founders, and one of the most remarkable of its many remarkable members. His powers of muscle and of endurance were practically endless. I remember Morshead telling me that when Mathews had had a serious accident in his company, and a Swiss surgeon was summoned, the investigation of the amount of mischief was continually interrupted by the exclamation—‘*Quelles jambes magnifiques!*’

¹ ‘*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*’

Money was collected for a suitable memorial, to be placed in the grounds of Couttet's hotel at Chamonix, and it fell to my lot, as President, to produce an epitaph. It ran thus :

Montium amatori
 Amatores
 Fraternitatis alpinae sodali
 Sodales
 Amico iucundissimo
 Amici.

There were two criticisms. One was that *amator* could not be applied to an insensate object, as a mountain, and had usually an erotic sense. But the justification of its use in the epitaph was forthcoming in a verse of Horace containing the President's own name (Ep. i. 10) :

Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere iubemus
 Ruris amatores.

The other was the objection that no mention was made of his being a founder of the Club ; and that objection I found must be met. The balance of the epitaph had to be destroyed by extending the middle couplet into four lines, the *Fraternitatis* receiving *Fratres* as a delayed response. The epitaph now stands :

Montium amatori
 Amatores
 Fraternitatis alpinae sodali
 Sodales
 E fundatoribus superstiti
 Fratres
 Amico iucundissimo
 Amici.

Sodalis was the word selected as the best word for 'member' of the Club in the course of discussion with Henry Bradshaw of an inscription I had to write in 1867. It still seems to me best to express the sense of good fellowship which is inseparable from membership of the Club, of which I said in the closing words of the speech at the

jubilee dinner—‘I do not place the Alpine Club in the first class of clubs. Far above all first classes I place our Club, with this one word of comment, *Incomparabilis*.’

On my return to Cambridge in 1863, I had found Leslie Stephen, a year my senior in age, still in residence, and I used to meet him in the rooms of an old friend of my own year, a cousin of his, G. B. Atkinson. He had at that time a sort of mania for dried figs, as I had had some time before. We understood the sycomania which drove the Normans to Apulia and Naples and Sicily, and we had unpopular views as to the value of a sycophant. Stephen carried a box of figs about with him in visiting friends’ rooms, and sat on tables swinging his leg and eating them.

By that time my Swiss work had taken the direction of investigating the presence and the causes of large masses of underground ice, far away from any glaciers. As this was tending in the direction of science, and was for the most part down in the dark—often black dark—Stephen was not sympathetic. It is said that his only scientific remark—he professed to abominate the combination of scientific investigation with climbing—is contained in one of his accounts of an ascent. They reached the summit on a nasty day. ‘If there was any ozone in the air, ozone is a greater fool than I take it to be.’

Twice, but I think only twice, I did come across him in Switzerland; and he was his own very self. On one occasion, when we started about 2 A.M. in a cold mist, I made some remark to him in a light vein, with a view to relieving the gloom. ‘I hope,’ he said shortly, ‘no one’s such a fool as to suppose I’m in a good temper at this hour in the morning.’

On the other occasion we had come to the end of a long hard day, and had caught a late train, I think in Savoy, very hungry. The only thing I could get was half of a very hard loaf of bread. The thing was so uneatable that at last I threw it out of the carriage window, unluckily just as we passed a gate with a woman holding the usual green flag. Stephen was to all appearance fast asleep, in a dejected attitude, in the opposite corner; looking like a

collection of old clothes left there to get rid of them. Sounds began to come, slowly and deliberately. 'Wired—next—stop. Ill-looking ruffian—first-class carriage. Flung—half brick. Gatewoman's—head.' Then silence ; which I carefully did not break.

He gave one the impression of being always analysing. And when it took the form of vivisection, it gave great joy to the friends of the victim. He was never other than a man of power.

The investigation of underground ice, to which reference has been made, occupied my attention for some years and proved to be exceedingly interesting. It was chilly, but exciting ; a candle in one hand, an ice-axe in the other, and a grey slippery slope of descending ice, leading through darkness to some unknown end. The investigations into its formation, maintenance, and specially its structure, formed the subject of a book in 1865.¹ I once had the pleasure of T. G. Bonney's company in my explorations, and his appreciation of the strange scenes and curious problems greatly pleased me.

Soon after my return to Cambridge I had to go to the meeting of the British Association at Bath, to read a paper in the Geological Section on this subject of underground ice. The meeting had been looked forward to with an unusual amount of interest ; for Speke was to give an account of his discoveries in connection with the higher parts of the Nile ; and his former colleague, Burton, was to be there to gainsay. My paper was to be read in the same room, as soon as their duel was over. We assembled in full force ; platform and hall full of people ; tension everywhere. Speke was not present at the appointed time. We sat and waited ; the tension perceptibly increasing as the minutes passed on. At length a paper was handed to the chairman, who passed it on in silence to those of us who were near him. Speke was dead. He had been out shooting at his family place ; had got over a stone wall dragging his gun after him ; the gun had gone off, and

¹ *Ice Caves of France and Switzerland*, Longmans ; and (1895) *Off the Mill*, Smith, Elder & Co.

killed him. It is now fifty years ago, but no one who was present can have forgotten the intensity of the shock which the chairman's announcement gave. The next lecture was proceeded with, in the Geological Section; causing a reproachful remark that our hearts were turned to stone.

The most interesting meeting of a scientific association which I have ever attended was the meeting of the Helvetic Natural Science Societies at Geneva in 1865, the year following the Bath meeting of the British Association. As far as I remember, the only Englishmen present were John Tyndall and myself, Alexander the Great and Alexander the coppersmith, the one sent by the Royal Society, the other by the Cambridge Philosophical Society. In those days ice was a main subject of scientific inquiry in Switzerland. Tyndall was proving graphically the motion of streams of ice in the glacier regions. Forbes's theory of many years before, that the remains of Dr. Hamel's party, overwhelmed by an avalanche, would in the course of some forty years appear at the foot of the Glacier des Bossons, was being proved true by the appearance of débris belonging to the party at the place named by Forbes in the valley of Chamonix. The special point then under discussion in connection with ice was the erosion of valleys and lakes, some enthusiastic people going so far as to claim that the Lake of Geneva was produced by erosion due to the grinding motion of mighty glaciers. I well remember how Tyndall drew a graphic picture of the great high barrier of rock at the Geneva end of the lake, and shewed how it would dam up the ice and prevent erosive motion, *point de mouvement ! point de mouvement !* in the very worst accent even I had ever heard. The delightful *réunions* in the evenings at the de Candoles' and other garden houses, with the grounds illuminated, and the simple pastoral fare of those times in Geneva, have proved to be quite unforgettable.

While we were thus engaged, the terrible accident which accompanied the first ascent of the Matterhorn took place. It was well that Tyndall at least was safe in Geneva. Charles Hudson, the leader of the party, was a schoolfellow of

mine, about four years my senior, our very best athlete ; I remember being very proud of being sent as a small boy for the cricket tape to measure one of his impromptu long jumps in ordinary boots ; twenty-one foot six, as I seem to remember. Whympers had become a friend for a curious reason. He was marvellously clever with his pencil, and he was quite sure that he could graphically 'square the circle.' He used to come to Cambridge now and again on Alpine matters, and always put in a little visit to me on this hopeless quest of his. I had only by chance missed meeting Douglas at breakfast on the day when he started for the Alps.

When the news came down to Geneva that all the party except Whympers and the two Taugwalders were lost, and that the remains of Douglas could not be found, Tyndall was quite sure that he knew a ledge of rock on which the body must have been caught, no great distance below the lip of the precipice. He borrowed my club rope, and all the other club ropes he could borrow in Geneva, and made off with them in a sack or sacks to Zermatt, determined to be lowered down to the ledge to recover the body. The Syndic of Zermatt fortunately found out what was going on, and sent him and his ropes away ; they had had plenty of Englishmen killed there ; they didn't want any more.

As Whympers had got into the way of consulting me about matters other than Alpine, I was the first person to whom he gave a full account of what really took place. He came to see me in Cambridge. He had sealed up the bag in which he had the remains of the rope. He came to consult me on two questions of casuistry, on at least one of which he did not take my advice. Often and pleasantly as I met him through many years, he never returned to the subject with me.

The mention of Whympers's presence in Cambridge in those early days reminds me of the charming centre of interests, Alpine, scientific, literary, and artistic, which we found in the hospitable rooms of my old and valued friend T. G. Bonney, at St. John's, the one man of my own year

who now lives in Cambridge. It was a great mistake of the College not to elect him as Master on Dr. Bateson's death ; but party feeling ran high then, and Bonney had not cared to conciliate drastic opponents. His long life has been full of work of all kinds, and has borne much fair fruit, literary, scientific, and friendly.

A meeting of the British Association was held at Bristol soon after I went there as Bishop. The Colston Hall was secured for the occasion, and all was ready. When I was called on the morning of the opening day, I was informed that the Colston Hall, which was prepared for the sittings of the Association, had been burned down in the night. We at once got the Palace Theatre, and it served the purpose quite admirably. The scientific visitors were much struck by the fact that Bristol could produce at an hour's notice a perfect building for the Association, when the prepared building was burned down. We informed them that if Bristol Cathedral was burned down, we had a still better one, all ready, down in Redcliffe. The mention of the Palace Theatre reminds me that for some time after I built a house for the residence of the Bishops of Bristol, naming it, in accordance with Henry VIII's Letters, 'The Palace,' unwary country clergy, or other clerical visitors, coming to see me, were taken by the cabmen straight to the Palace Theatre, on the plea that the cabmen supposed they wanted to take tickets.

It was at this meeting of the British Association that de Rougemont was brought to book. The evening before the morning so fatal to him, we had a large public dinner, at which de Rougemont spoke. I sat between Lord Dufferin, who had come for the opening of the Cabot Tower, and the Earl of Ducie, the Lord Lieutenant of Gloucester and of the city of Bristol. Each of them was convinced that de Rougemont was an impostor. Lord Ducie expressed himself as determined to throw a plate at him if he went on speaking any longer. I endeavoured to pacify him, or rather to occupy his attention, by pointing out that in the toast list the name was spelled de Rougement, and as Dickens derived the name 'parliament' from two French words, *parler*

to speak and *mentir* to tell lies, so the speaker's name was derived from two French words, *rougir* to blush and *mentir* to tell lies, because he didn't do the one when he did the other.¹ Lord Dufferin's reason for deciding against him was characteristic of a French scholar, but, curiously enough, was not, as it turned out, sound. He gave instances of the speaker's intentionally Frenchifying his pronunciation of some English words which a Frenchman could pronounce quite correctly, and of his neglecting to Frenchify some English words which a Frenchman would not pronounce correctly. It turned out, as far as I remember, that Swiss French was the speaker's native tongue.

The excursions were in my small experience the least satisfactory parts of the meetings of the British Association. On one occasion when the Association met in York, I was spending some time in Wharfedale. An excursion to Bolton Abbey was arranged. The Duke (seventh) of Devonshire was in residence at Bolton, and we hoped that he might receive the party; but, in place of that, he gave a handsome donation to provide a free luncheon at the inn. It fell to my lot to mark out the various parts of the site of the Abbey, with large white labels, and to lead the party over the grounds. They came in several brakes, at considerable intervals; they had only one question, the way to the inn; I do not remember that any one of the whole party got out at the Abbey to avail himself of the stores of learning ready to be poured forth. When the events of the day were reported to the Duke, he told me with characteristic dry humour that he seemed to have understood the real needs of scientific people better than we did.

It was during that visit that I had a conversation with the man in charge at the Strid. There are—or there were then—two huge long poles with great iron hooks at the end, with which to catch people who fell into the terrible race of water. A woman had been rescued by this means only a few days before, in a time of flood. I remarked that I supposed they ran the hook into the waistband, or some

¹ Lord Ducie reminds me that when de Rougemont spoke of the lyre bird, the third member of the trio quoted rather audibly 'That's him.'

other strong place in the clothes, so as not to injure the people. 'Naw! We joost roons it in onnyweers!'

The meeting of the British Association in 1867 was held at Dundee. It was, curiously enough, marked by an active discussion on grouse especially, and on game in general.

Curiously enough,' not because a discussion on game is other than peculiarly suitable in Scotland, but because it might have been supposed to lie outside the probabilities of a meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science. It need not be said that from an economic point of view, game, and its abundance, and its healthfulness, are matters of high importance in many parts of Scotland. Nor need it be said that the grouse-disease at that time threatened disaster to an occupation that provides wages for very large numbers of the inhabitants of Caledonia, to say nothing of much-needed income for the lairds.

The Duke of Buccleuch was in the chair. A bird-loving Canon of Durham raised a great discussion on the balance of nature. He appealed to the 'bold Buccleuch' to be bold in the matter of balance on his moors, bold with his keepers. The complete destruction of birds of prey and animals of prey on the moors ought to be peremptorily stopped. Wild nature, even when let alone, needs scavengers, and in wild nature there always are scavengers. The kestrels and the weasels are the scavengers of the moors; and the larger the stock of grouse the larger should be the stock of hawks and hoodie crows and stoats. The moors were not wild nature let alone. They were nature overstocked, and stocked with wounded birds. The wounded birds, if they survived, bred diseased birds. Roughly speaking, the lairds and their keepers and the less skilled of their shooting guests were the creators of grouse-disease. Enough of scavengers should be left to pick up all wounded or otherwise weakly birds. If really fine birds were wanted, for really fine sport instead of merely so many hundred brace, the balance should be rather in favour of the scavengers than of the scavenged. The Duke looked a little grim about it, but he and every one else saw that there was soundness in the appeal, as accounting for one

of the many contributory causes of disease. Probably over-destruction of 'vermin' is as large a cause of disease as over-stocking with game. Where both causes are at work, evil results are bound to follow. This has become commonplace now; it was pioneer work then.

A topical joke was one of the chief successes of the Dundee meeting. A member of the Keiller firm was giving statistics of the manufacture of Dundee marmalade, in the evening of the day on which the famous works had been visited. By some slip of the tongue, or misreading of his notes, he described the various elements and their proportions something as follows. 'For a hundred tons of marmalade, we take thirty tons of oranges, thirty tons of water, and ten tons of sugar.' A Scot who had exercised the art of mental arithmetic, and had an inquiring mind, called out, 'Whaur's the lave?'—meaning how is the remaining thirty tons made up? A shrill voice at the far end of the hall made the speech of the meeting—'Neeps!' Now 'neeps' is Caledonian for turnips.

Mention has been made of the luncheon provided by the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton, and the avidity of its consumption. When the Association met at Dundee, the town of Perth voted £170 for hospitality on the day on which the members were to visit that historic burgh. Between twelve and twenty persons came.

The *Cornhill Magazine* began its long and valuable life in January 1860, with the first chapters of 'Framley Parsonage.' Each of the masters at Glenalmond took some one of the monthly periodicals, and as my special Thackeray or whatever it was had come to an end, the *Cornhill* fell to me. And a great treasure it was; indeed it still is, for among all changes of residence I have kept those early volumes.

There was no *Alpine Journal* in those days, but there was a good deal of breezy literature about the Alps which my sisters and I enjoyed, as we rambled about in the Jura and the other parts of Switzerland where my father spent his summers after leaving Yorkshire. I sent an account of one of our rambles to the *Cornhill Magazine*, early in

1863, and it was accepted. While it was being set up, I received a letter from Mr. George Smith, asking if my sisters and I would object to having it illustrated. A clever young artist had returned from his studies in Paris, and the owner of the *Cornhill* would like to give him some work to do. We said we should be glad. 'Would we send photographs of ourselves?' My sisters said no. 'Would I describe us for the artist?' I did so, and with so much success that one of my sisters and myself were identified by friends when the article appeared. The clever young artist was Du Maurier.

That paved the way for other Swiss articles in the *Cornhill*. The articles had one important success. That supreme climber and omniscient man F. F. Tuckett told me some years later that they gave the first idea of climbing together to his sisters and him, and so led to those delightful drawings of the '*Voyages en Zigzag*,' 'Pictures in Tyrol,' and 'Beaten Tracks,' which Miss Tuckett published and I had the pleasure of reviewing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The articles on climbs with my sisters were afterwards reproduced, along with other things of the kind, in a little volume of holiday articles named 'Off the Mill'; but to our regret the publishers decided not to reproduce Du Maurier's illustrations, the changes in the fashion of women's dress in thirty years having made them look completely out of date.

Early in 1865 I received a letter of a very interesting character from Mr. George Smith; full, and faultlessly written, as his letters always in my experience were. He had intended to publish an evening paper, under Mr. Thackeray's editorship, to be called the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the name of the evening paper in 'Pendennis.' It was to be his own venture, not the venture of the publishing firm of which he was the head, Smith, Elder, & Co. The death of Mr. Thackeray in 1863 had put a stop to it for the time; he now proposed to proceed with it. He was inviting a number of the contributors to the *Cornhill* to meet him in London, that he might explain his intentions and secure their services. Would I come?

Of course I went, and most interesting the meeting was. There were some Cambridge men there, notably Leslie Stephen, who had left Cambridge the year before to enter upon a literary life in London. Mr. Smith seemed to know all about most of us, and told some of us what special departments he wished us to undertake, while leaving us free to write on any subject that commended itself to us. University matters, Alpine matters, historical and educational affairs, and general reviewing, were indicated as the sort of thing for which he would look my way. And Church matters too, whether Anglican, Roman, or Non-conforming; all would be welcome, if the literary tone was acceptable and there was no controversy.

It was at that meeting that the 'Occasional Note' was created. Mr. Smith pointed out that a bright thought often entered into a man's mind, or some interesting occurrence came to his notice, about which he would like to write something; but there was not enough in it for a formal article, and the thing was lost. 'I want you all to be good enough to write a few lines on a sheet of note-paper on any such thing, and send it to the office. We shall measure it when it appears in the column of "Occasional Notes"; and when the notes sent by any one amount to a column of matter, he will receive the regular honorarium for a column.'

Finally, the general tone of the paper was set forth in two sentences which I can never forget. 'The paper and the ink will be such that a lady going out to dinner can take up the *Pall Mall* and glance through its pages without soiling her white kid gloves. It is for you to see that its contents shall not soil her mind.'

My first article was passed for press, with a charming note from Frederick Greenwood, some days before the first number appeared, and the *Pall Mall* was a pleasant little income to me as a young married man until it changed hands and politics.

At the first *Pall Mall* dinner at Greenwich, in the autumn of its first year, Mr. Smith told us that for the first three months the loss on the paper went on at the rate of an

earl's income. Then a change had come, he did not know particularly how or why, and from that time the paper had sailed on with a flowing sheet. If I may generalise from one experience of Mr. Smith's methods, I should suppose that his watchfulness and resourcefulness had a great deal to do with the change. I went up to London one afternoon to see him, and I told him that at Hitchin the newsboy had held up the *Pall Mall* to my carriage window—with an article of my own in it—' *Pall Mall*, sir? Best paper going!' Mr. Smith took up a bit of paper, wrote on it 'Send a shilling to the newsboy at Hitchin from me,' and gave the note to a clerk.

In those early times the Universities filled a larger place than they do now in the public press. There were regular Oxford Letters and Cambridge Letters in a considerable number of weekly papers. More of these weekly Cambridge Letters were in my hands than I quite like to think of; not that I had any axes of my own to grind. One way and another, more than half my income when I married came from such sources as these. Authorship of the Cambridge Letter in such and such a review naturally led sometimes to social *contretemps*. When Dr. Drosier, a very kind friend of mine, and Alfred Newton, an equally kind friend, fought a long contest for the new chair of Zoology, a certain weekly review pronounced strongly in favour of Newton. When Newton gave his election dinner at Magdalene, Charles Kingsley had just come up from the country to deliver a lecture, and he dined with us. After dinner he began to discuss the literature of the contest, being probably the only man in the room who did not know who was the author of the articles referred to. He had evidently read them carefully, and he naturally had criticisms, to which, being Charles Kingsley, he gave virile utterance, naturally to the great delight of those present, being my friends. The writer had been rather hard on the other side, and so on. Newton had to stop it at last. 'He was always a gentleman, Kingsley.' 'Yes,' Kingsley allowed, 'I noticed that.' And there it was left.

Looking back at the mass of articles and letters of mine which I cut out of the pages of the several newspapers and reviews, I cannot help feeling that at a time of much development in the University of Cambridge, it was really useful to the University that one who knew so much about it, and loved its progress so much, and had some share in its progress, had access to important factors in the public press through a series of years.

CHAPTER VII

The Rectory of Ashley—Roman Catholic Patron—Act of Parliament—The Mastership of St. Catharine's—Shilleto's Epigram—Creation of the University Reporter—Discussions in the Senate—Secretary of Local Examinations—Women Students—A Senior Classic—A Senior Wrangler—Secretary of Local Lectures—First Visit of Local Delegates to Cambridge—Election to the Council—Its Composition—Management of Business—A Subpœna—Lord Coleridge.

My election to the benefice of Ashley with Silverley in 1869 led to a very interesting complication. The benefice was in the gift of a patron who had recently become a Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic was full and sole patron ; but the one point on which he could not exercise his right of patronage was the appointing of a rector when a vacancy occurred. The aged rector had some suspicion that the next presentation was being acquired by an unsuitable person, and he suddenly resigned. The duty of presenting a clerk to the Bishop fell by law to the University of Cambridge.

The clergy in the neighbourhood of Ashley, where I had acted as organising secretary for S.P.G., were very anxious that the University should not elect to the benefice the person whose expectations had been disappointed by the sudden resignation of the old rector. All the actors except myself are dead and gone, and I merely state the fact as it was, without comment. The way to prevent that was to persuade some member of the Senate who was well known to become a candidate, so that a stranger would naturally not have a chance. They came to me, and I said I was willing to hold the benefice until the danger which they feared had passed quite away ; and I was

elected. The Bishop of Ely, Harold Browne, understood and approved the proceeding, and gave me licence of non-residence that I might continue the offices which I held in Cambridge, including the proctorship. It was not an ideal arrangement. It was not meant to last.

Some considerable time after my institution and induction, I received a notice from the clergyman who had been disappointed, to the effect that he had become possessed of the right to present at the next vacancy, and if I was absent from the benefice for sixty days within the space of any one year, he should present a clerk to the benefice as *ipso facto* vacant. I had already been absent for nearly that time, having by arrangement with the Bishop put in an excellent man as curate-in-charge, with a specially good stipend.¹

The notice was very startling. I at once took precautionary steps. Ashley was some four or five miles from the Newmarket station; but there were five or six cottages in Ashley parish not more than three-quarters of a mile from Newmarket. I could visit these cottages between two afternoon trains from Cambridge, and did visit them every weekday. By the general law, incumbents could be absent ninety days without licence, and a licence of non-residence covered longer absences. It turned out, however, that *per incuriam* this general rule had not been made universal.

The history of legislation on the subject can be stated briefly. The Act 3 James I, cap. 5, secs. 18-20, took away the right of presentation to benefices from popish recusants, and conferred it upon the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Oxford having the southern half of England and Cambridge the northern half, roughly speaking. The Act 1 William and Mary, sess. 1, cap. 26, sec. 6, declared any such benefice void if the person presented by a University was absent from his benefice above the space of sixty days in any one year. The Act 12 Anne, stat. 2, cap. 14, recited these Acts and made them more effectual for their purpose, but left them on the statute-book. When the laws of residence were dealt with in the reign of Queen Victoria, the Act of Anne was repealed, but by an oversight the Act of

¹ Institution, March 5, 1869; induction, March 27; date of notice, May 20.

William and Mary was not repealed. Thus the penalty of avoidance if absent for the space of sixty-one days in any one year remained in the case of all persons presented by a University under the given conditions.

I consulted Dr. Travers Twiss on two points : (1) was the clergyman who had sent me the notice right in point of law ; (2) was it not the case that he must prove my absence for sixty-one days, not that I must prove my presence for 305 days ? The answer in each case was in the affirmative. A rider was added that if I did not—as usual—go to the Alps, or become in other ways conspicuously absent, the proof of the negative was practically exceedingly difficult if at all possible ; but the more evidence I had of actual presence the better. So I arranged to give my *locum tenens* a good holiday as soon as term was over, and take the duty and live in the thatched rectory myself during the long vacation. To this day I remember the hard little cracks that sounded on the bedroom floor and were the horror of my wife, earwigs dropping from the ceiling onto the bare boards of the room under the thatch.

I wrote to all the incumbents in the kingdom who held benefices under these conditions, and found that not one of them was aware that the penal statute had been left standing. They begged me not to open the question, for the law if enforced would oust many of them. It seemed to me that if vacancies had been created, the presentations had lapsed first to the bishops and then to the Crown, and the incumbents would of course be reinstated. So I wrote to Archbishop Tait and asked him to bring in a public Bill to cure the flaw. He replied that it was a matter affecting the privileges of the two Universities, and the Universities must take any steps which they considered necessary. I ventured to send a reply. By return of post the Archbishop sent word that if I would draft a Bill he would introduce it as a public Bill.

Having regard to the anxieties of the other incumbents I drafted a Bill which did not recite the damaging section of the Act and did not state definitely what the point was. The Lord Chancellor's officer sent it back to me with,

scrawled across it, 'over covertly drawn.' I had to re-draft the Bill, reciting the section and declaring the point. This meant two fees to the examiner of Bills instead of one. The Bill was drafted as having retrospective action, though that did not seem to me to be essential.

The Bill went through the Lords. Beresford Hope pushed it vigorously in the Commons. The leading Non-conformist member had a discussion with him on the subject. There must be a compromise if the Bill was to get through, and only a day or two of the session remained. What was the compromise?—They were willing that the statute should be repealed; they were not willing that incumbents who had incurred the penalty should be saved by Act of Parliament. Beresford Hope made as though the saving clause was the apple of his eye, and with a martyr air let it go. The Bill passed within twenty-three hours of the end of the session. It is 32 & 33 Vict. ch. 109. The total cost to me was £22 1s.

I naturally wrote to the two Vice-Chancellors concerned to ask for ten guineas from each University. Cambridge sent me the ten guineas. Oxford sent me grateful thanks, but had not any fund which was available for the proposed grant.

On the day on which I wrote the above account, I found myself taken by friends with whom I was staying to visit a beautiful place, where a charming gentleman of advanced years shewed me his treasures outside the house and inside. He was the patron of forty-five years ago. He had no idea that I was the intruded rector, and probably had forgotten all about it. I held the rectory for about four years, and then resigned it.

About the same time as that election, I was riding with the Master of St. Catharine's, and as he was an old school-fellow of mine I felt it was possible to approach tentatively the subject of his election to the Mastership. He was more than ready to speak of it. I told him that I had gone very carefully into the matter, and my impression was that his friends ought to have fought the thing out at the time, and it ought by some means to be reopened and thrashed out. Several things were believed against him which were

absolutely untrue in themselves, and were not stated or believed by those who were in the intimacy of his opponent. My idea was that the next time anything was said in my presence on any public occasion, I should publicly demand an explanation. The Master said anyone who would do that would be his friend for life ; it was what he had longed for. As I was away in Scotland at the time of the election, and was not then a Fellow, and had now vacated my Fellowship, it seemed that I was the one member of the college who could reopen the matter.

Most unluckily the lot fell upon one of the very last men I should myself have selected ; a friend of my own in one or two rather particular ways ; not a logician ; a happy-go-lucky companion of boon-companions ; the favourite classical 'coach,' Shilleto. We were sitting after dinner in the Combination Room at King's, and Shilleto began to give curious examples of crasis. Turning to me, he said, 'Your Master's name, Robinson, is a good example, Robbing (Jame) son.' In the manner of an early society novel, I said, 'You will hear from me to-morrow, Mr. Shilleto,' and took no further notice. Next day I asked for an explanation. Shilleto treated the thing as a joke. 'When he saw a dog running away with a leg of mutton, he knew what to think.' I got dreadfully dull and serious. He wouldn't be serious, and he couldn't be dull. How I hated it. By degrees I got put into my letters the chief points of the story, which was my one purpose, and I printed the 'correspondence' and sent it round to members of the Senate, with a special guarding declaration against its being made public.

Shilleto replied by a little paper entitled 'A Genteel Comedy,' in which he printed, among other things, an epigram, in Latin and English, based upon my second Christian name, 'Forrest.' I give the epigram, copied exactly from the printed paper :

Abscondit heu ! te Came quanta caligo
Cum Shilletonem Saltus obruit Fuscus.

What gloom envelops Cambridge Gown and Town
Now Shilleto is lost in maze of Forrest Browne.

The criticism was quite just. My 'correspondence' was a maze; partly because the many details were the essence of the thing, partly because they came out in dribblets, chiefly because I was unaccustomed to hostile controversy and hated it.

The English form of the epigram I thoroughly enjoyed. The Latin form is less clumsy, metrically, than at first it may seem; but for so admirable a scholar as Shilleto was it cannot be considered worthy of his reputation. The metre was not a good one for the purpose, and he did not stick to the metre. Curiously enough the word which naturally comes into the mind, 'halting,' is the actual name of the metre, choliambic, or seazon, a limping iambic. I understand that an early iambic poet, Hipponax, varied the iambic metre by ending the line with a spondee or its equivalent. He is described as little, thin, and ugly. Some enemies, who were sculptors, made statues of him, exaggerating his defects. He poured forth his vengeful satire upon them in this special metre. I wonder if Shilleto chose this very unusual metre in consequence of the history of its origin. Not that he was 'little, thin, and ugly,' or anything like any one of those epithets; but it was in this metre that Hipponax lampooned his detractors.

Soon after this had appeared, one of the annual Feasts was observed at King's, and there was a large party at dinner. The Provost, Dr. Okes, presided. He had Spencer Walpole on his right hand, and on his left hand Dr. Woodham, a well-known *arbiter elegantiarum*, fastidious, incapable of making a social mistake. Next to Woodham came Professor W. G. G. V. V. Harcourt; and next to him the Junior Proctor, myself. I forget who sate immediately opposite, but next to my opposite neighbour—to my left—was Ben Drury, and next to him Shilleto, two places removed from me, on the opposite side, and five places removed from Woodham. I had not met Harcourt before, and as my card had only 'The Junior Proctor' on it, and he was not resident, he did not know my name. We were in the middle of a long talk about his grandfather at Bishopthorpe, and the gardens there and the old gardener, a friend of us both,

and the house at Middlethorpe where I lived as a boy. There was much else to talk about, for I had seen as a school-boy one William Harcourt in an Eton jacket, when his father, William Harcourt, was in residence as a Canon of York, the residence being very near my father's house. I remembered hearing my oldest sister¹ calling him Rusticus Fusticus, from a book which was being read at that early time. Suddenly Woodham's voice rang out. He had not seen that I was there; indeed as it turned out he did not know me by sight, and he thought I had left Cambridge. He was leaning forward, looking down the table to where Shilleto sat. We heard him call out in a lull of general talk, 'Shilleto! did you send to Gladstone your epigram on Forrest Browne?'²

A sort of gasping silence fell on all our half of the table. Ben Drury sank back in his chair as if he was shot. Shilleto looked much worse than that. I leaned across and said to him, 'Don't take any notice, it'll come right.' The silence continued. Woodham stammered—with a puzzled and shocked air—'I seem to have said something—I don't know——.' Harcourt turned to me and asked, 'Is he here?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but I happen to know he doesn't mind.' 'Which is he?' 'He's very near you.' Then a pause. Then—'You don't mean—it isn't you!' 'Yes it is.' Then, with much energy, 'I do envy you your *sang-froid*!'

The moment dinner was over I pushed quickly round the end of the long table and shook hands with Shilleto. We all went off to the Combination Room, and turned to whist. The Provost and Spencer Walpole came up to my table, and the Provost addressed me in his stately manner, a manner which has left the world, and has left the world poorer, 'Mr. Proctor, the difference between yourself and Mr. Shilleto began in this room. May we beg of you that it end here?' 'It ended in the Hall, Mr. Provost.' With a felicitous word of thanks they went away happy.

It was a dramatic ending of a quarrel I thoroughly hated.

¹ She was two years older than he.

² A name I have never called myself by; my mother's maiden name was Forrest, and she, unfortunately, was not an heiress.

I should of course have hated it more still if it had been a quarrel on my own account, not on account of a friend.

The first number of the *Cambridge University Reporter* appeared a year after this, on October 19, 1870. It was published by Messrs. Rivington, then of 19 Trinity Street. The editor was stated to be Mr. G. F. Browne of St. Catharine's College. The prospectus declared that the *Reporter* had no party purpose to serve, and set forth 'six principal objects of the publication.' The first of these was 'To afford an opportunity for open discussion on all subjects fairly connected with the interests of the University.' A large number of 'letters to the editor' appeared; but this feature of the *Reporter* naturally dropped out when it became official, as it very soon did.

The first number contained the letter from the Chancellor, the seventh Duke of Devonshire, in which he offered to undertake the whole cost of the buildings and apparatus for the department of Experimental Physics, afterwards named the Cavendish Laboratory.

It contained also a List of Lectures for Women; in English History by Professor Seeley, in English Literature by Mr. W. G. Clark, in Latin by Mr. J. E. B. Mayor, in French by M. Boquel, and in Harmony by Dr. Garrett. There had not been sufficient applications for courses in Elementary Latin by Mr. Holmes, in German by Mr. W. C. Green, and in Practical Arithmetic by Mr. Moulton.¹ The Committee announced three Exhibitions, one of £40, one of £20, one of £10, for women attending Lectures, to be awarded on the results of the Senior Local Examination and the Higher Examination for Women. It is quite unnecessary to point out that this list of University Lectures for Women, and Exhibitions for Women, was an epoch-making list. There was also an important letter from Mr. Bonney on the union of colleges for examination purposes. From that day to this, the *Reporter* records the details of the history of the University.

The second number was a dreadful trial to the editor. It contained the first report of a Discussion in the Arts

¹ The Senior Wrangler of 1868; now Lord Moulton.

School. No one but a member of the Senate could be present at these discussions ; thus it was not possible to employ a professional reporter. The editor had been a pupil of the two Pitmans, as a schoolboy, twenty years before, but he had completely lost every detail of the art of shorthand. He had to take such notes as he could in ordinary hand, and develop them into a fairly full report. The subject of this discussion was an important one, a question of the best means of raising a quota from the colleges for the maintenance of teachers in Physical Science. It will be understood that it was no light responsibility to report as a first effort, and on such a subject, Professor Lightfoot, W. G. Clark (the Public Orator), Professor Humphry, E. W. Blore, Dr. Bateson, Sedley Taylor, Dr. Power, Coutts Trotter, Henry Latham, Dr. Campion, Dr. Cartmell, Dr. Atkinson, Ellis of Sidney, and Henry Jackson. Sedley Taylor pointed out that the income of the seventeen Heads of Houses might be put at £16,000 a year. Their work could be as efficiently done for a Fellow's dividend apiece. This would set free several thousands a year for Science. His views on the subject of the Masters of the colleges were succinctly expressed when we were arranging an exhibition of Old Masters at the Fitzwilliam Museum. He wished to be on the Hanging Committee.

The only criticism I had of the report came from Dr. Bateson, who said he thought I had made too much of it.

In the course of this discussion, Mr. W. G. Clark, the Public Orator, mentioned two facts each very interesting in its way. 'The distributable income of the seventeen colleges may be put at £120,000 a year.' The income of the seventeen colleges assessable for contribution to University purposes is now officially put at over £270,000. The other point was this : 'As an instance of the manner in which the University under-pays its Scientific Professors, Professor Sedgwick has spent more money on the Geological Museum than he has received for the whole of the fifty years during which he has held the Professorship of Geology.'

It is of course of great importance for a speaker to keep to his time, and to see that the time is short. Some

audiences need more explanatory treatment than others. Probably the audience of Members of the Senate which used to collect in the Arts School for the discussion of reports was as nimble an audience as a speaker could find ; and a nimble audience deserves a nimble speaker. I find among my papers two postcards of December 1890. Some explanations of a report had been asked for, in answer to criticisms. I replied that four minutes would suffice, and gave the explanations. A postcard came by the next post from a friend who had timed the speech :

2 h. 27 m. 30 sec.

2 h. 31 m. 30 sec.

An absolutely perfect calculation
Is matter for profound congratulation.
It takes the sting from each prolix oration
To count the seconds to its—termination.*

* *Alii* 'peroration.'

A peroration is usually a mistake. To be perorated, when one has really attended to an address, is an offence. The reply postcard took this form :

Minus recte 'peroration.'

To count the seconds *to* a peroration
And dream that you have reached the termination
Is vanity and leads to tribulation
You're far from being through the whole oration.

The reports of discussions in the Senate became an important feature in University management ; but one result was, that comparatively few members of the Senate attended the debates, they 'could read all about it in the *Reporter*.' The labour entailed upon the editor by a long and serious debate was very considerable. The hasty notes scribbled down as speaker followed speaker were often illegible. The only thing to do was to set to work immediately, while the impression of how each speaker spoke and looked was fresh. The editor had one asset of great importance, he was familiar with the details of most of the reports and matters discussed ; and his natural aim was to put at its best each argument used. A letter from one of the most fastidious of speakers and writers, Dr. Hort, on the occasion

of a lengthy and important debate in which he took a large part, remains in memory. 'It had seldom fallen to his lot elsewhere to have all his points taken; to have them re-pointed, never before.' Only on one occasion, as far as the editor remembers, was real objection taken to a report of a speaker's utterance. In that case the words objected to were taken down on the spot. It seemed fairly clear that the speaker had unconsciously said what he had the day before intended to say, instead of saying what after a change of opinion he meant to say.¹ Whether this absence of complaint was due to the adequacy of the reports or to the long-suffering of the victims, let others say.

It was only quite late in my twenty-one years of editorship that the custom was introduced of sending a proof of the report to each speaker. The proofs usually came back practically unaltered. When the change of editor came, in consequence of the first editor's transfer to a Canonry at St. Paul's, a professional reporter was admitted to the discussions, and proofs were sent round to the speakers in ordinary course.

It may be added that the *Reporter* in its first official year contained 392 pages. The volume for 1912-1913 contains 1658 pages.

One more point may be mentioned. The *Reporter* was issued on each Tuesday in term time. The heading of each number naturally stood permanently in type. The date was changed from week to week, usually by the simple addition of seven to the number of the day of the month. Working on the heading for February 24, the editor altered the 24 to 31, and with the date 'February 31' the official organ of the University was published by the University Press. A cancel sheet was at once sent out, with a request from the editor for the return of the incorrect sheet. Only one man complied with this request; the others kept their February 31 sheet.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of this

¹ Those words recall an utterance of Archbishop Temple. The Bishop of Hereford was speaking at a Bishops' meeting. There were discreet murmurs. The Bishop couldn't understand why. The Archbishop barked out—'What you *mean's* all right; but what you *say* isn't what you *mean*.'

training in taking the points of speeches and preparing a reasoned summary, when as Bishop the late editor had to preside at diocesan conferences and other meetings, and make the usual 'few remarks' at the end.

About this same time, the office of Secretary of Local Examinations was entrusted to me. The work was on a small scale then, but it grew rapidly, and developed in several directions; and for some twenty-one years it was the most important, in my judgment, of the offices which were entrusted to me by the University. The appointment was a curious example of a difficulty which occurred again in the election to the Disney Professorship. I had a rooted objection to being a candidate for an office. Circumstances had forced candidature in the case of the election to Ashley, but in that case it was well known that the candidate was in the position of conferring a benefit rather than seeking a prize. The Syndicate for Local Examinations had the election of Secretary, and they were twelve in number. J. E. Prescott, an always kind friend, now Archdeacon of Carlisle, was one of the Syndics, and he proposed my name. After several votings, there were six votes for a strong candidate, much better known than I, and five for me. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Atkinson, refused to complete the election by giving the twelfth vote. His vote if given was for me, and also his casting vote, but he would not vote for a man who had not declared himself a candidate. The election was put off for a day or two. Prescott then produced a statement from me that if I were elected I should gratefully accept the office. Then the Vice-Chancellor declared me elected.

The first development of the work had already taken place, the opening of the Local Examinations to girls. For two or three years a few of us had been privately setting the boys' examination papers to a few selected girls' schools. Except for root-and-branch failure in arithmetic, the girls had stood the test fairly well. Before I became Secretary a Grace had been offered to the Senate empowering the Syndicate to admit girls to the examinations. It had been seriously opposed, and was only carried by a majority of

five. The personal exertions of my predecessor, Thomas Markby, secured its being carried.

Cambridge soon began to shoot ahead of Oxford in the number of young people who entered. The main cause of this was a curious one, quite unforeseen. Oxford had—as we thought—rather stolen a march on Cambridge at the very beginning, by announcing their first examination in the summer, at the end of the half year; Cambridge had to be satisfied with Christmas, a far less pleasant time, and liable to serious troubles from the weather. It was a bad handicap. Then the schools began to divide their year into three terms. The Oxford summer examination fell in the middle of a term, our Christmas examination was the only one that suited the three-term schools. So we forged ahead. Among drawbacks to a December examination, we had not been prophetic enough to include the German Emperor. In 1914 he shelled our candidates during an arithmetic paper, at Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby. His attentions had an arithmetical effect—the rapid subtraction of units. A special paper was sent to the three centres from Cambridge, and taken by the candidates later in the week.

My first work was to arrange the arguments and the details for the permanent Higher Examination for Women. We have seen ¹ the beginnings of Lectures for Women residing in Cambridge. The new examination had real success. It met a need very widely felt. We offered a scholarship to bring young women up to Cambridge, and we were fortunate enough to get Miss Clough to take charge of them. The first who came up was brought by her father, a Cambridge man, a grandson of Archdeacon Paley. He could not understand what opening there could be for his daughter in the University as he remembered it. He was quite satisfied when he found the officer of the Syndicate a married man with a young family, and had paid a visit to Miss Clough.

Meanwhile Miss Emily Davies and those who worked with her had taken a pleasant house at Hitchin, for the residence of women students, and a few of us used to go over from

¹ P. 121.

Cambridge in the afternoon and lecture to them just as we did to the undergraduates in the morning. I should dearly like to describe my first class of five, with some account of the important positions they eventually held.¹ Miss Clough's little flock developed into Newnham College, Miss Davies's into Girton College.

Things moved very rapidly. The women students justified a claim that they should be allowed to take the papers in the Mathematical and Classical and other Triposes. The Syndicate brought forward proposals to this effect, with details, and they were carried without opposition. The first admission to Triposes was in 1882. In 1887 a woman student beat all the men in the Classical Tripos. In 1890 a woman student found a weak place in the regulations I had drawn for stating the precise place in the men's order of merit held by women students in a Tripos. The Senior Moderator, my old and tried friend Rouse Ball, came to me late on the night before the Mathematical Tripos list was to be read in the Senate House. No secret of the Tripos had ever before been divulged, but as my regulations had broken down, something must be done. One of the women students was neither 'equal to' one of the men students nor 'between two' of them. After a moment's thought I said, 'Do you mean one of them is "wooden spoon"?'² 'No! It's the other end!' 'Then you will have to say, when you have read out the list of wranglers,—“ Women. Above the Senior Wrangler ”; and you won't get beyond the word “ Above.”'

I can never forget the shout that went up in the Senate House when that word 'Above' came out. I was in the gallery standing by Miss Clough and her Newnham students, and was the first person to shake hands with the daughter of my old friend Henry Fawcett on her remarkable achievement.

Along with all this work a great movement was going on, in which the Secretary of Local Examinations was almost

¹ It was here that the modern pronunciation of Latin caused some little hesitation when the students had to recite lists of adverbs, and came to '*Vicissim*, By turns.'

² That is, lowest of all.

of necessity concerned. We had made full arrangements for University Lectures for women in Cambridge. Could we not make arrangements for University Lectures outside Cambridge, in populous places? James Stuart tried the experiment, at Liverpool. The University could not conceivably have had a better man for the purpose. His gifts assured success, and the success was complete. He had the hearty support, in his own college, of Westcott and Lightfoot and Stanton, outside his own college of Bateson and Liveing and others. After some time the work grew to large dimensions. The Secretary, Dr. Stanton, could not carry on the secretarial work with his other important duties. The Lectures Syndicate was amalgamated with the Local Examinations Syndicate, and the secretary of the latter became the secretary for both branches of work.

Our plan for Local Lectures was severe. The course must in all cases last through twelve weeks, with a lecture in each week, and a 'class' also in each week for the discussion of the papers done by the students. There were two terms, one before and one after Christmas, each of twelve weeks. The lectures must be self-supporting. All this meant a serious effort in the locality, and this serious effort was in my judgment of the very essence of the good done. With all respect for the motives of our friends in Oxford, I felt—and I still feel—that their method of 'short courses' despoiled the whole thing of its best feature.

One other development must suffice. When Dr. Taylor was Vice-Chancellor, I persuaded him to have a day's discussion in the Senate House on Local Examination matters, with the local secretaries or other representatives of local committees in all parts of the country. He was good enough to acquiesce, on condition that the secretary 'did the talking and management.' That day did endless good, to us as well as to our visitors. It was the first personal human contact between the invisible abstract University and its distant unseen *clientèle*. We looked each other for the first time in the face—and we rather liked each other. The business letters took on a quite different tone. We were

friends, not merely correspondents. That counted for very much.

The seed sown that day brought forth a hundredfold. There grew out of it the experiment of a summer visit of Local Lecture students for a month's study in Cambridge. It was a revelation, both to the students and to Cambridge ; and as everyone knows it has grown to important dimensions. Besides managing it all, and giving lectures, I had the opportunity of hearing some of our staff of Local Lecturers lecturing to the students attending the summer meeting in Cambridge. I well remember the perfection of a lecture on the Laocoon, given in the Museum of Archæology. The lecturer had made a great mark by his lectures, in the Darlington district, on modern English poets, through a period of three years. His careful analysis of style for the sake of his students, in the case of each poet, taught him—on the principle of Dr. Thompson's quotation,¹ *doce ut discas*—to write verse in the unmistakable style of each poet. Hence the well-earned fame of 'O.S.,' the editor of *Punch*.

One of our experiences in the management of the Local Lectures has a lesson wider in its application than that which we learned by it. Financially, we had always to keep three important points in view ; we must make the lectures available for persons of the artisan class ; we must give a reasonable fee to our lecturers ; and we must make the lectures pay their way.² The method devised by Stuart, Stanton, and others was a simple one. The lecturer gave one lecture a week for twelve weeks. He gave it in the afternoon to a class of comparatively leisured persons, who paid half a guinea for the course, and gave it again in the evening for persons of the artisan and non-leisured classes, who paid half a crown for the course. In this way the money was provided. The arrangement had the apparent advantage of bringing together for intellectual purposes persons of various classes as members of a joint

¹ P. 169.

² When the Lectures were taken over by the Local Examinations Syndicate, the office expenses were saved by the help of the staff of the Examinations office.

committee. In some places that worked well; in others it did not, the various classes did not amalgamate, and the evening lectures were more or less a failure. This was markedly the case in one northern town. Suddenly the aspect of affairs went through a complete and favourable change. Shortly after, we had our first visit of representatives of the several centres to Cambridge, and a great deal we learned in the two or three days of unrestrained personal intercourse. Among other explanations, we set Neil, the leading workman at the northern centre in question, to tell us how it had come to pass that the evening lectures were so well attended. He explained. The joint committee didn't work well. He called a meeting of the working men on the joint committee, three in all I think. He proposed a resolution that the joint committee be dissolved. That was carried. He proposed that he should be chairman of a working men's committee. That was carried. He proposed that the other two present should be respectively secretary and treasurer of the committee. That was carried. And that was all,—‘quite simple,’ as he put it. It was an early lesson for some of us in the direct and drastic methods of government which commend themselves to the leading minds of the working classes. On the other hand, when they in their turn saw our methods and our work in Cambridge, they learned that the phrase ‘the working classes’ included a good many of us.

Nothing in the past has brought more pleasure to me from the work it has fallen to my lot to have to do, than the recollection of early chances given, by appointment as Local Lecturers, to men now holding positions of importance. Nor is there any brighter recollection from all this Syndicate work than that of the endless help, so able in itself and so charmingly given, of two men holding on most of the non-University public questions of the day views opposed to my own, Dr. J. N. Keynes, the Assistant Secretary for Examinations, now the Registry of the University, and Dr. R. D. Roberts, the Assistant Secretary for Lectures, who has passed away after a life very full of good works.

It is far from my intention to suggest that the credit of all those years of successful work was due to the secretarial staff. The work was so popular among the resident members of the University, it was so useful, so far-reaching, so human, it was so evidently a perfect complement to the work at the centre, that the very best men the University had were ready to be appointed members of the Syndicate for periods of four years. The Vice-Chancellor for the time being, and no less than sixteen of the leading men in the University, formed the body that instructed the secretary. In the course of twenty-one years, there was scarcely one of the very best men who did not serve his four years or more in this capacity. What grateful recollections I have of the kindness of them all!

The recently published 'Life of John Brown Paton' has a chapter on 'National Home Reading.' Mr. Paton was in more than one respect a valued ally. He desired to introduce in England the method of educational work known in America as Chatauqua. He got a number of us to attend a great summer meeting at Blackpool in 1889, and give lectures. R. D. Roberts, already mentioned, and Dr. Alex Hill, the Master of Downing, a man of many valuable gifts who has devoted much time and energy to the Home Reading Union, were very keen about it. I remember lecturing in the Opera House at Blackpool in a sweltering heat, headlights and footlights all full on, for a length of time which seemed to me endless—what must it have seemed to the audience!—on the Bayeux Tapestry. The appearance of the audience was that of a dense vertical wall of human beings from ground to ceiling, in dangerous proximity to the lecturer in case they began to throw things. A theatre, on the other hand, is a pleasant place for lecturing; in London I used to give the opening address of the lecture year in the vast Surrey Theatre, without footlights, and always found it agreeable.

At the biennial election to the Council of the Senate, the Governing Body of the University, in November 1874, an effort was made to introduce 'new blood' among the eight 'other Members of the Senate,' other, that is, than

the four Heads of Houses and the four Professors. Half of each compartment went out of office, being eligible for re-election for the next four years. The four 'other Members of the Senate' who went out automatically were Dr. Parkinson, Dr. Perowne, Mr. Drury, and Mr. Vansittart. Five new names were put forward and voted on, besides Dr. Parkinson, Dr. Perowne, and a former member of the Council, Mr. Hotham. Only Dr. Parkinson was re-elected, the other three being new men, all of whom eventually played a large part in the business of the Council for a long series of years; Mr. Coutts Trotter, Trinity, 81 votes; Mr. G. F. Browne, St. Catharine's, 79 votes; Mr. John Peile, Christ's, 69 votes. The four 'other members,' who remained in office for another two years, were Mr. Gunson, Christ's; Mr. Ferrers, Caius; Mr. Burn, Trinity; Mr. Holmes, Clare. Tested by imperial politics, the force was about equally divided, but with men of such open minds very few would blindly follow any political party. In University politics, a majority were in favour of progress, more or less advanced. The four Heads of Houses were equally divided in regard of University politics, Dr. Cookson and Dr. Power on the one side, Dr. Thompson and Dr. Bateson on the other. The four Professors were by a majority Conservative, Dr. Westcott, Professor Stokes, and Professor Adams on the one side, Professor Lightfoot on the whole on the other; but there the men were too great for anything like party action. As I learned more of the ways of the Council, I learned that the whispers of Professor Lightfoot to Dr. Westcott, to whom he sat next, not infrequently neutralised Dr. Westcott's vote, without—one may feel quite sure—altering his opinion. How important to us younger men it was at the time, and indeed for all our lives after, to be in continual and close intercourse, and in discussion of endless subjects great and small, with those two famous Senior Wranglers and two famous Senior Classics, it is beyond the power of words to express. Parkinson and Ferrers, too, were Senior Wranglers, and Burn and Peile were Senior Classics, while Holmes only missed that honour by one place. Two Senior Classics

left the Council at that election. To me, personally, it can never be a lost memory that I was taught the management of large affairs on a Council a full half of which was composed of Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics. I have been on many important Boards, Councils, Commissions, Committees, since. No one of them has touched the Council of the Senate of Cambridge in business power, or grip of principle and of detail, or in the complete absence of heat or even annoyance. The clean-cut argument, the pure phraseology, the balanced proportion, the literary criticism of draft reports, the high level of thought and speech, the unerring aim at that which really mattered, the instinctive maintenance of quiet dignity,—these were indeed an education for a man privileged to join in the discussions at a comparatively early age. James Stuart, who was elected to the Council later, and had large parliamentary experience, said that he had been a member of many deliberative bodies, and of them all the Council was perhaps the best.

But it must in fairness be stated that the first experience of the ways of the Council was not satisfactory. I sat next to Coutts Trotter. We were elected by opposite parties, but we always got on well together. At the first meeting the whole thing was a duel between Dr. Cookson and Dr. Bateson. At the second meeting, a duel between Dr. Bateson and Dr. Cookson. As we left that second meeting, Trotter said to me ‘We’ve got to alter this,’ and for some time we quietly devoted ourselves to the creation of cross-currents, sometimes even voting together against the leader of one of us, with the happiest results. The mere duel-between-leaders system died a not entirely natural death.

For a large part of my eighteen years of service on the Council, the moderate section of the University was kind enough to regard me as in some sense their representative at the centre of action. The friendliness of colleagueship with the successive leaders of the more advanced section is a recollection of abiding freshness and happiness. Henry Sidgwick was a pre-eminent factor in these recollections; and one who for considerable periods sat next to me, Henry

Jackson, is another main factor. Sidgwick used to come to my room in the Syndicate Buildings before the Council meeting each Monday, and walk about the room going through the items of the agenda. How far could we go together on some important point? The answer might be 'A fairly long way.'—How long? A few words would answer that. Then Sidgwick would say 'That will do,' and the thing went through peaceably. If the answer was not satisfactory, if we could not go far enough together, there must be a contest. Sidgwick was an ideal colleague in that kind of work; but he was not always an effective party leader. He not infrequently saw more force in the view of his opponent than the view in itself deserved, and he lost time in balancing the two views. There is something vastly nobler in itself than being an effective party leader; but so long as the party system is our regular method of operation, a party leader must of all things be an effective party leader. Some further remarks on party leadership in the University will be found towards the end of Chapter XIII.

There was of course a great deal of legal business to be transacted by the Council, but I can only remember three cases in which there was a question of legal proceedings. There must, in the nature of the case, have been more, one may feel sure. I do not include the appeal against the Commissioners' Statutes, for that was outside the ordinary routine of University affairs. Each of the three difficulties which I remember arose out of the work of the Local Examinations Syndicate; and here again it is remarkable that in all those many years of rapid progress in the external work of the University, of operations covering the whole kingdom, and extending to distant colonies, and touching endless details, there should only have been three cases of sufficient importance to come before the Council. In each of the three cases I was struck by the nervousness of the one trained lawyer on the Council, Professor Cayley, formerly a leading conveyancer and special pleader. In two of the cases, I maintained, as Secretary of the Syndicate, that we had a sure case of right, that the threats against us were mainly bluff, and that the thing would fizzle out if we

shewed an unflinching front. Cayley was of the opposite opinion. It would of course have been ridiculous for a person like me to differ from a person like him on a point of law on the one side or on any deep argument on the other side. But as Secretary of the Syndicate I felt we must stick to our guns and to practical common sense, and Cayley's vaticinations were not fulfilled. The thing did in two cases fizzle out, as—in my judgment—it would certainly not have fizzled out if even a little finger had been held up in the direction of compromise. The third case is not unworthy of record.

The Governors of a certain Grammar School had applied to the Local Examinations Syndicate for an Examiner who should visit the school, examine all the classes in all the subjects, by oral as well as written examination, and report fully to the Syndicate, who would send the Report to the Governors. As Secretary to the Syndicate I appointed a suitable examiner. Near the time, he fell ill. There was no time for communicating with others of our examiners, indeed most of them were in full swing of work, so I went myself.

In due course the official Report was sent to the Clerk to the Governors. At the meeting on the Prize-day, the Report was read privately to the Governors, reporters not being admitted to that part of the ceremony. One of the local papers thereupon published an article to the effect that if the Report had been made public the Head Master must have been dismissed. The Head Master prosecuted the editor for libel. The editor subpœnaed me, as Secretary to the Syndicate, to appear in court and produce the Report. This being a matter with which the Syndicate should not deal on its own authority alone, I acted as a member of the Council and brought it before that body, proposing (1) to appear on the subpœna, (2) to refuse to be sworn as a witness, (3) to refuse to produce the Report. Advice contrary to my second and third proposals was given, but in the end a sort of non-committal arrangement was arrived at; I might act as I thought best, stopping short of being committed for contempt of court.

Lord Coleridge was the judge, at Exeter. I declined to be sworn. He very pleasantly asked on what ground. The University has a Charter from Queen Elizabeth ordering all judges to abstain from interfering with an officer of the University in the execution of his duty. The judge demurred ; not even the most intimate relations, not even the relations of husband and wife, are held to be privileged. There was an obvious retort, that husbands and wives had not a Charter from Queen Elizabeth ordering all judges not to interfere with them ; but wisdom suggested silence on that, as the judge was evidently favourable. Silence proved to have been the best policy. He advised me to be sworn, and said he would see that I was not required to answer any question that might infringe the proper rights of the University.

Then the counsel for the editor, Mr. Charles, said ‘ I call upon you to produce the Report.’—‘ I decline to produce it.’ Lord Coleridge said he would do what he had never yet done, he would ask the witness to state to the Court the ground of his refusal. The ground was easily stated. All our examiners were informed that they must report quite frankly on the state of a school and its classes, in the knowledge that the Report would be sent in exact copy to the Governors of the School, and it would be only by order of the Governors of the School if the Report was made public. If the result of this trial was that the University examiners must write their reports with a view to their being in all cases public property, liable to lawsuits, the rule of detailed frankness would be weakened in its operation ; the position would be unworthy of the University ; we should certainly retire from the work. A few simple statistics shewed the court what a loss of beneficent help to a very large number of schools that would be. Mr. Charles said he would not press the point, as he had a copy of the Report in his pocket !

I had told both sides, before the trial, that as far as I could see there was only one question I would answer, and that not as the Secretary of the Syndicate, but as the actual examiner, namely, Is the Head Master competent for his work ? That question was put. The reply was, ‘ Given

good material there was nothing to shew that he was not.' He got his case and damages.

Lord Coleridge had been suffering a good deal at the hands of the public press ; in connection with some family affairs, as far as I remember. The editor had not made a favourable impression when in the box. In summing up, after informing the jury that he agreed with everything the University officer had said, the judge proceeded to say that most people suffered at one time or another at the hands of the press. They had had an editor in the witness box, and they saw the kind of thing it was. I do not attempt to quote the exact words ; no written narration could express their venom.

CHAPTER VIII

The Proctorship—High Opinion of Undergraduates—Prevention Preferable to Cure—Giving them Time—The Court of Heads of Houses—H. M. Stanley—Punishing Twice for the Same Offence—Proctorial Stories—A Cabinet Minister—Dinners with the Judges—The Power of Arrest—Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Undergraduates—More Stories—The Boat Race—The Borough Police—Sir George Paget's Fine.

THE office of Proctor in the University is an office of great and varied interest. To have held it as Junior Proctor for the years 1867 to 1869, and as Senior Proctor for 1877 to 1879 and again from 1879 to 1881, entitles one to have opinions on the subject. The removal of a large beard in the long vacation of 1867, in order that the undergraduates should have a full view of the proctorial bands, and so full warning to keep out of the way, was a pleasant introduction to disciplinary office, and was evidently appreciated; especially as the preceding proctor had a very secretive beard. The good terms on which the disciplinary work began were continued throughout the six years, and no one can have had a more agreeable experience of the work. There was no record of anyone else holding the office so long. The colleges appoint in turns, large colleges having more frequent turns than the smaller ones. My little college had three turns in a cycle of twenty-one or twenty-two years, and with the kindness the college has always shewed to me, they gave me the two turns which came in my time. Another college, Pembroke, under the Mastership of Dr. John Power, and by the advice of Sir George Stokes, did me the very unusual honour of giving me their turn. That explains the unprecedented tenure of the senior office for four consecutive years.

The net result of this extended experience was the formation of a very high opinion of the manliness and the straightness of the general run of undergraduates. It was very seldom indeed that a man came badly out of a scrape. I had not myself always been on good terms with proctors when I was an undergraduate, and I knew the undergraduate point of view. I will not give any unfavourable example of my experience as an undergraduate—I never actually fell into the proctors' hands, my name is not on any record—but a favourable example which had real teaching for me may fitly be mentioned. The proctor was Haig Brown, afterwards of Charterhouse. He was of Pembroke, the college which twenty-five years later nominated me for the proctorship. On the night of a very noisy fifth of November he met two of us in Downing Street, asked us our college, and told us to go back, as the streets were disturbed. We had not said yes, and we didn't go back, except in the sense that before ten o'clock we should of course return to our rooms. We got a nice noisy piece of St. Andrew's Street; the Petty Cury was sure to have a row going on; we must perforce pass along the end of the Market Place, and it would be simple to take it diagonally, if we could fight through; and then there would be the whole long and broad length of King's Parade. There was occupation for us till nearly ten o'clock.

But we had reckoned without our proctor. Half-way up Petty Cury he met us again, as we were sauntering up towards the Market Place, from which attractive sounds of fray were proceeding. He stopped us and told us to go back to college. Then he remembered, and said: 'I told you some time ago to go back.' My companion said that we were going back, not quite the shortest way, but certainly going back. Haig Brown turned to me and said: 'Do you say you're going back to Catharine Hall?'—I said 'No, sir.' He took my companion's name and told him he would be gated for the rest of the term. To me he made a stiff little bow and said: 'I don't want *your* name, sir; you spoke like a man.' There, I think, is proctorial discipline at its best, in a nutshell.

The undergraduates in those times regarded the proctors as an incubus, to be evaded if possible ; but they simply hated such of the attendant constables as were understood to be spies and gave information to their masters. The first night I walked as proctor, with this recollection in my mind, I was meeting a man without a cap and gown. One of the constables whispered, ' An undergraduate, sir.' The man passed unheeded, and I informed the constables that they must never again give such information. ' If a man escapes my two eyes, he escapes.' That was the last constable of the old type and he had seen his best days. He soon retired on a pension ; the fact was that I had purposely walked him off his legs each night for a few weeks, and he couldn't keep it up. All my other constables were of a newer type, and there were no difficulties.

A useful motto for a proctor would be ' Prevention is better than cure.' My first two years of office had convinced me that the proctorial staff was too small. It had always consisted of four men, two of them pro-proctors for one year, to succeed to the office of proctor for the next year, two of them proctors, who had served the office of pro-proctor the year before. In matters of discipline all four were practically on an equality so far as ordinary occurrences were concerned. There had been a large increase in the number of undergraduates, and in the size of the town, and in the number of lodging houses for undergraduates and the area in which they were situated. The four members of the proctorial staff patrolled the streets usually from seven to eleven, one hour each. When a proctor had been seen to walk through a street, the probability was that he would not be seen in that street again during his hour. My principle having always been that the main duty of the proctors was to keep the frequented streets quiet and free from disturbance on the one hand and from impropriety and temptation on the other hand, I proposed to the University that two additional pro-proctors should be appointed each year, without succession to the office of proctor, but with the full ordinary power of discipline in the streets. This proposal was accepted, and at my next entry upon office it was

possible to arrange that at the evening or night hours when the streets were fullest there should be two of the proctorial staff on patrol, instead of only one. The difference was marked. The effect was evidently beneficial. We felt that we had a real grasp upon the situation.

Proctorial discipline differs from any other discipline with which I have been concerned. You are dealing with high-spirited young men, at an age when you yourself used to test your safety-valves by a little harmless turbulence now and again. In dealing with such men, it is very easy for an unsympathetic or an inexperienced official to treat some wholesome ebullition as a grave offence. How often one has to let a culprit see that his scrape was as natural to him as the infliction of the penalty is to the disciplinary officer. Above all things, a chance gathering of high-spirited young men should not be hurried. They should have time for the good that is in them to tell. If you come down upon them suddenly and harshly, you would not really respect them if they 'took it like lambs.' I had a specially huge pair of bands made for wear on 'the fifth' and 'the ninth' and such occasions, and I sought the glare of the gas-lamps; anything to let it be known in time that the proctor was coming. And the proctor made a point of coming very slowly. It was satisfactory—and very enjoyable—to see a noisy body of men melt away, no doubt full of stories to their friends of how they had been too quick for the proctor.

General tactics based on this kind of principle bore fair fruit. On the last 'fifth' of my six years of proctorial office the late Master¹ of Jesus College, who, as an old proctor, used to come out on 'the fifth' to see how things were going, reported on his return that he had found the senior proctor, with a very large pair of bands, alone in the Market Place, leaning against a gas-lamp, bewailing the degeneracy of the days. Things had so much changed that instead of having to deal with undergraduates, the senior proctor had brought two townsmen before the magistrates—on those occasions in night session at the Town Hall to deal with emergency cases—on the charge of inciting to disturbance,

¹ 'Black Morgan.'

and had them locked up for the night, of course not appearing against them in the morning.

The men had at one time got into the way of walking down the middle of the street ten abreast, arm-in-arm, perhaps a hundred in all. I announced that I should take the names of the two middle men in the front rank. There never were two middle men again. I only had to stand still in the middle of the road, ready for them, and the gang broke into three.

My old and valued friend A. W. Spratt once told me a tale of an Irish experience of his which admirably illustrates the disciplinary advantage of 'giving them time.' He was fishing in Ireland, and messed with some officers in barracks. Word was brought that there was about to be a riot in the town. One of the officers was sent off with soldiers to prevent the riot. Spratt went with them. They came to the chief square and found it full of dangerous elements, a big and threatening crowd. The officer lined his men on a free side of the square, and turning his back upon the crowd told the men in a loud voice that in five minutes he would give the order to fire with ball cartridge. At the appointed time he gave the successive orders very slowly, and then stepped aside to give the final word, Fire ! There was not a single person left in the square. The rioters had disappeared. The officer had stopped the riot by 'giving them time' and meanwhile leaving them to themselves.

My principle of giving men time to get away naturally only applied to cases where there was not anything scandalous or dangerous going on. The University Chest received at least as much from my fines as from those of other proctors ; it used to be said a good deal more. And the Heads of Houses, who were the court before which the proctor brought serious offenders, were more troubled in my time than in other years of the period ; indeed they didn't at all like to be summoned so comparatively frequently as they were. Their instinct was, and very properly, to let a man off if they could ; but I sometimes suspected that under guise of that instinct they were trying to teach the proctor not to bring cases before them. As an example of this kind

of suspicion, I found a man in the Senate House, engaged in an ordinary pass examination in Greek, with an English translation open on his knee. It was argued by one of the leading Heads that as the proctor had not ascertained that the 'crib' was open at the page corresponding to one of the passages set, there was no evidence that the book had been used.

In one case the Heads let off a man who eventually gave graver trouble to the University, both in the University itself and in the kingdom generally, than any one man of our time. Some undergraduates had been disturbing a Roman Catholic chapel on a Sunday evening. I lived very near, and was informed of the disturbance, but when I got there the service was over. The police had caught the chief disturber. 'Where is he?'—'He's gone home, sir. We asked him his name and he gave it at once. A very pleasant gentleman.'—'What name did he give?'—'Walker, sir.'—'And you let him go!'

The man was very clearly described. His personal appearance was evidently unusual. The friendly superintendent, at my instigation, ordered the idiotic policeman to walk up and down a certain street every night till he saw the man; then turn and walk behind him till they met a proctor; then give the proctor the senior proctor's compliments, would he ask that gentleman's name. We got him the second night. The disturbance at a place of worship I was determined to mark in a public manner, and I brought him before the Heads. They pinned me to the statutes, very properly, and I defined the statutable offence as contravening the definite words of a statute by 'conduct unworthy of a gentleman' in giving a false name to the police. He was admirably defended by his tutor, William Chawner, who made a perfect Ciceronian speech of great force, which I thoroughly enjoyed. He got off on the ground that the police were not University officials.

A view of the proctorial position which on occasions I put before my young friends was this. We were there to help them to govern themselves, to help them to keep themselves in order. At an early period in the fame of

H. M. Stanley, in 1878, the great explorer came to Cambridge to lecture on the dark regions of the world. Sir G. M. Humphry was to take the chair. There was a dense crowd of undergraduates and others, all eager to hear the wonders Stanley would relate. The chairman and the lecturer did not appear. The minutes passed, and still they did not appear. The undergraduates had amused themselves up to the appointed time—and amused the proctor too—by rather uproarious jokes, not all of them without personal references. But when the lecturer did not appear they became wrathful, and their cries boded very ill for lecturer and all concerned for the next hour. It may be explained that all was ready in the committee room for beginning to the moment, and Humphry had said ‘come along,’ and moved to the door onto the platform. Stanley had an African native with him, and called to him, ‘Come along, Sambo.’ But Sambo didn’t come along. He stood in a corner shaking and shuddering, Humphry told me afterwards. They asked what in the world was the matter. ‘Oh, those yells! I’ve not heard such yells since I was hunted by cannibals on the banks of the Congo!’ I once had the pleasure of expounding that story to a hall-full of undergraduates; they rather liked it.

Well, they came out at last, and it took some little time for even Humphry to get a hearing. In less time than I had calculated as possible, they were quiet, and when Stanley stood up they gave him a real good reception. Alas, he spoiled it all! At the end of his very first sentence a clear youthful voice hit off the situation with the cruel accuracy of frank youth. ‘You needn’t be quite so cocky as that, sir!’ The proctor was sitting in the front row, and more than once had to look round when the disturbances reached a serious point, and at last had to say: ‘If I hear that horn again, I shall clear the gallery.’ The horn did not assert itself again, but two or three times the proctor had to lift his left shoulder as if preparing to rise slowly. Of course all of the noisy young men were very carefully watching their disciplinary adviser, desiring not to pass the very elastic bounds of his patience, and this slow move-



1879

LILIUM AURATUM, 54 BLOOMS

ment tending towards an awkward intervention was all that was really needed. After the meeting I was told that Stanley wished to speak to me. What he said was: 'I shall never again think anything of the cream of the youth of England as you call your undergraduates! Hundreds of them cowed by two or three inches of one man's left shoulder!'—'Well,' was the reply, 'they had been very much tried by that long wait, and yet all they really needed was the little hint which you so describe. Besides, haven't there been times upon times when the lives of you and your white companions have absolutely depended upon the dominance of one personality, yourself?' Instead of replying, as he might have done, that at the sources of the Nile he was dominating barbarous savages, he was completely soothed by the personal compliment, which he so well deserved, and he said, 'Yes, there's something in that.' But the real fact was that the proctor was helping a large crowd of highly excited young men to pull the thing through without any violent breach with their own authorities.

Another proctorial principle may be illustrated by a little story. One of my colleagues was a man whose whole nature deserved the label *sans reproche*. He had an impression that he was not popular. He came to me to ask why it was that one of us caught and fined and punished more men than the other, but it was the other who was booed at in the Senate House; indeed he put the contrast more strongly than that. It was a difficult question to answer; or, rather, it was difficult to give the answer. The answer was—they don't like being punished twice for one offence. My friend was naturally shocked. It was against all decent principles to punish a man twice for one offence; what did I mean?—Well, the meaning was that he thought it right to talk seriously to a man about disregard of some disciplinary rule, not concerned with any serious moral question;—wasn't that so?—Certainly, it was his duty to do so, didn't I do it?—Yes, when it seemed called for; but if I gave a man a serious talking to, I didn't make him pay me six and eightpence besides. If he asked a man whether he would rather have a serious talking to or a double fine,

thirteen and fourpence, the man would probably say—a double fine, rather than six and eightpence *and* a sermon.

One example of good luck may be given among proctorial experiences, partly because it went the round of newspapers at the time of the resignation of my bishopric. Information came to me one evening that a conjuror was being wrecked in the Town Hall; could I go and deal with the matter? the police thought it was rather pressing. The hall was pretty well filled with undergraduates. There were no seats; that in itself was evidently dangerous, by reason of the mobility of the force of men. The conjuror, as far as I could see in making my way through the men to the platform, fairly deserved a certain amount of what he was getting. Apparatus and performer were alike poor. While I was speaking to him, some one let off a large cracker about two-thirds of the way down the room. It was a very long and loud cracker; it seemed as if its explosions got louder and louder and never meant to stop. I had no doubt that the culprit was quite horrified with the noise the thing made. Of course the proctor must do something; but what to do? The advice given to Baron Huddleston as a young man with no case on his first brief—to jump in and splash about and something would happen—clearly applied. The proctor slowly and laboriously made his way through the crowd towards the place where the smoke was disappearing. Everyone was watching him make a fool of himself by attempting the impossible, and for the time the poor conjuror was quite forgotten. But the proctor happened to notice one pair of eyes fixed on the conjuror, and that was conclusive. He moved slightly in the direction of the man, and the man moved a little from his position. A sort of game of chess took place, pawn moving one square, opposition pawn also moving one, till at last they met at the side of the room. ‘Name and college?’—‘So-and-so.’—‘Will you call on Mr. Austen Leigh at ten o’clock to-morrow?’ A few feints passed, and the episode was for the present ended. A note went to King’s that night, telling Austen Leigh that Mr. So-and-so would call at his rooms at ten the next morning. If he owned up to letting off a cracker in the

Town Hall, the proctor's compliments and he was satisfied. If he didn't own up, he must be sent to the proctor. He called on the tutor, with an apology for troubling him ; he did not know why the proctor had sent him.—' Had he done anything ? '—' Yes, he had let off a cracker in the Town Hall ; but it was certain that the proctor couldn't know who had let it off.'—' I will read to you the proctor's letter to me.'

I thought it best not to give any explanation of the method so long as I continued to hold the office. The apparent mystery of discovery was a really valuable asset in the disciplinary management of joyous young men with potential crackers of one sort or another in their possession.

One simple example of what I mean by undergraduates governing themselves may be given in explanation. For some reason or other it was my duty to enter one of the large and rather expensive lodging houses in which men of the nature of peers and peers' sons lived. In any such company a University officer was very safe. Their courtesy was quite simple and sound ; not of course erring on the side of effusive friendliness, both sides would have regarded that as not playing the game. But there was one man who was rough, and when I had got all the names I indicated that I had noticed this. The next morning a representative of the party called at my rooms to express on behalf of himself and his friends their regret that one of them had shewn bad form. The explanation was that he had only just come into his title ; he had been in the Navy, and had just come up, a little rough ; they hadn't as yet quite got him in hand. A year or two ago I had a lively message of recollection—after thirty-five years—through a mutual friend, from the important person who called upon me with this explanation.

The mention of thirty-five years ago suggests one other experience. About seven years ago a Cabinet Minister tapped me on the shoulder and said, ' You've owed me six and eightpence for thirty-five years ! ' I advised a claim in the House of Commons for the return of his fine—only for being without cap and gown—at compound interest. Soon after that we met again at dinner, when he was Minister

in Attendance. A great lady—not quite the greatest of all—came to me after dinner, and said she had been asked by the Minister to appeal to me to procure the return of a large sum of money, as I was the only person who could procure its return. I asked if the great lady had learned the name of the person from whom the return had to be procured. The great lady had not heard the real name; but the Minister had called him ‘Old Browne of Cats.’

Among the interesting incidents of the proctorial office the dinners with the judges must be included. The judges were at their best in the University atmosphere and in the Sovereign’s dining-room in the Lodge of Trinity College. Mr. Justice Bramwell was a great delight. I remember going with the Vice-Chancellor to welcome—or pay respects to—the judges in 1868, when we were received by him. There had been a good deal of rick-burning, and he delivered an address to us which I keenly enjoyed, the burden of it being that the crime was naturally committed by cowardly people, and if the judges were allowed to flog freely they would stop it in a few months.

Bramwell’s companion on that occasion was Brett. They told stories against one another after dinner. Who got his fist in first I do not remember, but Bramwell got his fist in last. ‘Brother Brett! Brother Brett! Why he’s such an old Tory he can’t abide the new moon till it’s a fortnight old!’

Baron Huddleston was interesting in stories about himself in his early days. He told us of the kindness of one of the judges when he first went circuit. He had asked, meeting him privately, what a barrister was to do in a case in which he didn’t see his way. ‘Oh! just jump in and splash about. Something’s sure to happen.’ More than one of his stories told against himself, but he did not seem to see it. I think the judge in one of these stories was Sir William Maule. It was Huddleston’s first case, and he had been much pleased with the line which it had occurred to him to take. The judge, in his address to the jury, remarked that counsel’s statement of the case was in his judgment correct.

‘I was so pleased,’ he told us, ‘that I jumped up and said “I *thought* my Lord would agree with me!” The judge paused, put on his glasses, and gazed at me. “The Court, sir, is proud to have your ap-pro-ba-ti-on!”’ It was told of Huddleston that at a bar dinner he said, ‘Last time I dined at the Duke of Leeds’s, there was no fish.’ Thesiger said quietly, ‘They’d eaten it all upstairs.’

It was Bramwell’s brother Sir Frederick who made the shortest and best speech, in reply to the toast of ‘Applied Science,’ that I ever heard. The occasion was the sixcentenary of Peterhouse, in 1884, the oldest of our Cambridge colleges. The college was in fact begun earlier, but its charter was 1284. A most important company was gathered in the old Hall, made lovely by modern care. That most genial and hospitable of men, James Porter, ever one of my very best friends, kindly found a place for me at the dinner. The toast-list was of portentous length; nothing of the varied studies of the University must be left without a special toast, and often two stars were appointed to reply. The early speakers did not do what early speakers with a long list in front of them always ought to do, namely, divide the number of minutes which remain, up to a reasonable bed time, by the number of speeches; divide the quotient by two; and speak on the merciful side of the resulting number of minutes. The time for reasonable bed had come and had already long passed when the toast of ‘Applied Science’ came to be responded to by Sir Frederick Bramwell and Sir Frederick Abel. There were still, as far as I remember—’tis thirty years ago—some fourteen speeches. Bramwell slowly reared his burly form, and slowly said, ‘The best illustration I can give of Applied Science, at this time of night, is the application of the lucifer match of commerce to the bedroom candle.’ He sat down amid as great a roar of applause as the jaded audience could muster. Then the diminutive form of Abel rose, and began to deliver a studied address on Applied Science which so far as my personal evidence is concerned may be going on still. I certainly did not hear it come to an end. The glamour of the bedroom candle spirited me away.

As we are speaking of a proctor's experience of judges, a little story of experience in another relation, still proctorial, may be added.

An important case against the University for the arrest of a respectable woman was tried at Ipswich shortly after I had finally left Cambridge. I was asked to attend in order to give general evidence of the care taken by the proctors in the exercise of the power of arrest. Two or three of us went up for a consultation with Mr. Kemp and Mr. Rawlinson. Sir Richard Webster had been asked to lead for the University, but he had advised us against that ;¹ he very kindly came to the consultation and went into the case thoroughly. While we were so engaged, a note came from Mr. Arthur Cohen, pointing out that he was the standing counsel for the University. We got over that difficulty, as far as I remember, by the fact that the custom had been to have two standing counsel, Chancery and Common Law, and the office of counsel, for a case of this kind, was vacant. I had myself opposed its being filled, on the ground that in every case the University should be free to choose the best man for the case. If standing counsel meant only standing adviser, the case would be different.

The judge was Mr. Justice Day ; the leading counsel for the prosecution was Sergeant Murphy ; both of them Roman Catholics. The Sergeant made a fiery opening speech. The power exercised by the University was a barbarous relic of mediaeval tyranny. There had been nothing like it since the Inquisition. 'Yes, gentlemen of the jury, it is the worst tyranny since the Inquisition !' The judge intervened. 'Brother Murphy ! Why in the name of goodness the Inquisition !' The general laugh shewed that most of those present knew that they were Romans. The Sergeant lost his case. He told me, as we walked away to the hotel together, that he had quite expected to get the jury on his side, but he gave it up after his cross-examination of the proctor, who shewed from his books that for some three weeks the proctorial body had been considering the course they should pursue, and had warned

¹ *Recollections of Bar and Bench*, p. 161.

the girl. She had rather given herself away on the question of respectability in the course of her examination by the eminent counsel who led for the University. She had said that on a certain occasion she was sitting somewhere 'minding a friend's baby.' I wonder what suggested the next question to the acute mind of the counsel—'Was your friend a married woman?' The idea was so comical that the plaintiff in the witness-box broke into a hearty laugh. That was sufficient. The Bristol post-office, by the way, is rather proud of its success when this same judge held assize there, and was accompanied by his wife. A letter was delivered at his lodgings addressed 'March 25, Bristol.'

Another example, which at the time struck me very much, of a telling question which few men would have thought of putting, occurred in the trial of the man who shot Sir Edward Henry. I was with Mr. Justice Darling at the time. A witness who had frequented the bar at which the prisoner served as tapster testified that they had always thought him queer, because when they called him he used to answer 'Coo-e-e-e.' The judge asked, 'And what was it you used to call to him?' 'Oh, just Coo-e-e-e!' 'Ah! And *which* of you do you say was queer?'

It was always a pleasure to take up the cudgels for the young men. One such occasion attracted a certain amount of attention.

There was to be a meeting in favour of total abstinence. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Cardinal Manning were to speak; James Stuart was to take the chair. The audience was more than half townsmen, some of them violent opponents of the purpose of the meeting. The undergraduates present were not at all numerous. They were mainly there for amusement, certainly not with any organised purpose of disturbance. The names of the speakers were properly an attraction in themselves. Sir Wilfrid Lawson spoke first, and was much interrupted. He did not attempt to soothe his audience. He attacked the Church. He had been in Dublin and had seen the two cathedral churches there restored by a brewer of porter and a spirit-merchant.

‘These are the *stout* and *spirited* supporters of the Church!’ Then he attacked the audience. ‘Look at that red-faced fellow sitting in the middle there with a brandy bottle in his pocket!’ There was no such person at all, and it so happened that the middle of the seats was not as full as other parts were, and a very respectable citizen was sitting there, quite quiet. This roused the townsmen beyond bounds, and they wouldn’t let him go on. He tried for some time, but it was no use. At last I heard him say, ‘I have to speak in the House of Commons to-morrow evening, and I won’t use up my voice with shouting here.’ That put me on the alert. After conferring together, Sir Wilfrid and the Cardinal left the platform. Just before Stuart also left I called out to him, ‘It wasn’t my men that broke up the meeting, was it?’—‘No, it wasn’t,’ he replied.

Then I got a very well-known tutor of a college to take the chair, and I asked the undergraduates if they would hear Cardinal Manning. Yes, indeed, they would! We sent for him, but the noise had been too much for him, and he could not face the people again. The meeting came to an end.

I felt sure that Sir Wilfrid would tell the House of Commons the next night how he had been speaking at Cambridge on temperance the night before, and the meeting had been broken up by the violence of the undergraduates. So I wrote letters and posted them before midnight to the two University members, Spencer Walpole and Beresford Hope, and the two borough members, Marten and Smollett, to make quite safe that some one would be there to contradict. It all came off according to the forecast. Sir Wilfrid made the expected attack. The senior member for the University rose, and said he had received from the chief disciplinary officer of the University an account of the proceedings. From this it appeared that Sir Wilfrid had annoyed the audience, chiefly consisting of townsmen, by bad jokes and personal remarks; that the audience had refused to allow him to continue; that the proctor had publicly appealed to the Professor in the chair, was it the undergraduates who had broken up the meeting, and the

Professor had said it was not. Further, that the undergraduates had expressed their wish to hear Cardinal Manning, but the Cardinal did not feel able to face the excited assembly. The junior member for the University informed the House that he had received a similar report from the chief disciplinary officer of the University. The senior member for the borough stated that he too had received a like report. Altogether the undergraduates got much the best of it, as they deserved to do. And it is right to add that the discipline of the University was not rendered more difficult by the action taken in its defence.

Memory recalls some quaint happenings. Here is a young man to whom a proctor has touched his cap when stopping him, shewing signs of discomfort in not returning the courtesy. When the proctor makes reference to the omission, the young man explains that he was afraid to raise his cap because he thought 'the others would come off too.' Examination revealed the presence of first a smoking cap, then a rowing cap, and at top a college cap. Or here is another guileless young person, twanging a banjo under his gown on King's Parade, pleading when stopped that there is an unfair prejudice against the banjo; if it had been a grand piano he had under his gown, no proctor would have said anything. Or here is a man who to his undoing blew a coach horn from his window in Corpus Buildings and was told to bring it to the proctor's rooms next day. It came, a beautiful silver horn, as long as the man himself. It was a great ornament to the proctor's room. At the end of the term, the owner called on the proctor and asked if he might take it home for the vacation. His father drove four-in-hand, and the neighbourhood would miss this particular horn very much. He took it. The first day of the next term he called again, bringing the horn. He had wished to bring it up, and thought it was only right that it should be in the proctor's custody. This went on for two or three terms. At last he came with quite a sorrowful air and informed me that he had finished his course. He had got his degree, and was leaving Cambridge. He would quite miss our little interviews; a sentiment which I quite

honestly shared. And off he went with his horn. I hope the neighbourhood is still enjoying it.

One of my young friends didn't get his horn back. My colleagues had been annoyed by a horn for some two or three nights on King's Parade at crowded times. The man always got across the road. As soon as the proctor made for the place where the horn sounded the man slipped across and tootled from the opposite side. My colleagues wished me to try to catch him. Sure enough the horn sounded, very cheekily, on the opposite side, and when I got across it sounded on the other side again. I told one of my constables to stay behind while I crossed with the other, and to put his hand on the shoulder of the gentleman who would blow a horn just in front of him as soon as I was across. We had the man and the horn at the first shot, and the horn is here still. Of course the other horn got clear away.

Here is a man smoking a cigar. Told to throw it down, he pleads that it is such a very good one. Still, throw it down he must. Now there is more than one way of throwing down a good cigar when you are told to do so. This young man throws it down in a quite perfect way. The proctor had himself given up smoking ; but he carried half a dozen really good cigars in a case, for any friend who might want one. Touched by the demeanour of the young man, he takes out his case, gives one to the young man, and asks him to smoke it in his own room when he gets back ; he hopes it may not prove less good than the one thrown away. An ideal proctor who succeeded, George Prothero, found that this story was credited to him, and he took pains to have it placed to the account of his predecessor.

Here is another man, in the gallery of the Senate House, at the end farthest away from the Vice-Chancellor and the proctors. He is carrying on a game recently introduced and already too far developed. He is throwing coppers at men who are being presented for their degrees, and now and then even at the sacrosanct. The senior proctor whispers to the Vice-Chancellor that he thinks he can catch him. The Vice-Chancellor is sure it is impossible, and

strongly advises against the attempt. The proctor moves down under the gallery, in an aimless sort of way, mounts the stairs, and lays hold of a wrist raised high in the act of hurling. There are two pennies in the hand. The man is a Caius man. There is a college meeting going on at Caius, close by. The man is interviewed. At three o'clock he is sent down. The proctor's little friends were very sorry to hear the game was stopped, for he had been accustomed to pick up a few coppers for them after each congregation, and they valued them the more by reason of their flavour of unlawfulness.

How many tales those six years of undergraduates have had to tell of their successes in evading or getting the better of the proctor, it is fortunate that no one can say. I feel sure that the proctor would heartily enjoy the skill which no doubt the evading or the defeating shewed. More than one pleasant message has been received through some mutual acquaintance from some anonymous victim, expressive of pleasure in the recollection of some little passage-at-arms. One excellent clergyman, who preferred to be nameless, though why he should I do not know, sent some years ago his thanks for a very pleasant evening spent in the cellars of the Town Hall. The little story may serve to end these platitudes.

There was to be a disturbance at the Town Hall. I had prevented the usual mischief of an unruly crowd in the Market Place before the doors were opened, by having them opened half an hour before the appointed time, a method well worthy of imitation. I assumed that the men who then came in were there early for mischief. From a strategic position at the top of the stairs, close to a door which led by stone steps down to the cellars, I stopped the men who had very bad caps, on the ground that from my point of view they were not in cap and gown, and kept them in a group near the open door till there was a fair number of them. Suddenly they bolted through the door. The proctor strolled down after them. All had been arranged for their reception. The one exit had been made safe; they rushed through an open door into a dark place where

they stumbled over heaps of firewood ; the proctor locked the door and assured the men he would let them out in time to get into college before ten. We had a very quiet lecture, and at a quarter to ten the proctor went down, unlocked the door, and went upstairs again. The hall-keeper had a private exit down below, and he was there. When the door was opened they all emerged in a thick cloud of tobacco smoke, and made for the exit. Parleyings there made me suppose that the hall-keeper took toll of them for their escape. If, as I hope, some excellent men who were there are living still and see these words, I hope they enjoy the recollection as much as I do, and I assure them I always knew I had no sort of right to do what I did.

It may be mentioned here that in my last term of office as senior proctor the public betting on the Boat Race had become a scandal and had led to possibility of worse scandal. I was confidentially informed, by those who knew, of attempts in two years, one of them successful, to damage one of the boats, evidently by betting touts. This information I laid before the two Vice-Chancellors and the Oxford proctors. The next race, if Cambridge won, would make a tie of wins. If Cambridge did win, we had determined that a joint order should forbid the rowing of the race within thirty miles of London. Cambridge did not win and the opportunity was lost. Happily, the betting scandal has practically come to an end, at least in its public form.

In connection with the Boat Race, it should be put on record that steps had to be taken to remove the old story, about the Oxford boat beating the Cambridge boat with seven oars, from the list of wins in the newspapers. I happened to know both Robert (afterwards Sir Robert) and Fletcher Menzies in Scotland. They were both in the crew of the Oxford eight. One of them was ill and couldn't row. They rowed without him, and they won. But the boat they beat was not the Cambridge University boat. It was the boat of a London club called *The Cambridge*.

Political orators in the town used to make much of the conflict between the authorities of the Borough of Cambridge and the authorities of the University in regard to the maintenance of order and propriety in the streets. It may be well to give the following letter, written the week after I had completed my sixth and last year of proctorial office.

To the Revd. G. F. Browne.

October 19th, 1880.

REVEREND SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. expressing your feelings towards the members of this Force, and in accordance with your wish the same was read to the whole of them, who expressed their great regret at losing your very kind and valuable advice and assistance more especially on the 5th and 9th of November. I had hoped to have had the very great pleasure of thanking you personally at the Watch Committee yesterday, but being disappointed of such pleasure I now beg to express to you, both on behalf of myself and the whole of the members of the Force, our sincere regret that you are shortly to sever your close connection with us, and to tender you our sincere thanks for your very kind and valuable advice and assistance and also to very sincerely thank you for your exceeding kind letter expressing your approval of the conduct of the members of the Force.

I am, Revd. Sir,

Your obt. Servt.,

W. G. TURRALL,

Chief of Police.

Men of higher degree than Bachelors of Arts are not under proctorial jurisdiction. One Scarlet Day Sir George Paget came late to the University Sermon, in his black gown, all the other doctors being obediently in scarlet gowns. The next Sunday Dr. Cooper, the correspondent of *The Times*, with a strong leaning to the town in all questions between the town and the University, joined me on my way from the University Church. I stopped an undergraduate without a gown and took his name. 'Ah!' Cooper said, 'you bully the undergraduates and you daren't say a word when Paget breaks the law about his gown.'—'It isn't my business to say a word to him. He's not in my jurisdiction.'—'Whose, then?'—'The Vice-Chancellor's.'—'He'll not say anything, and you of course do

nothing.'—'Last Monday I wrote to the Vice-Chancellor and told him the fine for Paget's offence was a guinea.'—'He won't fine him.'—'I told him also that by statute if he didn't fine him he must pay the guinea himself.'—'He won't.'—'I also wrote to the senior auditor of the University Accounts, warning him that the accounts must not be certified if that guinea is not brought in. If you call that 'doing nothing,' I've done it.

CHAPTER IX

The Cambridge University Commission, 1877-81—Composition and Tone of the Commission—A Treasury Minute—A Fixed Easter—Dr. Philpott's Ability—Amendments to Graces—Sir George Stokes—Somnolence—Lord Rayleigh—Contributions of the Colleges—Death of Cockburn, C.J.—Dr. Bateson—G. W. Hemming—Boards of Studies—General Board—Great Results—Scope of Questions—Professorial Fellowships—Entrance Scholarships, Sharp Criticisms—Ben Latham—Vacating Fellowships—Preachers Before the University—Sir Roundell Palmer—Endowments Available for Poor Men—Supernumerary Fellows and Scholars—College Statutes—Bend Or's Derby.

FOR some time before the year 1877, it had become clear that there must be considerable changes in the University and in the Colleges. The income of the University from endowments sounded large, but with the exception of a few hundreds a year from the manor of Burwell the whole had to be paid out to the holders of the various endowed Professorships. Beyond the trifling income from Burwell, the University had only its matriculation fees, examination fees, and degree fees, to trust to. They only just paid the way. There was nothing, nor any hope of anything, for the developments which the advance of science was rendering absolutely necessary. On the other hand the colleges were more or less wealthy bodies, and from their handsome endowments they did not make direct financial contribution for the general needs of the University. In the colleges there was much unrest. The Fellowships used to be vacated in sufficient numbers by the acceptance of college livings; but now, few Fellows took Holy Orders, and college livings were not accepted by Fellows as before. Marriage vacated a Fellowship, and for a married man there was no place in college. Men like Robert Burn of Trinity and H. A. Morgan

of Jesus College were actively urging that men in their position ought to have a permanent career open to them in Cambridge itself. That meant, that marriage should not vacate a Fellowship.

If remedies were to be applied, it could only be done by a Commission with power to make statutes. The Conservative Government appointed such a Commission during the long vacation of 1877, and I was offered the Cambridge Secretaryship, with a legal colleague whose name I did not as yet know. The Secretaryship of the Local Examinations and Lectures was quite work enough for an active man. There was besides the editorship of the *Reporter*. I was a member of the Council of the Senate, and of several Syndicates. I had accepted the Senior Proctorship for the next two years. Letters in my possession from the leading men in all of these various departments remind me that without exception they urged me to keep on all the work and take on the new work besides. It needed such encouragement to endeavour to do it all; and a steady continuance of encouragement carried it all through. Except that I resigned my place on the Council of the Senate after two years, when tension began to shew itself on some points as between the Commissioners and the University, and my presence on the Council might be inconvenient, the whole work went on. How it was all fitted in, an aged person cannot quite understand.

At the first meeting of the Commission, the Chairman, Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, desired me to sit on his left hand. He informed me that the Commissioners were aware that I had full knowledge on all the matters that could come before them, and they desired that I would take part in the discussions as though I were a Commissioner, of course without a vote. Indeed he said more than that; and other Commissioners took the same pleasant line. It was on those agreeable terms that the business of the Commission was carried on. They allowed us—Henry Davidson and myself—to phrase the communications which were made from time to time to the University and to the Colleges, and I do not remember

any case where personal relations got across at all. The first letter I received from a bursar of a college, in reply to our first communication, ran as follows : 'I see you are going to pick our pockets ; but at least you are going to do it like gentlemen.' There had been grave objections to the tone of communications on a former occasion of inquiry ; we were determined there should be nothing of that kind in our case.

As to the temper of the Commissioners, and their attitude towards the University and the Colleges, it was with one partial exception excellent. One of the Commissioners had for a very short time been a resident Fellow many years before, and his experiences of that short time had been the reverse of satisfactory. A man of quite first-rate ability, his mind on this one point was narrow. He generalised from his one short experience, and to the last he suspected the colleges. James Porter was right in attributing to this one Commissioner a phrase in a College Statute which touched him on a sensitive spot. On other matters this Commissioner played a bold and large part, with astonishing grasp of detail, as became a distinguished Senior Wrangler. The other Senior Wranglers, Philpott, Stokes, Rayleigh, had not one narrow view among them. They were admirable Commissioners. So of course was our one Senior Classic, Lightfoot. Of Lightfoot I specially remember the words which settled the question of the marriage of Fellows. There was grave doubt on the question. To a conservative mind like Cockburn's there was scarcely any doubt. In the end, Cockburn desired that I would tell the Commissioners the principal objections to the change. He then turned to Lightfoot—'What do you say ?' What he said was : 'There is a great deal in what our Secretary says. But we are here to do it, and do it we must.' That settled it.

The one parliamentary representative was a very pleasant and highly respected gentleman, E. P. Bouverie. He could always be counted upon for a vote in favour of considerateness and moderation ; a very useful asset to a Secretary when marshalling forces for a meeting at which he knows that one or two cannot be present. Henry Davidson,

a Fellow and former Bursar of Trinity Hall, was a most agreeable colleague in the Secretaryship; well versed in college affairs, and trained in law. Having long resided in the Temple, he did not come to meetings in Cambridge; the Cambridge Secretary attended all the meetings in London.

That reminds me of a charming finale to our joint work as Secretaries. We had taken great pains to keep down expenses. It had been arranged—not by us—that we should share equally the usual stipend for one full Secretary. The Cambridge Secretary did not charge his travelling expenses for a London meeting, if it was convenient to him to be in London on his own account. The return was ‘Nil; in London on own affairs.’ Several witnesses from Cambridge preferred to pay their own expenses, men like Liveing and Henry Latham, to name only two. All these were entered as ‘Nil; declined to charge expenses of journey.’ In all sorts of ways we saved money, specially as regards printing and the stationery department. When we sent in our final account we received a Treasury Minute. ‘If those in charge of other spending departments in the State shewed the care which has been shewn in the case of the Cambridge University Commission, the finances of the country would be in a better state than they are.’ We felt that was indeed a handsome payment for our pains.

Philpott practically had the whole question of University government in his hands. He was wonderfully clear. A few words from him, in his delightfully judicial manner, made any complicated point simple. I have had to do with many men of the highest ability; none has made on me the impression of unerringness that the late Master of my little college did. I always remember with fresh pleasure three words of his on a University Statute; I think it comes first in the first chapter. There had been very keen and prolonged discussion on the question of Easter; should we deal with the definition of Terms with a movable Easter, or cut ourselves free from that complication and deal with the Easter vacation on the principle of fixed dates. Incidentally I may say that the Secretary was requested to consult Professor Adams on the general subject of a fixed Easter.

He had worked back the calculation of eclipses to the date of our Lord's death. He told me that our rule for Easter not infrequently led us wrong, and that he could name a fixed date¹ which would in the course of fifty years be more often right than our present rule with all its great inconveniences. The Commissioners naturally had nothing to do with a fixed Easter. What they decided by a majority was that they would not have a fixed Easter vacation. A draft Statute to that effect was produced, to which the Secretary took objection, as also to various suggested amendments. Philpott was in the chair. He could never stand drafting by a committee. He became grim. 'The Secretary will bring up a Statute to-morrow.' The Secretary did his best, and couldn't find any flaw in his best; but that piercing eye and mind! He read out his Statute—'Let me see it.' He saw it.—'That is iron. Pass on to Statute 2.'

The Commissioners had decided before this that the Statutes should be in English. Philpott had had more than anyone else to do with the Statutes of the 1854 Commission. He said casually one afternoon that it was time we translated Chapter I into English. The Secretary said he was very busy. Philpott said he should not have letters to attend to from his diocese (Worcester) that night; he would do the translation. He brought it the next morning, written in his strangely even hand, so absolutely unlike his very juvenile signature when he was made a Fellow of St. Catharine's, and without erasure or alteration of one single letter. By the way, the idea of giving to the Senate the right of moving amendments to Graces proposed by the Council did not find favour with the Commissioners. Philpott had played a leading part in getting the work of the newly created Council into order, and he was satisfied with the arrangements of the Statutes which created it in the fifties. On the whole, I was myself in favour of the possibility of amendments, but I should not support it now, though a Council can be very obstinate.

Stokes was always the dear thoughtful man we all loved so much, the simple genius who made a discovery in optics

¹ Probably the second Sunday in April.

with an apparatus consisting of a match-box and a hole in a shutter. As when sitting at the head of his table at a dinner party, with a lady on either side, so at the meetings of the Committee, he had fairly frequent lapses into somnolence.¹ He took interest in all parts of the work of the Commission, and on many points his help was invaluable. One particular point roused him to enthusiasm whenever it came under discussion ; in a long friendship with him I never knew him so excited about anything else. It was a charming trait in his character. He was determined that in every college special care should be taken in the selection of a man to fill the office of dean, which would bring him into disciplinary and advisory relations with the undergraduates. It is owing to him that so important a position was given in the colleges to this particular office.

Lord Rayleigh, the fourth Senior Wrangler, is living still. My pen is in fetters. His words were few and weighty. His thoughts were clear and deep. In his own department he was a law to the Commission, in all departments an invaluable help. It is curious to note in what unexpected ways influence tells. Lord Rayleigh held large agricultural estates in Essex. The agricultural depression was setting in. Would the depression pass away ? It was a question of supreme importance, to the colleges directly, and indirectly to the University ; for if the depression was to continue, the colleges would certainly be crippled, and their ability to contribute to University purposes would be lessened. Hemming was sure it would pass away ; the colleges would always be able to give full contribution. Lord Rayleigh was able to speak from personal experience. He prevailed. To him was due the clause which enabled the Chancellor to postpone the periodical increase of college contributions

¹ I wonder whether it is improper to describe a List of Honours which this present writer once compiled as a member of the Council of the Senate. We were shut up for an hour in the Arts School to hear a prælection by a candidate for a Regius Professorship. It was fairly clear on the face of it that the gentleman who was prælecting would not be elected. It occurred to me to note at intervals of five minutes the appearance of each of the other sixteen members of the Council, giving graduated marks for degrees of somnolence. The recording angel was the only member of the Council who got no marks. He was therefore at the bottom of the list. The Vice-Chancellor came out first, with full marks ; but no doubt he took it all in.

for a time, in case the depression had become serious. It fell to my lot as a member of the Council, some years later, to propose an appeal to the Chancellor for such postponement on that ground. Henry Sidgwick declared 'war to the knife' against my proposal. A fortnight after, he seconded it, and the postponement took place. Can I ever forget that delightful example of open-mindedness. Only a man of power like his could have so acted.

There had been great unwillingness to over-burden the colleges with contributions to the University, for as a matter of fact the colleges do almost all of the teaching, and all of the education, of very large numbers of the men who enter the University. The colleges are a material reality, the University is a name,¹ an abstraction. By degrees the ultimate annual sum to be drawn from the colleges grew larger and larger, till at last the moderates found themselves prepared to put it as high as £25,000. The others were determined to have £30,000. Cockburn had ceased to attend the meetings, things having got quite beyond his horizon. The other six Commissioners appeared to be equally divided, and the result would depend upon who was in the chair. As I was myself in favour of £25,000, I made an appointment with the Chief Justice to tell him how things were going. He was decidedly of opinion that £25,000 was enough to take from the colleges, until it could be shewn that they could bear that without serious detriment. He declared his intention of coming to the next meeting, fixed for the following Tuesday; his presence would settle the matter at £25,000. On the Sunday afternoon he died. The Liberal party were now in power. Dr. Bateson was appointed in place of Cockburn, and the sum was fixed at £30,000. I have carefully looked into the accounts from year to year, and it seems clear that the course through

¹ Is it allowable to quote a story from a book on Cambridge published some years ago, which happens to be a true story? Some Americans had been shewn over the colleges by a tout, and had kept on saying 'Well, but we want to see the *University*!' Seeing the present writer emerging from the Library, the tout struck an attitude and exclaimed, 'That is the *University*!' This same writer was once passing the wood-work shop in Trinity Street as a tout was parting from his victims. He turned round for a final word—'and that's the gent that bosses the show!'

which college property has passed in the interval has enabled the colleges—or at least most of them—to bear the full burden of the £30,000.¹ The unprovoked war forced on by German culture and supported by German Professors has hit Cambridge terribly hard financially, and the whole arrangement will have to be reconsidered.

Hemming was the proposer of the main financial statutes, and of the relations of the Boards of Studies to each other and to the University and to the General Board of Studies. Of this last invention, the General Board, I may say that when it fell to my lot as Secretary to communicate to the Council of the Senate the portion of statutes which included it, I wrote to Sir William Harcourt to ask if I was committed to silence with regard to my criticism of it. If he held that I was, I put my resignation of the Secretaryship in his hands. He replied that as I had no vote on the Commission I was not committed to silence and my resignation was unnecessary. In course of time I became a member of the General Board, and my worst objections to it in theory found themselves thoroughly justified in practice. It was a fortuitous collection of able men, each representing an important interest, among them representing all the interests. But from the nature of the case it had not a mind of its own. No doubt it has found its way to usefulness and efficiency in these more enlightened days.

In his main proposals Hemming from the first evidently represented Dr. Bateson in particular, and in general the school of thought of which Coutts Trotter was a type. We had a great deal of difficulty in arranging the divisions of work among the several Boards of Studies, the time being one of rapid development and expansion, but on the whole the arrangement worked fairly well. Geology was a standing nuisance, delightful as its study is. Was it to be classed as dealing with animate or inanimate material? In the end, it was treated as double-barrelled; it must be represented on two Boards of Studies. There were some very stubborn people concerned, and there had to be a compromise.

¹ The Statute properly enables a slightly larger amount to be called up (£30,500) to enable the proportionate amounts to be conveniently assessed.

The effect of the arrangements made has been almost startlingly great. My friend Dr. Bonney two or three years ago analysed the list of Fellows at his own college, St. John's, in 1853 and in 1910. At the earlier date, of fifty-four Fellows, there was one Fellow of the Royal Society, and there were fourteen others who had won or were winning a place in some department of literature or science. In 1910, of forty-six Fellows, sixteen were Fellows of the Royal Society or the British Academy, and eleven had received Honorary Doctorates or reached that rank in other Universities, while 'the great majority were either already well known or rapidly so becoming in literature or in science.'

Some idea of the scope of our inquiries will be afforded by the series of questions addressed to the resident members of the University, most of them with special financial interest in the emoluments of the colleges.

Cambridge University Commission,
2 Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.
December 6th, 1877.

SIR,—THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COMMISSIONERS, appointed by the Act 40 & 41 Vict., Ch. 8, before publishing the statement which is enjoined in Clause 11, paragraph 4,¹ of the Act, are desirous of eliciting opinions for their assistance.

For this purpose we are instructed by the Commissioners to submit the following questions to you.

1. What are the main wants (present or prospective) of the University, for which it is desirable to make provision in the interests of education, religion, learning, and research, in accordance with Clause 15 of the Act ?

2. Can you give a rough estimate of the addition to the revenues and resources of the University, which you consider

¹ 'The Commissioners shall not approve a statute so made by a College until they have published, in such form as to them may seem fit, a statement with respect to the main purposes relative to the University for which, in their opinion, provision should be made under this Act, the sources from which funds for those purposes should be obtained, and the principles on which payments from the Colleges for those purposes should be contributed; but nothing in this provision or in any statement published thereunder shall prevent the Commissioners from exercising from time to time, according to their discretion the powers and performing the duties conferred and imposed on them by this Act.'

necessary in order to supply these wants ? In answering this question you are requested to distinguish as far as practicable the increase required under the heads (a) additional buildings and appliances, (b) additional teaching power, (c) research, (d) maintenance of Libraries, Museums, Laboratories, &c., (e) other purposes.

3. From what sources should this addition be obtained ?

4. By what method is it desirable that the contributions from the revenues of the Colleges for University purposes, as contemplated by the Act, should be raised ? Whether, for instance, by a direct tax levied on the revenues of the Colleges, or by the annexation of Fellowships or other College endowments to University offices, or by a combination of these and possibly other methods.

5. Should all the Colleges be required to contribute on the same scale in proportion to their respective revenues ? If not, what other principle of contribution do you suggest ?

6. Should the contribution be uniform from year to year, or should it take the form of a variable rate ? In the latter case what body, either existing already or hereafter to be created, should be entrusted with the duty of determining and levying the rate ?

7. Should this tax be levied on the gross or net revenue of the Colleges ? If on the latter, after what deductions ?

8. Have you any suggestion to offer as regards the authority to which (within the provisions of the Act) the management and disbursement of the moneys from any University Fund, thus created from the contributions of the Colleges, should be committed ?

If you are disposed to favour the Commissioners with your opinion on any or all of these questions, we should be obliged by receiving your answers in writing as soon as possible, and in any case not later than January 1, 1878. These answers may be accompanied by any suggestions which, without being direct replies to the questions, have an immediate bearing on the points involved in them.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

G. F. BROWNE, } *Secretaries.*
HENRY DAVIDSON, }

The most pressing of the questions were of a financial character. The answers shewed almost every shade of difference. From Edward Perowne's reply, 'The wants of a University, like those of an individual, are unlimited. The urgent wants of the University are (a) an examination

hall, the cost of which need not exceed £10,000, (e) the restoration of the third Esquire Bedellship,'¹ they range to Dr. Bateson's studiously moderate annual £12,000 for stipends, £4000 for buildings, and £4000 for apparatus, £20,000 in all, to Dr. Phear's £28,000 a year, Michael Foster's (for biology alone) £15,000 for buildings and £29,800 a year for stipends, &c., and Liveing's £70,000 for buildings and £43,000 a year for stipends and maintenance. Dr. Phear struck a very true note when he pleaded that the colleges could not without much harm be regarded as mere tributaries, whose obligations are satisfied by the payment of a tax. Dr. Perowne had put the position of the colleges in this other than financial aspect, by the remark that the University can never be in a complete sense a teaching body, and that all the Fellowships, and especially the seventeen Headships, are so many endowments for research. It will to some seem rather curious, though not to me, that the highest view of collegiate endowments expressed in these answers should come from that quarter.

Taking each answer as a whole, I do not know that any struck me more than that sent by Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity. It was in parts very practical and instructive, and throughout very interesting. There was only one hint of a 'little viper,'² when the Master said in a note that he hesitated to recommend a professorship in a certain subject, though it might obviously be made attractive, especially to the inmates of Girton and Newnham Colleges. In another note he treated of 'research' as distinguished from public or private teaching. He thought the subject 'too delicate to admit of dogmatic statement one way or the other.' 'Speaking generally,' he could see no antagonism between research and the higher professorial teaching. He quoted Niebuhr's remark to his class at Bonn, 'Ye are my wings,' and told the Commissioners that he need not remind them of the old scholastic precept, *Doce ut discas*. One may wonder whether this last, and not mere cynicism, was in his mind when he said of a certain

¹ To provide a Secretary for the Vice-Chancellor.

² Henry Bradshaw's phrase.

subject, 'I know nothing of it. I have not even lectured upon it.'

One subject of great importance was very carefully considered by the Commissioners, namely, the assignment of College Fellowships to University Professors or Professorships. Directly opposite views were expressed in the answers received; and the Oxford Commission went very much farther in this direction than did the Cambridge Commission. Here is Dr. Westcott:

In the interests of the University and of the Colleges I hope that the contribution of the Colleges to the University will in a large degree consist of endowments supplied by the Colleges to University offices. Such contributions would strengthen the union of the Colleges and the University, give a distinctive character to the smaller societies, and facilitate their federation.

And here is Dr. Ferrers:

The inclination of my opinion would be in favour of a direct tax levied on the revenues of the Colleges, rather than by the annexation of fellowships to University offices. It would be a novelty, and I think not an improvement, in the constitution of a College, to introduce among its Fellows a stranger, however eminent, chosen by an extraneous body. It would also be a step in the direction of devoting individual Colleges to specific subjects of study, to which I should not be favourable.

Caius was a little sensitive about being considered a medical college.

Mr. Hemming worked out the principle and the details of the Professorial Fellowships scheme with great care and interest. The care was necessary. The scheme met the main objections. A college need not have a Professorial Fellow. If it decides to have one or more, it chooses the Professor or Professors whom it wishes to have. Sufficient time has now passed for the two Universities to estimate the relative advantages of the two very diverse schemes adopted.

The question of entrance scholarships, given to persons who have not yet begun residence in the University, was not raised in our communication to members of the University. It might no doubt have been raised on general grounds, though it was in fact a college question; but it

lay quite outside our inquiries at that time. It was of course taken into general consideration later on.

Two of the replies to our questions dealt with these entrance scholarships. One was from Dr. Ferrers, the other from Mr. Aldis Wright. The expressions used by those two important men were so strong that they ought to be put on record.

Dr. Ferrers said :

I should be glad to see this practice altogether abandoned, but there is no hope of this being effected, except by the aid of some central agency, such as that of the Commission. Even if total abandonment be impracticable, stringent limitations should be imposed on the number and value of these rewards. . . . The opinion which I entertain as to the injurious educational effects of these scholarships is so very decided that I gladly avail myself of any opportunity of expressing it.

Dr. Ferrers was using here restrained language. He could be very incisive. My various offices brought me into close relations with successive Vice-Chancellors, and when he became Vice-Chancellor I looked forward to a caustic experience. But I never had a severe word from him. Few men have struck me more by their power of judgment.

Mr. Aldis Wright was less restrained in language on this point :

The system of open scholarships . . . has now (1877) been in operation for several years at Cambridge, and in the opinion of those who are most competent to judge, it has proved an unmixed evil. It has the effect of exciting to unhealthy competition at too early an age ; it generates a tendency to devote attention to special studies to the neglect of general education ; it fosters a mercenary spirit . . . and it does not assist those who would otherwise be unable to come to the University, because the scholarships, as a rule, fall to the candidates who have been able to afford the best preliminary training. The annual value of the open scholarships offered by the various Colleges in Cambridge last year was upwards of £4000. . . . The result of my inquiries has been to satisfy me that the money could not well be worse spent. . . . If the question could be considered by the two University Commissions, no act of reform which they might devise would be so salutary or so generally welcome at Cambridge as the entire abolition at both Universities of the system of open scholarships.

Ben Latham, the Master of Trinity Hall, was not a great believer in the efficacy of the examination test for open scholarships. He met me one day and told me he had been awarding the open scholarships at his college. As it was the first day of the examination of the candidates, I asked him his procedure :

I've looked the men over and there's not one among them worth £40, and we've offered £60 ; there are only two or three of them worth anything at all. Examiners are all very well, and they'll produce careful lists of marks. I know a man better than they do, and I've made up my mind.'

The first examination for entrance scholarships had done well for Trinity Hall. It produced their first Senior Wrangler, Romer, and their first First Class Classic, my schoolfellow Brian Walker. Walker was also ninth Wrangler, the highest mathematical degree of the college except Henry Fawcett's seventh (1856) and Archdeacon Wrangham's third (1790) ; his sideboard was adorned with wine-glasses of three sizes, all of silver, the result of sculling matches.

What a great and delightful surprise it was to receive from Latham—the most unlikely man I should have said—a printed sheet, the first sixteen pages of a proposed book, with a request for a candid opinion of its demerits. It was the opening of 'Pastor Pastorum.'

The Commissioners did not see their way to intervene in this matter of open scholarships. It was really a matter for the colleges themselves ; and it was evident that two views might be taken as to its being an unmixed evil. Besides, mere prohibition would not suffice. There must be positive as well as negative in any instruction the Commissioners might give.

Evidently one of the greatest of the college questions was that of inventing new methods of vacating Fellowships. The old methods were (1) by marriage, (2) by accepting a benefice of more than a certain annual value. The first means was abolished, the second did not affect lay Fellows, and clerical Fellows were becoming rare. The arrangement made was that each Fellowship should become vacant automatically at the end of six years, unless the holder held

also a college office. If his office was one of importance, as tutor, or senior classical lecturer, and so on, tenure for a certain number of years gave the Fellowship for life. If the office was of less importance, the Fellowship was to be held as long as the office was held. One of my adverse vaticinations pointed out that a small college had offices of importance just like a large college, and it would get choked with life Fellowships, so that vacancies would be very scarce and its ability to secure promising young Fellows would be reduced to very small dimensions. As the wisdom of the system of six-year Fellowships has been called in question, Henry Fawcett's remark in his reply to the Commissioners may be quoted :

I am anxious to record my opinion that there is nothing connected with our Universities which ought to be more carefully preserved than such a distribution of endowments as enables a student, however humble in pecuniary circumstances, to obtain, soon after he has taken his degree, an income and a status which virtually opens any career to him for which his talents or character may fit him.

In conclusion, the opening sentence of the reply sent by Dr. Corrie, the Master of Jesus College, may be quoted : 'I trust the Commissioners will excuse me for stating it to be my opinion that the present chief want of the University is exemption from the disturbing power of Royal or Parliamentary Commissions.' 'Do tell him, privately, how much we enjoyed that,' was the instruction given by the Lord Chief Justice in the chair. It may also be added that the one answer which began by a promise of brevity was one of the five or six longest answers.

The Secretary of the Commission having had some not very favourable experiences of the rather clumsy High Court for judgment on undergraduates' and bachelors' offences, the Court was reconstituted. Under the new Statute the tribunal is composed of the Vice-Chancellor and six other Heads of Colleges elected by the Senate ; no sentence involving deprivation of degree, rustication, or expulsion, to be valid without the consent of the Vice-Chancellor and at least three other members of the Court.

The Head of the accused person's college, if not a member of the Court, can be present if he wishes, but without a vote.

Long before the appointment of the Commission, about the year 1869, an important question arose in connection with the discipline of Members of the Senate. The Statute on Preachers before the University treated the pulpit as beyond the reach of the Bishop, and made the University the judge of the orthodoxy of a sermon preached before the University ; giving power to suspend from his degree, or deprive of his degree, an offender against orthodoxy. As Proctor in my earliest time I had been a member of the Select Preachers Syndicate, and had proposed the appointment of my Scottish chief and friend, Archdeacon Hannah, to preach before the University. My proposal had been snuffed out, on the ground that Hannah was an Oxford man and therefore not amenable to a Cambridge Court, which could not suspend or deprive a graduate of Oxford. The ground seemed adequate, and there had not been any precedent on which to found my claim to nominate a stranger.

The very next year the list of prospective preachers contained the name of a Dublin divine, not amenable to a Cambridge Court. Those who were ready to see dangers ahead declared that the Syndicate was only 'trying it on,' in the case of a man whom all would welcome, and on the strength of that precedent would propose Dean Stanley for the year after. Stanley would be sure to justify his appointment, they said, by some bold heterodoxy, neither Bishop nor University being able to touch him. My own feeling was one of annoyance that my proposal of Hannah had been snuffed out as impossible, only the year before. A meeting was called to consider what should be done. It was agreed to consult Sir Roundell Palmer. Meanwhile, some one was to write an impersonal letter to the admirable Dublin preacher nominated, assuring him that on all grounds we should heartily welcome him if his appointment was lawful. The question was, who should write the letter. Luard, the Registrary, said that the Prælector of St. Catharine's (myself) wrote the clearest hand that came

before him officially, and so it happened that the one person who had a real grievance, apart from prophesyings of Stanley about which he did not much care, wrote the letter. The Dublin preacher sent the letter to a Cambridge friend, who told him whose writing it was, and I was treated as the ringleader in the matter.

In company with the University Solicitor I went to consult Sir Roundell. It was his last consultation. He was so near to being Chancellor that he appointed the House of Lords for the consultation, and he had the copy of our Statutes from the House of Lords library; next day he was Chancellor. Our interview was put through at express speed. 'I begin by feeling clear that it is in itself a good thing that there should be an exchange of preachers among the Universities. I look in your Statutes to see if it is expressly prohibited. I find that it is not. I advise that you have not a leg to stand upon.'

It was not my first meeting with Sir Roundell Palmer. He had been counsel for my father-in-law in an appeal in a complicated case of salmon fishings, and had stayed at Pitfour in connection with the case, that he might see the disputed boundaries. He had not had any salmon-fishing, and I took him out in the estuary of the Tay, where at that time we were taking salmon every day with rod and line, the nets being off. We were blown off the water by a tremendous storm of wind. When he became Chancellor, my boatman said to me, 'Eh! if it hadna been for that storm, you'd ha' gotten him a fish, and he'd ha' made you a bishop!'

The new Statute for Preachers before the University is lame and inoperative. 'No one shall be allowed in any sermon before the University to impugn the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England as by law established.' It was not my drafting, as the ambiguous position of the four closing words may shew. It is not the Church of England but its doctrine and discipline that is by law established.

Some years ago Bishop Gore moved a resolution in the House of Lords, asking for a Commission to deal with

Oxford and Cambridge in such manner as to make endowments originally meant to provide an education for poor men of all classes really available for such men. The then Chancellor of Cambridge, the late (eighth) Duke of Devonshire, being ill, and the surviving Commissioner, Lord Rayleigh, being unable to be present in the Lords, it fell to my lot to answer the criticisms upon the work of the Cambridge Commission, and to shew in how many respects Cambridge was in fact already meeting the demands made by the Bishop. The line I took was a simple one. It was, to omit from the Resolution the words 'and Cambridge.' Oxford might have all it wanted. Cambridge had got so nearly all it wanted that a Commission was quite unnecessary. The next day the Prime Minister, himself a Cambridge man and an old and valued friend of mine, assured me there would be no Cambridge Commission.¹ One phrase in his letter amused me. He found as Prime Minister that most of the departments were 'over Oxonised.'

By means of our widespread systems of Local Examinations and Local Lectures, both of which were for many years in my hands, we had our eye upon local talent. I was able to inform the House that I had not known a good case where we failed to get sufficient help to bring a promising young man up to Cambridge. I was personally concerned in saving at least three future Senior Wranglers, all of them of unusual mark even for Senior Wranglers, from being lost to their career. For one it cost three fights, in three successive years, to prevent the promising boy from going into an ironmonger's shop as apprentice.

¹ As Henry Campbell he was two years my junior at Cambridge, three years junior in age. When any appointment was given me, his telegram was sure to be one of the very first; he told me with glee that my letter to him on the premiership was the first he opened after his audience with the King. For some years I spent Easter week in Paris, and he and his wife used to take me to see the best actors. Three years in succession I was at Marienbad with them. 'Browne episcopus,' his friends tell me was my name with him, but I had been made a bishop before he had a chance to make me one. He lent me his beautiful new house of Belmont when I was investigating the sculptured stones in that neighbourhood; and I stayed with him there just before his last visit to Balmoral, where he was to urge the need of the removal of offensive words from the Oath of Accession, and the substitution of effective words without any tinge of discourtesy. He shewed me then the memorial to his wife in Meigle churchyard, with its beautiful quotation from his favourite Dante, 'La cara Moglie che di conforme cor mi ha data il cielo.'

No subject was more carefully considered by the Commissioners than this of 'poor men.' Fellowships and Scholarships have two important sides. They are high honours, and they are pecuniary aids. In very many cases the pecuniary aid of a Scholarship is an absolute necessity if the candidate is to have a University career; and the pecuniary aid of a Fellowship if he is to play the higher game and go to the Bar or to some other profession which needs much preparation and has large prizes. How is the 'poor man,' who cannot come up unless he gets a Scholarship, to be differentiated from the well-to-do man, who aims at the honour and spends the money in expensive sports and pursuits? Is the well-to-do man to be excluded from competition for the honour? Is the examination to be a handicap, so many marks taken off a man's total for each £100 a year his father has? The late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson, exactly hit off the absurdity of the handicap idea, when he asked, 'How much poverty makes up for a false quantity?'

On the other hand, the 'sizarship' idea is unpleasant. The outward marks of inferior position have in most cases disappeared. But there should not be any mark to indicate a difference in a man because he has had special help on the ground of poverty. Every college should have funds to be administered privately for the help of really poor men. Most colleges have; and it is but justice to say, what is little known to the world at large, that if the money accounts of tutors of colleges were looked into, it would be found that disbursements and allowances and exemptions for poor men occupy a large place in the ledger.

Dr. Gore was particularly severe upon the Commissioners for their creation of Prize Fellowships, which did not require any duty to the College or the University and allowed the holder to take his annual emolument for six years without ever going near the College or the University.¹ The answer to his severe criticism can be gathered from page 172, especially from the remark there

¹ Under the old system, which the Commissioners abolished, a man could do this not for six years only but for all his life, and it was not infrequently so done.

quoted of Henry Fawcett. That remark is quoted from a paper ¹ of his urging that all possible help should be given by the colleges to poor men. I will quote here another paragraph from that paper, with which—as with the whole paper—I was and am completely in accord.

I trust it will not be considered that endowments are to be solely devoted to advance learning and encourage research ; for it seems to me they confer at least as great a service on the nation in bringing the highest education within the reach of those students who are fitted to profit by it and who might through their poverty be otherwise debarred from enjoying it.

Two important steps were taken by the Commissioners as the result of their deliberations on the anomaly of well-to-do men holding Fellowships and Scholarships, the incomes of which they do not require. A statute was added to the statutes of every college, *Of supernumerary Fellows*. Any Fellow of a College who did not need the income, could apply to the Governing Body of the College for leave to resign the income, retaining the full status, seniority, vote, &c., of his Fellowship, but not counting as one of the full number of the Fellows of the College. So far as income and number were concerned, another man would be elected Fellow in his place, and would form one of the full number of Fellows. More than one unexpected case of such surrender of income occurred in quite a short time ; unexpected, because the financial position of the conscientious man had not been known.

The same arrangement was made in the important case of Scholarships. To be or to have been a Scholar of Trinity was an honour understood in the educational world, in the public schools, in society. A statute was added to the statutes of each college enabling a parent to decline the income of a Scholarship which his son had won, while the son retained the full position and rights of a Scholar of the College. In this case the income was to be set free for the purpose of help to poor men.

Those may justly be described as important contributions on the part of the Commissioners to a solution of the

¹ His reply to the questions of the Commissioners.

difficult problem of the use of educational endowments by men who do not really need such help; and they keep the true idea before the minds of the authorities. It should be added that in many of the colleges almost all of the Scholars are only able to have a University career because they have won Scholarships; while yet a socialistic view would deny to them the title and claim of 'poor men.'

Larger changes than were eventually made had been hoped for by some and feared by others. Some of the preliminary discussions were amusing. On one occasion there had been a long debate on a suggestion that the Vice-Chancellorship should not be confined to the Heads of Colleges. When the debate was over, and we were no longer official, one of us asked the chief champion of the proposal the personal question which in our official debate had been burked—who was there in the University, outside the charmed circle of men with Masters' Lodges, who could keep up the position of the office, receive distinguished—it might be royal—visitors, and so on, enumerating some of the main difficulties which had been stated in the abstract in the course of debate. The answer came in a rough Cumberland accent: 'There's me. And there's Bloor.'¹

From the college of which the genial spokesman² was Tutor, there came proposals for putting the Mastership into commission, to be held for periods of five years by Fellows elected among themselves. There were the same sort of difficulties in this proposal as in that for the Vice-Chancellor, though the difficulties were certainly of smaller dimensions. This proposal the Commissioners disallowed. Then it was proposed to remove the statute which required that the person elected to the Mastership should be in Holy Orders. To that the Commissioners agreed; indeed it was in accordance with their settled policy. Then the Master of the College died, and the new statutes had not been 'made,' the old statutes being of course still in force. Thereupon the College appealed to the Commissioners to grant a dispensation from obedience to the statute which Commissioners and College alike had determined to remove.

¹ E. W. Blore.

² W. M. Gunson.

The matter was very carefully considered by the Commissioners, and they did not see their way to dispense from obedience to the statute, partly because there was a personal element involved, and partly on constitutional grounds. And so a very worthy man, for many years a very kind friend of me and mine, and holding an important Professorship of Divinity, was elected Master.¹ At his death, the man² who would have been elected had the dispensation been granted, received the well-deserved promotion, and continued to hold for many years a leading place in the affairs of the University. In earlier days I had played tennis with him twice a week for many years, and he used to say in his latest days that I kept him alive for years by advising him—when he began to fail—to breakfast and lunch in bed one day in every week.

It may seem to be a rather sudden change of subject to remark that I have only once seen the Derby run. It was in Bend Or's year. I went to Epsom as the Secretary of the University Commission, the emissary of a Chief Justice and two Bishops, one a Senior Wrangler, the other a Senior Classic. The Cambridge University Commission sat the day before. The Chairman, Sir Alexander Cockburn, at the close of the meeting, said, 'I suppose five to-morrow afternoon.' The Secretary, myself, said, 'Have you not an engagement to-morrow afternoon?' 'No.' 'I thought it was probable.' Turning to the Bishops the Chairman said, 'Do your lordships know what our Secretary is suggesting?' 'No.' 'To-morrow is the Derby Day. Did you ever see the Derby, Mr. Secretary?' 'Never. I was brought up on the York course, and I saw the match between Voltigeur and the Flying Dutchman; but I have never been at Epsom.' Turning again to the Bishops the Lord Chief Justice said severely, 'You will agree with me, my Lords, that our Secretary's education is as yet incomplete. He must see the Derby, and make a suitable report to the Commission upon the proceedings. There is a train which gets back in time for a meeting at six. We will say six to-morrow, Mr. Secretary.' So I went.

¹ Dr. Swainson.

² Dr. Peile.

One of my experiences of that Derby Day has its lesson. A friend in the train introduced me to his brother-in-law, a very lay-looking man, going to the Derby for the first time like myself. He said to me, 'I see you go in your clerical dress. I am an incumbent in Cornwall, but I thought it better to come in lay dress.' 'Oh, but you might meet some one you know from your parts, and then you *would* feel ashamed!' 'That is very unlikely, considering that I live in Cornwall.' Arrived at Epsom, my lay-dressed friend in getting out of the carriage stumbled against a broad back, which turned round to remonstrate, but with a startled look touched its hat. His village grocer!

CHAPTER X

The Wearmouth Pandect—The Laurentine Library, Florence—Cassiodorius—Dr. P. Corsen—Rome—A Cambridge Gathering—Marble Screens—Florence Again—Padre Agostino—Disney Professorship—Scheme of Lectures—Scandinavian Sagas—Sigurd Fafnesbane—Weyland Smith—Runes and Ogams.

ONE of the greatest interests of my life had a very small beginning. Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury sent to the *Guardian* (February 16, 1887) a long and most valuable letter on the *Codex Amiatinus*, in which he mentioned a discovery made by the Italian archæologist, G. B. de Rossi. The Codex has a dedication in six elegiac lines to the effect that it was given to the monastery on the Monte Amiata by Peter, a Lombard abbat, '*Petrus Langobardorum extremis de finibus abbas.*' Of course this did not scan, nor did the mention of the monastery in a later line, *cenobium salvatoris*. De Rossi discovered that the four personal words in italics were all written over erasures, and that some of the erased letters could still be traced. The *e* in *Petrus* was an original letter, and a sufficient number of other letters could be made out to enable him to suggest *Ceolfrius Britonum* in place of the impossible *Petrus Langobardorum*. This would establish the great Codex as the pandect¹ which Abbat Ceolfrius² of Monkwearmouth took to the continent of Europe with him in 716 as a present to the head of the Western Church at Rome. Ceolfrius died on the journey, at Langres, and no one had been able to find out or suggest where the Codex went

¹ *Pandect* means the whole Bible, Old and New Testaments.

² Pronounced 'Cholfrid.'

after his death.¹ But two difficulties in the ascription occurred to me, and I wrote to the *Guardian* as follows (March 2, 1887):

It must, I think, occur to anyone who is familiar with Bede, that a member of the twin monasteries of St. Peter and St. Paul would not have thought of describing the land as the land of the Britons. *Britonum* seems almost impossible. Again, the first line of the epitaph of Wilfrid, on the south side of the altar at Ripon, placed there a year or two before 716, was

‘Wilfridus hic magnus requiescit corpore praesul.’

Thus quantity, race, geography, and party feeling, all point to

‘Ceolfridus Anglorum extremis de finibus abbas’

as the true emendation.

In the same letter I gave also some arguments from various readings in texts. De Rossi's reply was that he had examined the erasures again; he had found the top of the *l* in Anglorum; and he accepted my suggestion as correct.²

The learned Dr. Hort then took up the whole question of the *Amiatinus*, and so many interesting questions arose, rather specially in connection with the ornamentation and the paintings in the manuscript, a matter to which I was then devoting my sparse spare time, that I went to Florence to study the various points at leisure, armed with a list of typical readings provided by Dr. Hort.

I can never forget the impression made upon me by the first sight of this most noble codex, brought to me on a short stretcher between two men, on account of its great size and weight. The courteous librarian of the Laurentine Library at Florence, Dr. Anziani, had put me off day after

¹ I may transcribe from a little book of mine (*Lessons from Early English Church History*, S.P.C.K., pp. 71, 72) a concise account of the journey. Ceolfrid was now an old man, seventy-four. He travelled slowly. About nine o'clock in the morning on September 25, the 114th day of his journey, he reached Langres, in a dying condition; and there, about four in the afternoon, he died. On each of those 114 days, besides the canonical hours of prayer, he and his train of eighty English sang twice through the Psalter; and on each day, even when he had become too weak to ride and was carried on a horse-litter, he himself sang Mass, four days only excepted, one day when he was on the sea and the three days before his death.

² A week later a debased copy of the inscription was found by Dr. Hort in Giles's edition of the works of Bede, printed from an ancient life of Ceolfrid by an anonymous writer. *Ceolfridus Anglorum* was the original phrase.

day, justifying the name by which he was known among students, Domani! At last I got, through an influential friend,¹ an order from the Government at Rome, to the effect that the great library was to be opened on two consecutive feast days for this one visitor, an under-librarian and a workman to be present the whole time. The stretcher explained the presence of the workman. Towards the end of the first day the under-librarian asked very modestly if I should be able to finish my work in one day. I told him yes, if it was important for him. His wife and he had planned a festal excursion; but he was quite at my service. So I finished in one day.

Whatever might be true of the text of the huge manuscript, the ornamentation was not English or of an Irish school, and that was one of the points I had gone to Florence to determine. The first glance at an interlacement of circles made that point quite clear and certain. But another part of the ornamentation provided a very remarkable fact. There was a representation of Ezra, writing his sacred books, certainly not by the artist who produced some other parts of the illuminations. Ezra was shewn with a bookcase of ordinary type, with nine volumes all alike, and a tenth volume differently bound. I call them volumes because that is the modern use of the word; 'volume' of course means properly a roll, not what we call a book. This arrangement irresistibly recalled a description by Cassiodorus of his biblical library. The picture of Ezra, as also a picture of the Tabernacle, I believed, and still believe, to be no copy but the original picture that Cassiodorus—as Bede spelled his name and most people have spelled it—had in his possession and inserted in his larger pandect. This picture Bede tells us he had himself seen, a remarkable additional argument in favour of the Wearmouth domicile of *Amiatinus*; indeed we may fairly take it that Bede's treatises on the Tabernacle²

¹ The Hon. W. W. Vernon, the well-known Dante student.

² Cassiodorus himself says, in a note on the Tabernacle in his exposition of Psalm xiv. 1, that he had this picture painted, and placed it at the beginning of his larger pandect—*quod nos fecimus pingi et in pandectis maioris capite collocari*.

and on Solomon's Temple were due to his acquaintance with the picture in the Amiatine pandect during its residence at Wearmouth through the years of his student life and early middle age.

Immediately after my examination of *Amiatinus* I visited Ravenna. There, in the tomb of Galla Placidia, I looked for the mosaic described in the guide-books as 'Our Lord burning the heretical books.' To my great surprise it was the Amiatine Ezra, with the bookcase, the nine codices of the books of the Bible, and the tenth codex of notes on the Bible. Galla Placidia died A.D. 450, before Cassiodorius was born.

Finally, when I got back to the British Museum, to verify a suspicion which had occurred to me, I found that the great figure of St. Matthew in the Lindisfarne Gospels is a copy of the Ezra of the *Amiatinus*. It was a matter of profoundest interest to have thus linked together the Lindisfarne Gospels now in the British Museum, the great Wearmouth pandect now in the Laurenziana in Florence, the 'larger pandect' of Cassiodorius, and the world-famed mosaic of the tomb of the royal Galla Placidia.

All this and much more I sent to the *Guardian* and the *Academy* (April 1887), with proofs that the first quaternion of *Amiatinus* was made up, in most part, from other sources, folios being pasted singly onto guards, instead of being sewn in double with the quaternion, one folio being of purpled vellum, and so on. The controversies thus raised went on for a considerable time, and took a range far beyond anything I had time or knowledge to deal with. The learned Dr. P. Corssen took a view different from mine. Dr. Hort finally summed up in a masterly treatise, maintaining the principal parts of my suggestions.

I have dealt in my book on Boniface¹ with the probability that in Burchardt's Book of the Gospels at Würzburg we have a copy of the whole of the Gospels from another of the great Wearmouth pandects, of which only one folio was known to be in existence when I wrote the book. Four

¹ *Boniface of Crediton and his Companions*, S.P.C.K., pp. 136-9.

or five additional folios have since been discovered among Lord Middleton's Charters at Wollaton.¹

The kindness of the authorities in Rome in ordering that the Laurenziana at Florence should be open to me, and to me alone, for two whole *festas* days, was not the only kindness received at their hands. In visiting the Forum in the ordinary way my eye was caught by a piece of stone with a special pattern upon it which had for some years been the nucleus of a special study of very early surface ornamentation. There was at that time a positive order against any sketching, rubbing, cast-taking, or other method of copying details in the Forum. Feeling sure that there must be other stones in that heap with similar ornamentation, I took heart of grace and wrote to the department of Belle Arti, making the most of my position in Cambridge, and—as far as I remember—suggesting a report on the subject; might I have permission to investigate, and even to take squeezes—I do not know how to spell the Italian word, which sounded like *squizzi*. The reply was that it was impossible to break the regulation for any one person. But they desired to facilitate an investigation, and had a proposal to make. The next Saturday was a *festa*, and the Forum would be closed to visitors. If I could be at the gate at half-past nine in the morning the *custode* would let me enter. But he must not lose his holiday. He must lock me in, and there I must stay till half-past five, when he would return and let me out. Needless to say I accepted the proposal, and a very hot and tiring day it was. The envy of the loungers on the high ground above was openly expressed, and more than once a nasal voice asked the way I got in. My surmise proved to be quite correct, and my report—only a few words—made a suggestion which was verified at an early stage in the excavations which followed some years after.

That visit to Rome was marked by several incidents. My chief archæological friend, J. H. Middleton, then Slade Professor of Fine Art and afterwards Director of the South Kensington Museum, took out a few of the best classical

¹ *Report on the MSS. at Wollaton, Historical MSS. Commission, 1911, pp. 196, 611.*

undergraduates who were making classical archæology their specialised study, and I joined him and looked after the finances, now and then taking a day off for my own investigations. The remains of marble screens in the vestibule of Santa Maria in Trastevere afforded me endless points of comparison with the earliest Anglian work in Northumbria, always in favour of the Anglian work. At Santa Maria in Cosmedin they had in an out-of-the-way little court three or four fragments of like kind, and I ventured to assure them that the church had once been full of them. No long time after, they had to repair the rough flagged pavement of the church, and each large rectangular flag as they turned it over was covered on the under side with the same ornamentation. The same had been the case at S. Abbondio in Como, a case which I mentioned to the *custode* at Santa Maria in Cosmedin as emphasising my prophecy. In all of these churches, as no doubt in very many more of the churches in Rome, these screens had enclosed the choir under the basilican arrangement. At S. Gregorio I found in the garden pilasters of like screens, used as the risers of steps. In the church itself, on the steps of a side altar, were fragments of a screen which shewed that the *motif* was to reproduce on white marble slabs the appearance of the perforated bronze screens which separated the judgment end of the pagan basilica of the emperor from the part where the people were.

The report of our proceedings reached Cambridge, and one after another of the teaching staff, some with wives, joined us. We did all in an Italian way ; lived in an *albergo* (Babuino) ; lunched at native *trattorie* ; started at 9.30 A.M. and were in at 5.30 ; carried coats with us and at Middleton's orders put them on when we crossed to the shady side of a street and always when we went into the tunnel of a *trattoria* ; all with the result that no one had a day's illness. The ladies outlined my rubbings as an evening occupation, while the day's account for each individual was made out and the precise amount exacted from each, all manner of devices being employed to evade the demand. Among those who joined us and came under this financial discipline

were Sir George and Lady Humphry, Professor McKenny Hughes, Professor Alexander Macalister, Alex Hill (the Master of Downing) and his wife, and Dr. (now Arch-deacon) Cunningham.

One trophy of the visit I see every day of my life when I breakfast at home. In the Colosseum, as elsewhere, *squizzi* and all such things were forbidden. I saw a charming pilaster of white marble screening used as the riser of a step. My bootlace went wrong, and I had to take the boot off to put it right, while the guide and the rest of them passed on. When I caught them up again I had a complete rubbing of the riser in my pocket, and my eldest daughter made a copper breakfast tray reproducing its pattern.

That educational visit to Rome included a second educational visit to Florence with Micklethwaite, and the visit to Florence enabled me to introduce to English readers the most striking preacher I have ever heard. A descriptive article of mine appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* of April 28, 1887, under the heading 'The Modern Savonarola,' with a column and a half of *précis* of the sermon. The preface to the *précis* may be given here.

Day after day through the greater part of Lent and down to Easter Tuesday, the Duomo of Florence has presented a striking spectacle. A great veil of dark-green silk spread over the nave, a few feet higher than the sounding-board of the pulpit, has thrown the nave into mysterious gloom. From seven o'clock in the morning till eleven, men and women have sat on chairs and benches to keep a place. Long before eleven the whole dark area has been crowded thick with human beings, and the crowd has swelled and spread till it has filled the aisles and all the westward parts of the vast building. At eleven o'clock men carrying a sedan-chair have made their way to the pulpit steps; their living freight has passed with an effort into the pulpit, to pour forth for a whole hour a torrent of impassioned words, words addressed to the working classes by a preacher who has stirred them as no one has since Fra Girolamo,—Padre Agostino da Montefeltro. It is computed that an audience of 7000, chiefly of the working classes, has steadily attended his course of thirty-two sermons. The phenomenon is so remarkable that it seems worth while to give a *précis* of one of these addresses—the thirty-first, preached last Easter Monday, one day after the anniversary of the last sermon ever preached by

Savonarola, his sad farewell to San Marco four hundred and ten years ago.

This is something of what Padre Agostino said :

‘The working man begins to see that this is true. But he turns upon me and says “Where is my consolation, my dignity?” And I reply, “Your consolation, your dignity, is in and from religion. Religion comes to you and says, Working man, you are great. And this is why you are great : because God hath given to no other class of men to resemble Him as closely as you do.” If you doubt what religion says, look at the work of God—first in creation and then in redemption. Was not God a workman when He spread forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth, and sowed the soil with seed, and took clay to form the body of a man ? That is the beginning of your dignity. You have but to raise your eyes from your work to the heavens, and there you see your prototype ; you are a workman, like God. And not only a workman, like God, but a workman with God. He has left it to you to work with Him, to complete His work. God has placed in the earth the germ of life, it is left to you to bring it to perfection in the fruits of the earth. He has buried the metals deep ; it is left to you to bring them forth and melt them and mould them. He has laid the seams of coal ; it is left to you to draw them out, to kindle them to further your industries. The working man may hear, if he will, the voice divine : “Thou art a fellow-worker with me. I create, thou transformest. I begin, thou completest.” Or look at God in redemption. You curse your lot that you are born to labour. How did the Redeemer begin the work of redemption ? By a life of labour for thirty years. And when He would enter upon His special work, how did He equip Himself ? His first worshippers had been shepherds ; His first associates in the work of redemption were working men. Those are the sources of your dignity.

‘But what, then, you ask, gives consolation ? Again, religion. Religion comes to you and says, “You may so labour for the meat that perishes as to gain that which lasts for ever.” You sit at night counting your few pence, the fruit of your hard labour. Religion comes to you and tells you, “Those few pence are your wages ; they are small and few ; but remember, beyond and above them, you are gaining Heaven.” There is your true consolation. Religion, then, reveals to you your dignity, and shews to you your consolation. Religion, therefore, is your true friend.

‘How often has the working man raised his banner, inscribed with the one word “Labour!” Labour is not enough. Man must have fellowship, must have something that is not for his body only but for his heart. Add therefore on your banner the word “Union!” But that is not enough. Man must have some solid base on which he may safely rest everything. Add, then, on your banner the word “Religion!” When the working man goes forth under that banner, “Labour, Union, Religion” he will not indeed become a rich man, but he will never again be a miserable wretch.’

There the sermon ends. Amid applause, which sounds strange to an English ear, but is full of that self-restrained emphasis which saves it from being other than reverential, the preacher is placed in his sedan-chair and carried forth. Then the thousands disperse—sadly; for the next day’s sermon is the last of the course, and it is said that the preacher is dying.

The visit to Rome with Professor Middleton had one very unexpected result. Of the several important persons who had by degrees associated themselves with us, two or three at least had been interested in my work at the disused marble screens in Rome, and the comparison of their ornamentation with the surface decoration of Anglo-Saxon times in Northumbria. After our return this comparison had occupied a good deal of my time. In the late autumn of 1887 Mr. Percy Gardner resigned the Disney Professorship of Art and Archæology on his appointment to a corresponding Professorship in Oxford. My companions in Rome, and the leading archæologists in Cambridge, surprised me by urging me to become a candidate for the vacant Professorship. I had already more to do than I had properly time to do, and any extra work in term time must be done after ten o’clock at night. Besides, except in the case of Ashley, which has been explained, I had not been a candidate for any appointment in the University; all had been given to me. Finally, I had far too high an idea of professorial work to regard myself as fitted to undertake it. Any amount of administration was welcome; and as a relaxation I had greatly enjoyed the preparation of archæological papers for learned societies, always based upon personal examination of the things discussed, which had meant a great deal of travelling. But a Professorship

was a very different matter. The *Academy* (October 22, 1887) made the following statement :

We understand that an application has been addressed to the Rev. G. F. Browne, of St. Catharine's College, to induce him to offer himself as a candidate. It is greatly to be hoped that he will permit his enthusiasm for early English art to overcome his natural reluctance to add another to the many academical duties which he already discharges.

My determination not to be a candidate was unshaken. The electors were the seventeen Heads of Colleges, and some one of them must have proposed my name. The result was stated in the *Guardian* in the following terms :

Last week the heads of colleges elected the Rev. G. F. Browne, Honorary Fellow of St. Catharine's, to the Disney Professorship of Archæology, for the term of five years. His connection with the Local Lectures and Examinations Syndicate has rendered his name more widely known in all probability than that of any other resident ; as Secretary of the University Commission, and by the discharge of other duties here, he has an exceptional knowledge of all University business. For many years he was an active member of the Alpine Club, and his scientific investigations in regard to ice caves and subterranean ice attracted much interest. For some years past, however, he has devoted himself with characteristic energy to one department of archæology. He was attracted to the study of ancient inscribed stones in the north of England ; he has made interesting investigations regarding them which have been embodied in the valuable memoirs he has read before the Cambridge and other archæological societies. More recently he has extended the range of his inquiries and obtained materials for the comparison of the English stones with similar remains in Italy. There were five candidates.

The Master of Clare, Dr. Atkinson, my very best University friend, in a letter of warm congratulation, told me he had not voted at the election, as I had refused to submit my name to the electors as a candidate. It should be added that the conditions and the stipend were not excessive ; six lectures a year for five years, and a stipend of about £112 ; the subject, classical mediaeval or other antiquities, the fine arts, and all matters connected therewith.

The candidate who was nearly elected, Mr. J. W. Clark, would have made an admirable Professor. I felt this so

much that in the inaugural lecture in the Senate House, after grateful recognition of my predecessor's invaluable work, as instanced in his beautiful book 'The Types of Greek Coins,' and a statement of the adequate arrangements existing in the University for classical archæology, I spoke of Mr. Clark as follows, of course not making any reference to his candidature :

Classical Archæology being thus well cared for among us, the electors to the Disney Professorship have felt themselves free to allow some later centuries to raise their voice in the University. The way had been paved for some such step as this by the publication of a great work, which seized the attention of Cambridge men, and riveted it upon the later middle ages ; setting before us the pedigree as it were of our own collegiate houses ; recovering for us by skilful industry, from incidental entries in college accounts, from scraps of old deeds lying long neglected in our muniment-rooms, from every source which trained ingenuity could suggest and indomitable perseverance reach, something of the earliest appearance, the earliest facts, of our ancestral homes ; teaching us how full and how fascinating could be made the ' Architectural History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge.'

The *Academy* (December 17, 1887) stated the general line of the lectures :

The Rev. G. F. Browne, the new Disney Professor of Archæology at Cambridge, proposes to deliver a course of six lectures next term on 'Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type in the British Islands,' a subject which, we believe, has never been treated in any university. The inaugural lecture will be given in the Senate House on January 31 ; the other lectures in the Museum of Archæology. The present course will be confined to Anglian stones ; and opportunity will be taken to discuss Runic and other inscriptions, the relation of the Christian emblems and the Sagas, and the connection with Rome, Ravenna, &c. In subsequent courses, to be delivered during his five years' tenure of the chair, the professor hopes to treat of the Scottish, Irish, Cornish, Welsh, and Manx sculptured stones.

This programme, enlarged by many investigations in North Italy and elsewhere, was completely carried out. The classes were provided with syllabuses setting forth the habitat of the monuments discussed, and with about 350 illustrations, the great majority of them from my own

facsimiles, reproduced on a small scale by photolithography, and some eight times as many full-size facsimiles. These last I have presented to the University of Bristol. The classes also had all the Runic inscriptions in these islands and many of the Ogams. The cost of visiting these objects at home and abroad, and of reproducing my full-size outlines, used up all the income of the Professorship. The lectures were to have been published in five volumes; but the work which came upon me in London, followed by the cares of a suffragan and a diocesan bishopric, prevented that, and they are now no doubt out of date.

There used to be a school of dull archæologists who not only had not any imagination themselves but regarded the use of imagination by those who happened to have it as an offence against archæology. To find meanings in patterns and devices, references to real persons of the period in surface sculpture of the Anglo-Saxon and early Scandinavian style and times, was to their mind foolish. Not being either scholars or historians, or not being able to give life and actuality to scholarship or history, they had no sympathy with the calculated guesses of those who were more adequately equipped. I well remember the remarks which proceeded from some of them when I interpreted the panels on the great cross now in the parish church at Leeds. They were offended by the use of the imagination in a case which cried out for imaginative or creative treatment. It was always the imaginative side of archæology that attracted me; not dry-as-dust but fresh-as-life.

My most valued colleague in Anglo-Saxon investigation was an excellent example of the dust-dry school. He was perfect in painstaking, and in the draughtsmanship of Celtic and Anglian patterns. He was not a scholar or a historian, and he would not accept my views; but no man ever gave me more help or more pleasant help.

One day I received from him a letter, enclosing a little sketch of a fragment of stone which he had found in the Isle of Man. It had three little peaks in a row, side by side, like 'V' turned upside down. Above them was a horizontal bar, with three lumpy things on it, through which it seemed

to have been thrust, one lump above each peak. And there was a part of a man bending down towards them. He defied me to find any meaning in the thing. I wrote by the next post to beg him to search in the same place for the rest of the stone; he would find on it some or all of the following figures—a big serpent and a man running a sword into it, a bird or two birds with curved beaks, a branch or a tree, and a horse or a horse's head. He replied that he had only sketched part of the stone, and he completed the sketch. All the things I had told him he would find were there, except one. He supposed I must have seen the stone when I was in the Isle of Man. I assured him I had not, but I knew the story very well. The peaks were three flames of fire. The three lumps were the gobbets of the Fafner's heart, being roasted. The birds were the eagles saying to one another what a fool Sigurd was not to kill Reginn, who meant to kill him. The man was Sigurd Fafnesbane, who had just tasted by accident the Fafner's heart, and therefore knew what the birds were saying. The horse was the horse Grani. It was an admirable summary of the story of Sigurd Fafnesbane. Later on I found a stone which shewed Sigurd just putting into his mouth the finger which he had burned in feeling the gobbet of heart to see if it was properly cooked. I did not hear any more scoffs at the use of the imagination, or at the claim that local events or legendary events and persons were shewn in the sculptures which formed the subject of our joint studies.

The chief offence to this dull school came, as I have said, from my explanation of the panels of the pre-Norman cross shaft now housed in the parish church of Leeds. On one of those panels there is a man, apparently with wings, holding above his head at full length the figure of a woman. He holds her aloft in an impossible position by the hair of her head and the tail of her petticoat. When I was studying such things, nothing like this was known in the whole world of art. In a lower corner are four objects which are found on Scandinavian incised stones of about the year 1000 representing the story of Sigurd Fafnesbane. They are the

tools of Reginn the smith, preparing the sword to kill the Fafner, pincers, hammer, bellows, and hand-anvil. The man therefore is a smith. But we have no hint of any carrying off of a damsel by Reginn. The great Scandinavian smith is Völund, our Weyland Smith, whose slab-built 'cave' is near the Berks White Horse. Völund twice carried off a damsel, and in each case there were wings. When the Leeds panel is closely examined, the wings are not part of the man, they are attached, or are being carried, by ropes. In Völund's earlier escapade, he came suddenly upon a swan-maiden when she had taken off her wings and was bathing. He carried her off as she was, and presumably took her wings as well. That perfectly fits this panel. In his second escapade, he was shut up on an island by a hostile king and made to do smith's work for him, his escape being further prevented by his being ham-strung. His brother collected the large feathers of large birds till Völund had enough to make himself wings. Völund then decoyed the king's daughter on to his island to see the gems he was setting. He made her drunk, and fitting on his wings he flew away with her. That again would exactly suit this panel.

The other panel shews a man with a sturdy thrusting sword, with a great round pummel, just like the sword with which Sigurd Fafnesbane is shewn on Scandinavian stones thrusting up, from his trench, into the heart of the Fafner, as it glides over the trench on its daily way to the water. Below his sword hand is a piece of interlacement like a bunch of dead snake. At the man's ear is a bird with a large beak, evidently the eagle of the story, warning Sigurd. Thus the two panels represent Scandinavian Sagas.

My old Icelandic friend, Eiríkr Magnússon, thought that my suggestion that there was only one great smith in the sagas, and that Völund and Reginn are one and the same smith at different epochs, was at least reasonable. That would complete the story.

But a greater offence still was my discovery that the panels had a direct connection with the king to whom this memorial cross was probably put up. A piece of stone

was found along with the broken fragments of the cross shaft with bold runes incised on it, 'Kun . . . Onlaf,' Kununc (possibly Kung) Onlaf, evidently the Danish king of Northumbria.

There were two king Onlafs, Godfreyson and Sihtricsson, first cousins, great-grandsons of Ivar Beinlaus, who was grandson, by his mother Aslauga, of Sigurd Fafnesbane. The Kununc Onlaf of Leeds was the Olilaf of Simeon of Durham (A.D. 941), Godfreyson. Here is a most unexpected family connection between the Danish king commemorated at Leeds, and the subjects on the Leeds Cross of that same date. It is of course easy to say that these Danish genealogies are mythical. That may be true—I do not think it is—but, anyhow, the Danes of Onlaf's time believed them, and that is all that is wanted for my argument. What is more to the point is that the same Olilaf was the Danish king who divided England with our Anglo-Saxon king Edmund. It is quaint that we should have so remarkable a memorial of the Dane and—so far as I know—no memorial at all of the Englishman.

In 1899, when I was Bishop of Bristol, I received an invitation from the President of the Royal Institution, the Duke of Northumberland, to deliver a lecture on Runes and Ogams. The Royal Institution being a society for the development of science, they now and then refreshed themselves by an incursus into literature, and they proposed to finish the session of 1898-9 by a lecture on the subject named. I was warned that the lectures never exceeded an hour, and I brought my lecture to a close to the moment. The President sent the Secretary to ask me to give them a little more; but I had ended with a fillip and preferred not to go on. They published a report of the lecture in twenty-four closely printed pages, with twenty illustrations of runes and ogams. On this occasion I developed a theory which I had already announced, on the origin of ogams, a theory which the two principal writers on ogams had warmly accepted; probably it has been exploded in these days of further light. Ogams are short straight lines scratched parallel or incised on stone monuments,

at right angles with the edge of the stone. One scratch on the face of the stone, at the left-hand edge, means *h*, two mean *d*, three *t*, five *q*. Scratched on the other side of the edge, round the corner as it were, on the side of the stone, they mean *b*, *l*, *f*, *s*, *n*. For the purpose of stating the theory we need not go further than that. It is evident that to cut a group of five lines on a stone is five times as laborious as to cut one line, and yet *n* is far more often used than *b*, and *q* is a common letter while *h* has at most only once been found in Ireland, the home of ogams. Of the vowels, *i* is most commonly in use, and it requires five notches, five times as many as *a*. All this pointed clearly to some method of indicating the letters which made it as easy to shew five lines as one, perhaps easier. In tradition, of very doubtful origin, there had once been only ten ogams, then twelve, then sixteen, then twenty as now, all multiples of five or four. Putting all these points together, it became clear to me that we were dealing with cryptic signs made with the hands. It is easier to hold up the open hand, shewing all five digits, than to hold up one finger or two, or three or four. The whole right hand held up meant *q*, the whole left hand meant *n*, two of the commonest letters. The ogam script is merely a picture of the digits held up. If there is any substance in the tradition, which is rendered rather unpersuasive by the statement that it was Hercules who completed the twenty as we have them now, the multiples of four mean that the four fingers were used and not the thumb. One rather amusing evidence is drawn from the diphthongs, where the fingers of the two hands were used in combination. One line crossed on one, two on two, and four on four, are three of the ogam diphthongs. Why not three on three? The well-known difficulty which most people have in using the third finger exactly as the other fingers will supply the answer. It is not improbable that this difficulty was greater in ancient times than it is now.

CHAPTER XI

Archæology—Lombardic and Byzantine Origin of Anglian Work—The Home of James the Deacon—The Wilne Font—An Early Norman Font—Kirk Braddan—An Arabic Inscription—The Brough Stone—The Bishop of Dowcus—An Inscription at Bath—St. Fabricatus—Stonehenge—The Barbed Wire—The Leaning Stone—The Date—The Caedmon and Bede Crosses—The Date of the Bewcastle and Ruthwell Crosses—Crosses at S. Petronio in Bologna.

MY investigation of patterns for surface decoration on Anglian stones in these islands, and on sculptured stones on the Continent, led me to a new understanding of passages in Bede and Eddi. Of Benedict Biscop, who brought manuscripts and workmen from the Continent of Europe to the early Anglo-Saxon church in Northumbria, and again of Wilfrith, the second founder of our earliest Anglian art, it is told, that they brought masons from Gaul. This cannot mean merely—as it has been supposed to mean—that they brought men who could do the work of erecting stone buildings. They were evidently men who could plan and carry out the erection of Basilicas after the Roman fashion, ‘which he (Biscop) always loved.’ They must have included carvers of stone. But then we do not find in Gaul the traces of an art of decoration comparable with the art of our early Anglian times. The second question then comes, What does Bede mean by Gaul? I suggested long ago that though he may not have known that the information which he received referred to a very different Gaul from that adjacent to Britain, it did really refer to Gallia Cisalpina, Gaul on the Italian side of the Alps. Now the Anglo-Saxon surface decoration is vastly superior to that on the marble screens of Rome, where the motive is

to reproduce the patterns of the open bronze cancelli of the time of the emperors, and there is a lack both of the skilful interlacements of endless bands, signifying eternity, and of the beautiful arabesques, the waving stems of the vine throwing off tendrils to occupy spaces, with birds and small quadrupeds in them. After such investigation as I could carry out, it was only at Brescia that I could find an endless interlacement, on the marble side of the steps up to an *ambo*, of exactly the same pattern that we find in Northumbria; while on the ivory throne of St. Maximian (A.D. 546–552), at Ravenna, I found exactly the vine arabesques which form such a lovely feature of the shafts of the great crosses of Bewcastle and Ruthwell. My explanation of the whole is, that both Biscop and Wilfrith happened to get hold—or I hope by preference got hold—of Lombard architects¹ whose inspiration in surface decoration was the graceful Byzantine, not the non-graceful Roman.

One of the investigations in our own islands which most pleased me in archæological work was connected with the place of residence of James the Deacon, the one stable and abiding element of the conversion of Northumbria by Paulinus. Paulinus fled from his post in fear, as others of the Italians had done farther south before his time. James stuck to his work; and in recognition of his steadfastness the next generation named the place of his abode after him.² This name was understood to have passed mediaevally into the form Akeburgh. It was somewhere not far from *Cataracta*, Catterick. At Hauxwell, in that region, there is an Anglian cross in the churchyard, with a little panel and an inscription which had caused it to be known as the Cross of James, presumably James the Deacon. Fifty years before my visit, the inscription had been legible and a tracing had been made of it by Sister Dora and the then curate of the parish. He was still living, and I saw his tracing *Haec est crux sancti Jacobi*.

¹ The anonymous *History of the Abbats* uses the word *architectos* in place of the *caementarios* of Bede's *History of the Abbats* and of Eddi's *Life of Wilfrith*.

² Bede *H.E.*, ii. 20. 'Cujus nomine vicus in quo maxime solebat habitare juxta Cataractam, usque hodie cognominatur.'

On taking a rubbing of the panel with very thin tracing paper and a very soft black pencil, I found faint indications which confirmed parts of this, and the capital letter of 'Jacobi' was quite clear; it was the characteristic capital 'G' of the Anglo-Saxon script. As that initial letter was certainly pronounced by our forefathers as a sharp 'y,' as in our words year (A.S. gear) and yea (A.S. gae), it occurred to me that Akeburgh—if it represented *Jacobi burgus*—would naturally be pronounced with an initial 'Yak,' probably with a vowel sound to follow. I asked an old labourer, who was watching my work, if he knew of any place in those parts called Yakoburh. 'Ay,' he said, 'yon's Yakbur doon be t' watter.' On my map I had noticed the little place, spelled Aikbar. 'Why's it called Yakbur?' I asked. 'Cos yaks grows theer, wot soom forks caws ooaks.' As a Yorkshire man, 'yakruns' was familiar to me for 'acorns,' and 'yaks' for 'oaks,' but I tried to get the right meaning of Yakbur into my old adviser's mind. There no doubt was the actual spot where James the Deacon dwelt on through the destruction, and there was the water in which he continued to baptise. I am quite of opinion that James the Deacon had a very pure spring of drinking water at the spot where Hauxwell now stands, and that the name Hauxwell is Yaucswell, with the broad pronunciation of the 'a' in Jacobi.

On my return to the Aycliffe railway station, the old Anglo-Saxon place Aclea, where a well-known synod was held, a railway porter wrote me a lecture on the remarkable persistence of Anglo-Saxon pronunciation in Northumbria, in direct continuation of my experience at Hauxwell. 'Aclea' was no doubt the 'oak lea' of early Anglian times, and was then pronounced as the Yorkshire man would now pronounce it, Yak lea. The railway porter was writing on a truck, in white chalk, 'Return to Aycliffe.' What he wrote was, 'Return to Yakley.'

Somewhere in the early eighties four volumes of description of the churches of Derbyshire were published by an eminent archæologist, Dr. J. Charles Cox. An unsolved problem was started in connection with the font

in Wilne Church. There was an inscription round the font which no one had been able to read. Dr. Cox gave an excellent drawing of the font and the inscription. He had taken endless pains in the matter, as was his wont. He had sent facsimiles of the inscription to all manner of learned societies and learned persons. Each of those from whom any answer had been received attributed it to a script unknown to them or him. One authority said it must be runic ; but anything less like runes it would have been difficult to invent. Much more probable was the guess that it might be Syro-Phœnician, an inscription having been found in that script at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in connection—as far as I remember—with a money-lender in the Roman army. Palmyrene was, I think, a more detailed suggestion. The Phœnician suggestion had this to say for itself, that the inscription seemed to ring the changes on the Hebrew letters *b*, *d*, *r*.

None of the learned societies or learned men appeared to have thought of the obvious plan of turning the drawing upside down. The surface ornament of the font was very fine, six panels of Anglo-Saxon dragons, birds, &c., beautifully hampered by interlacements. Excellently drawn as they were, they looked confused. The moment the book was turned upside down they fell into place at once ; it was a remarkable example of fidelity of drawing. The inscription also fell into place at once. The font was a fragment of a cylindrical shaft which must have been of consummate beauty of surface design. It had tapered slightly but decidedly upwards. It had had in alternate tiers bands of dragonesque interlacements in six panels, and two rows of apostles, six in a row. At some time of sacrilegious destruction the column had been smashed. The font was a portion of it, set upside down, that is, tapering downwards. The fracture had spared one band of dragonesque panels, and had broken the shaft off at the feet and ankles of one of the rows of apostles. Turned upside down, the feet or boots looked very like Hebrew letters, especially as in one case a small portion of the hem of a tunic had come away at the fracture.

I wrote to the incumbent and asked him if it was possible to see the font from one of the doors of the church. He said it was. Then I would come to Wilne, with my report on the inscription, and would glance at the font from the open door ; if I was right I would put the report into his hands at once. A glance shewed that I was right, and I handed in my report, something as follows :

The inscription is in two hexameters, consisting of twelve feet. The interpretation is—

‘ Turn me up and you will see
Pairs of feet, three and three.’

Two experiences in archæological investigation remain persistently in my mind, one of them very pretty, the other quaintly trying.

I was making a careful facsimile of the most remarkable of a line of striking fonts of at least early Norman times between Malton and Driffeld. The aged incumbent came in, the owner, I think, of advowson and manor. He talked pleasantly for some little time, rather insistent in a quiet manner, which I could not quite understand, and then went away. He came back after a time, and, begging my pardon, asked if I was connected with those parts. No, not at all. No relations in the neighbourhood ? No, none. Not even many years ago ? No ; but one of my grandfathers, dead before my time, held the living of Fridaythorpe on the wolds, if that was anywhere near. ‘ Anne Forrest ! I knew it from your voice ! ’ The old man had evidently been an admirer of my mother, now nearly a hundred years ago, and had never seen her since about 1820. And he recognised a particularly sweet woman’s voice in my rough bass ! The natural thing would have been that he should make me his heir. But when he died soon after, he left a bankrupt estate.

The other experience came about in this way. I was working in the same manner at the runic stones at Kirk Braddan in the Isle of Man, at that time exposed in the churchyard. A charmingly handsome lady came and stood by, perfectly dressed, gloves, boots, everything. She asked

me some question about the shaft I was rubbing, in a delightful voice and manner, evidently greatly interested. I shewed her the remarkable details of the sculpture ; pointed out the interlacements of the dragons ; explained that the entanglements of their limbs were a symbol of the dominating power of the Cross ; spelled out for her the runic inscription ; pointed out the lateness of some of its letters, and the disputed presence of two of them ; and gave the rendering :

Thurlabr : neaki : risti : krus : thono : aft : fiak : sun : sin : bruthur : sun : eabrs. Thurlabr Neaki carved this cross after ¹ Fiak his son brother's son of Eab.

The runes especially interested her, as, in fact, they usually do interest people. It was quite delightful. I was proceeding to expound the other shafts to her, thoroughly enjoying the evident pleasure she felt in the exposition, when some people came up. They were her party. What *had* she been doing ?—‘ Been looking at what this gentleman is doing ; I suppose people can be found to take interest in *anything* ! ’ And off she went.

Another inscription, which had never been read, was on the top of a beautiful enamelled box, very old. This time it was cursive Arabic, written across the right-hand upper corner of the lid ; and in the same corner, pointing inwards towards the group of figures on the lid, was a hand, with fingers stretched out towards the main figure, a baptism. It was sent to me with great care for some suggestion as to the Arabic inscription. A glance again settled the matter, coupled with some knowledge of the beautiful outlining of clouds found in Anglo-Saxon drawings. The Arabic inscription was the outline of the cloud from which proceeded the Hand of the Father, pointing towards the well-beloved Son.

To give the story of the Brough stone at fitting length is out of the question. The main features of the story ought to be given here.

At Brough in Westmorland they were altering the porch of the church, and in or below the foundations they found

¹ In memory of.

the stone. The inscription was long and illegible. I had been fishing with my oldest of friends, Archdeacon Prescott, at Carlisle, and just as I was leaving for the October term in Cambridge I saw on his table a representation of the stone. There was no time to study it; but I saw what it was, and I traced on a piece of tracing paper the first two lines, saying nothing about it, as is the way with archæologists. Next June I could get away to see the stone itself. A facsimile had been sent off for interpretation to Professor George Stephens of Copenhagen, a correspondent of mine on runic inscriptions, and in due course he returned it, read as runes, with an English translation.

Next May, Isaac Taylor came to stay with me in Cambridge. One morning he had a letter from Professor Sayce, and exclaimed 'Sayce has read a runic inscription as Greek!'—'Not a word more, I've got something to shew you,' and I brought my piece of tracing paper. 'The stone was found at Brough, in Westmorland.' He looked at the letter—'Yes, Brough; but what do you know about it?'—'Here are the two first lines of it, written in archaic Greek letters.'

That would have raised, if it had been worth while to raise it, a curious question of 'priority,' a point on which foreign *savants* are apt to lay much stress, not unnaturally. Before saying something of the acquisition of the stone for Cambridge, it may be mentioned that another question of 'priority' came at the end of the story. Five or six letters very near the end, in the fifth hexameter of the inscription, had almost entirely disappeared, and had originally been very poorly cut. One day the Public Orator brought to me a Latin letter from the Academy of Berlin, informing Cambridge that Berlin had at last succeeded in reading the word, *αγαθος*—what was he to reply? I gave him an extract from the Cambridge Antiquarian Society's 'Proceedings' of February 23, 1885, three months before, in which I had shewn that the word was *αγαθος*.

The next autumn I had to read a paper at the Church Congress at Carlisle, and again stayed with Prescott. The vicar of Brough attended the Congress, and I asked him

to come and see me at Prescott's canonry house. He came. I asked him what they meant to do with the stone. An aisle of the church needed repairs to the roof which they could not afford ; they had offered the stone to the British Museum, at a price which would do the repairs ; but they had not had an answer. 'And the price was ?'— 'Thirty pounds.'—'Would he take my cheque now for £35, in case the Museum said no ?' Yes, he would, and he did.

Some time after, he wrote to tell me that the Museum had more stones than they could house, and they didn't want it. So it was mine, and I found by my pass book that they cashed my cheque. The stone, however, delayed its coming, and I wrote to say it must be sent off. It was sent accordingly, and it arrived ; but before its actual arrival a telegram came to say they had received a cheque for £40 from a gentleman at Oxford for the stone, and I was bound in honour either to send £5 more or to return the stone. I asked, would £40 secure it ? No, the other offer was completely elastic ; anything necessary for securing the stone would be forthcoming. The letter also informed me that on receiving the Oxford cheque they had sent a man to overtake the cart on its way to the station and bring back the stone. The man had arrived at the station just in time to see the tail of the train.

A difficult correspondence ensued ; so difficult that though I was acting entirely alone, and told no one what was going on, I found that the University was supposed to be concerned. I asked the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Ferrers, Master of Gonville and Caius, a man of clear and sound judgment, whose opinion on any question of University propriety everyone was ready to accept, and Dr. Luard the Registrar, a man of like character, and Henry Bradshaw the Librarian, another man of like character, to let me meet them and state the facts and read the letters on both sides. They were unanimous in approving my attitude. Thereupon I closed the correspondence, and arranged to give the precious stone to the Fitzwilliam Museum. Several men asked to give £5 each, so as to have a share in the gift, and

seven of us were to give it. Many more were anxious to take part, and at last thirty-five of us gave a guinea each, the odd shilling providing a perfect autotype of the stone for each.

Considering my unbounded confidence in the judgment of Dr. Atkinson on any delicate matter, it was a special pleasure to receive the following letter :

Clare College Lodge,
May 9, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. BROWNE,—Accept my best thanks for the autotype copy of the Brough Stone. It seems to me admirably done, and I shall value it very highly, not only on that account, but as a monument of your invincible energy and sagacity.

Yours most sincerely,

E. ATKINSON.

The University gave me a cast of the stone, which I in turn gave to the University of Bristol, along with my whole collection of rubbings of sculptured stones at home and abroad.

Trouble was by no means at an end. The archæologists of the north were up in arms. They resented the carrying off of their stone. Chancellor Ferguson was angry, with an anger that produced long letters in the *Athenæum*. My old and kind friend Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, wrote to me very seriously on the ecclesiastical position. I was accused of wasting the goods of the Church of Brough, an inapt description of repairing its roof. There were several points on which to shew fight. The stone was not part of the goods of the Church. There was no inventory of patens, and chalices, and altar books, and ‘one pagan stone in honour of a false god.’ Besides ecclesiastical censures and possibly a suit in the bishop’s court, the Chancellor found—to his own satisfaction—that I could be put in prison. The attack wasted itself upon an impregnable position.

I have sometimes been asked where a description of the stone and the inscription is to be found, but I have lost all record. It may be as well to give the inscription here, just

as it stands on the stone, especially as the clever suggestion of words to fill the hiatus at the end ought to be mentioned.

εκκαιδεχεται τις ιδων τυμβω σκεφθεντ υπο μοιρης
ερμη κομμαγηνον επος φρασατο τοδ οδειτης
χαιρε συ παι παρ εμου κηπερ θνητον βιον ερπης
ωκυτατ επτης γαρ μεροπων επι κιμμεριων γην
κου ψευσει αγαθος γαρ ο παις ερμην ακολουθει

In two cases the accusative *ν* is omitted on the stone ; it is inserted here. With that exception the inscription is as given, except the last two words.

The inscription was set in facsimile as a problem in the Second Part of the Classical Tripos. It was read by the present Provost of King's, a candidate in that Tripos, and he filled the hiatus with the perfectly apposite words *ερμην ακολουθει*.

In fairness to Professor Stephens it should be said that he sent the facsimile of the inscription to the Professor of Greek at Copenhagen. It was returned to him as not being Greek, and so he attacked it as being in runes. His rendering as put by him into modern English was as follows :

Ingalang in Buckenhome bigged this gravekist of Cimokom, Ahl's wife but born in Ecby at Ackleigh. Holy into destruction walked she. The mound Oscil, Osbiol, Cuhl, Oeki made. The body all-friend Christ, young, reaches after death ; eke sorrow's cry never moves me more.

Professor E. C. Clark gave the following rendering of the Greek :

Hermes of Commagene here—
Young Hermes, in his sixteenth year—
Entombed by fate before his day
Beholding, let the traveller say :—
Fair youth, my greeting to thy shrine
Though but a mortal course be thine,
Since all too soon thou wing'dst thy flight
From realms of speech to realm of night ;
Yet no misnomer art thou shewn,
Who with thy namesake God art flown.

Inscriptions in black letter are naturally not easy to read until you get a clue. There is a black letter inscription in the floor of the south ambulatory of the choir of Beverley

Minster which used to puzzle people very much ; it purported to be in memory of a Bishop of Dowcus, near the Reformation period. No one could find that any bishop *in partibus* had any title at all resembling that. It was just the sort of problem that at that time was specially interesting to me. Besides, Beverley had long had an attraction for me by reason of King Athelstane's sanctuary crosses, *cruces lapideae mirabili celatura*, set a mile away from the town on each of the four roads. So a pilgrimage was made. The old lady who attended to the church led me to the Dowcus stone. It was evident that the spelling was not Douucus. After long consideration, the final *s* revealed itself as *e*. The *cu* looked like an *m*. The first stroke after the *Do* became an *r* ; only a single stroke was left, an *i*. The word was Dorime, a frequent form of 'Durham' from Norman times. 'Of your charite praie for ye soule of William somtyme bysshop of Dorime and prebendarye of thys church.' It was William Siveyer, Bishop of Durham 1502-5, who had been Abbat of St. Mary's York and Prebendary of Beverley. I sent the discovery—which on other accounts was very interesting—to Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham. He was delighted. That was the only one of his predecessors whose place of burial he had been unable to trace. The Prince Bishops of Durham had manors at convenient distances from each other, which formed resting-places for them and their cavalcade as they journeyed south, and were counted as bits of the county of Durham till modern times. One of these was no great distance from Beverley.

A rather marked example of divergence in the interpretation of inscriptions is to be found at Bath. In a case in the Pump Room there, containing Roman coins, a small sheet of metal is shewn, with an incised inscription. The following statement is appended to it :

Read by Professor Sayce as a record of the cure of a Roman lady by the Bath Waters, attested by three witnesses ; read by Professor Zangermeister as a curse on a man for stealing a tablecloth ; by others as a curse on some one for stealing a Roman slave.

The nearness in idea, in those days, of a blessing from the gods of nature and a curse will not be regarded as surprising. The connection between the cure of sciatica and the theft of a table-cloth seems more remote.

A. W. Franks, during whose Presidency of the Society of Antiquaries I was a vice-president, told me an interesting story of the skill and readiness of forgers of antiques. Dredging operations were going on at St. Paul's wharf, and a large number of curious things were found. Medals of considerable size were among the finds. He drew an obverse and reverse of a medal, took it to the foreman of the dredging operations, and asked him if they had come across that medal. No, they had not, but of course they might come across one; if they did they would let him know. In three or four weeks' time they had the astonishing luck to come upon the very identical thing. The foreman himself brought it to Franks, so unfeignedly delighted was he to have found the desired medal. The thing was correct in every point. Franks asked the man if he knew the meaning of the inscription under the head of the obverse. No, he did not; he understood it was Latin. 'So it is; *S. Fabricatus*, the forged Saint.' The man fled.

On the night of the last day of last century a great calamity befell the most remarkable of our prehistoric monuments, the temple of Stonehenge. A pedlar had scraped out a place for his fire against one of the uprights of a noble trilithon; and in the storm that followed, the whole trilithon was blown down.

The careful owner and custodian of Stonehenge, Sir Edmund Antrobus, requested the Society of Antiquaries to give advice. Viscount Dillon was at the time President of the Society, and steps were taken for the formation of a Stonehenge Committee of a representative character. The Wilts Archæological Society was naturally to be represented. I was at that time President of the Society, and I had recently been a Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, so my name was included, and when Lord Dillon was absent I acted as Chairman. This happened to be the case at the meeting which led to a great deal of public

discussion. We were all agreed that it was unsafe to leave this great monument entirely open to a wandering public. It must be protected from mischief wrought by casual passers-by. Whether the mischief was wilful or merely ignorant did not matter ; it must be stopped. In other words, Stonehenge must be fenced. The fence must not be unsightly ; it must not impede the view of the monument ; it must not be of a nature to make a large call upon the resources of the anxious owner. My Richborough experience¹ of course suggested barbed wire. But then a circle of barbed wire run round the circle of stones would look very queer, and the suggestion emerged that a considerable area should be included within the fence, so that the barbed wire should look more like an inconspicuous estate fence, that happened to pass near Stonehenge at one point, than a Stonehenge fence. We could not escape from the fact that a roadway runs so near one side of the monument that it all but encroaches upon the containing vallum, and the proximity of the fence to the monument on that side was felt to be a serious objection. Still, we agreed to advise that a fence of barbed wire should be put round a large area of the plain, sweeping round Stonehenge at the point referred to. Our advice was subject of course to there being no right of way in any of the numerous tracks across the characteristic turf of the district. We advised that there should be a gate of entrance with a box for an attendant, and that a charge should be made to those who wished for a closer inspection than could be made from the nearest distance allowed by the wire on the side of the roadway, about thirty yards.

The work was carried out, and of course it led to a great deal of disturbance. We were called all sorts of impolite names. Objections of all kinds were raised, no one of which, as far as I saw, had not been forestalled in our discussions. That is one of the things that anyone who has filled a public position has had to experience time after time. 'Why didn't the fool of a man see that it would mean so-and-so !' when he had carefully considered that very objection and

¹ Chapter XVI.

for superabundant reasons had not been deterred by it. Rights of way were claimed for tracks which were only the evidence of free trespass, and certainly were not tracks made for the purpose of visiting Stonehenge. From Parish Council the affair passed on to County Council. The County Council appointed a committee of three to inquire, consider, and report, the Hon. Percy Wyndham (Chairman), the Marquis of Bath, and Mr. John Fuller. The committee advised against interference. After reading over their reports for the purpose of this little record, it seems to me that the summary given by the *Devizes and Wilts Gazette* of April 24, 1902, is a fair summary.

Mr. Wyndham and Lord Bath are decidedly against the idea of there being any public rights in the tracks now enclosed within the fence, and therefore advise against County Council interference. Mr. John Fuller, on the evidence produced, is of a contrary opinion; but he is not satisfied with the evidence,¹ and would not recommend interference by the County Council without a fuller inquiry.

That ended the question of interference by the County Council. One sentence of Lord Bath's report may be quoted with special approval:

If proper steps are to be taken to protect Stonehenge—in view especially of the large increase of visitors that may be expected under the conditions now (April 1904) arising on Salisbury Plain, and the proximity of railways lately undertaken—no matter who the individual or authority may be to undertake such steps, it will be absolutely necessary that measures should be taken to regulate the ingress and egress of the public, and their conduct while there.

The Committee further recommended to Sir Edmund Antrobus the making safe of one of the trilithons which was gradually twisting round to such an extent that the capstone would eventually fall, and after that, the raising of the famous 'leaning stone' to its original vertical position. We went to Amesbury, and visited Stonehenge with Sir Edmund and Lady Antrobus. They generously agreed to undertake these important tasks. When I was closely

¹ On the ground that the evidence was *ex parte*, and the petitioners would not allow the committee to cross-examine.

examining the leaning stone, I found that about a third of the way down from the top there was an important crevice, which in the leaning position of the stone ran vertically down into it. Any rain must fill this crevice, and if frost followed, the expansion of the ice would break off the upper third of the stone. On shewing this to Lord Dillon, he agreed that we must alter the order of the works and undertake the leaning stone first. To this Sir Edmund at once agreed, and the leaning stone was accordingly dealt with immediately, with complete success, under the skilful charge of Professor Gowland and Mr. Detmar Blow. The discovery of the crevice was very fortunate, for there had been considerable opposition, on sentimental grounds, to raising the stone from its remarkably characteristic position. It may be added that we had evidence that within the memory of man the downward slant of the stone had decidedly increased.

Sir Edmund Antrobus had always stipulated that there should be no digging at Stonehenge for archæological purposes, and we had always accepted that stipulation. In order to erect the leaning stone into a vertical position, the earth above its buried end had to be removed. The raising of the stone naturally revealed the earth below, on which the buried end had rested, and the contents of the earth. Numerous blocks of stone were thus revealed, their flat sides much striated. They evidently were the stones that had been used for wearing down the roughness of the great monolith by friction, being dragged backwards and forwards on the surface of the monolith in its recumbent position. All that was revealed was clearly of the stone age. On one of the blocks there was a 'blaze' of blue, and this on analysis revealed the presence of copper. Thus the bronze age was just beginning when the monoliths were being smoothed. That gave the date from 1600 to 1800 before Christ. On the next 21st of June, when Norman Lockyer and F. Penrose determined the angle between the line in which the first ray of the sun at the summer solstice struck the sacrificial stone originally and the line in which it now strikes it, the angle gave a period of nearly 3600

years. That gave on astronomical grounds a date of about 1700 before Christ, a very convincing agreement with the date given by the presence of a small amount of copper among implements of the stone age.

In 1898, on the vigorous initiative of Canon Rawnsley, some of us determined that our age should set up great crosses as noble as those which the later part of the seventh century set up at Ruthwell and Bewcastle. There were two persons living at that period (670-685) of whom it was evident that there must be a memorial in Northumbria, Caedmon the divine poet of the Angles, and Bede the historian of the Church of the English. The one must be honoured at Whitby, the other at some place near Jarrow, but far enough off to escape the sulphurous fumes of factories. The place chosen was Roker Point.

The Caedmon Cross is 19 ft. 6 in. high, about 2 ft. higher than the Ruthwell Cross. The flowing vine, which covers two of the sides at Ruthwell, is replaced by the wild rose on one face and the English apple on another. The figures are those of our Lord in blessing, David playing the harp, the Abbess Hild, Caedmon himself, and four of the Whitby students of his period (A.D. 680), Bosa, Aetla, Oftfor, and John, all of whom, as well as their famous fellow-student Wilfrith, became bishops. The nine lines of Caedmon's first sacred song on the Creation,

Now must we praise
The Warden of Heaven's realm,
The Creator's might
And His mind's thought
The works of the glorious Father,

are incised on the face, in Anglo-Saxon in runes and in Anglian minuscules, and also in English. Lord Normanby got Alfred Austin the Poet Laureate to inaugurate the Cross, which he did felicitously, and a descriptive address was given after his speech. We had a happy time at Mulgrave. Fortunately the German guns did not find the lovely monument; the great Abbey ruin was an easier mark and more conspicuous, at the bombardment of this famous 'fortress' in December 1914.

The Bede Cross was higher still, 25 feet, it always seems to me to be too high. It is a very marvellous piece of work, the design worked out, like that of the Bede Cross, by my old colleague in Anglo-Saxon work Mr. C. C. Hodges, architect, of Hexham, a man who put love into his work and had endless skill. It well deserves, and it bears well, the closest examination. We determined that the inscriptions should be in Bede's own words, first his death song, in its original language in runes, and again in Modern English in block letters, and then passages from his writings, in the bold script of Acca's cross, shewing his minute care to secure accuracy. I took these from his explanation of his methods in the prefaces to his 'History of the Church of the English' and his 'Life of St. Cuthbert,' as a lesson to all writers of history. The former was addressed to the most glorious King Ceolwulf, the latter to the holy bishop Eadfrith and the brethren who serve Christ in the Island of Lindisfarne. Besides all manner of beautiful interlacing patterns, there are busts of several of Bede's contemporaries, the Kings Ecgrith and Ceolwulf, Bishops Acca and Egbercht (afterwards Archbishop), Abbats Benedict Biscop, Eosterwine, Siegfrieth, Ceolfrith of the Codex Amiatinus, and Huaetbercht, Trumbercht Doctor, and John Arch Chanter. There are five bas-reliefs of scenes from Bede's life. The cross was unveiled on October 11, 1904, by the Archbishop of York after prayer by the Bishop of Durham. A special hymn was sung, its first stanza being :

God of our life by Wear and Tyne !
 To touch the heart and teach the eyes,
 We set to-day this ' beacon-sign ' ¹
 Of Bede the honoured and the wise.

The hymn was written by Canon H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, to whose initiation and energy and fertility of literature and resource the nation owes the Caedmon Cross and the Bede Cross and much else. Though not myself able to be present, I see that the *Manchester Guardian* (October 12, 1904) said there was the authority of the Bishop

¹ A quotation from the earliest piece of prose English remaining in its original form, on the Bewcastle Cross, A.D. 670.

of Bristol for saying 'it is the most beautiful piece of work of this character which exists. It comes nearer to a representation of one of the marvellous pages of the Lindisfarne Gospels than anything else that can be shewn.'

The date of the two ancient cross-shafts at Bewcastle and Ruthwell has of late been the subject of some rather elaborate criticism. The runic inscriptions on the Bewcastle Cross state that it was erected in memory of King Alchfrith, son of Oswy, in the first year of King Ecgrith, that is, A.D. 670. It is archaic to the last degree. It carries, in runes, the names of the contemporary members of the royal family of Mercia, into which Alchfrith had married. It is inconceivable that all this can have been done in the eleventh or twelfth century, or that a monument of this magnitude can have been erected then. Mr. Henry Sweet used to date the Anglo-Saxon literature on the cross-shaft at a later period, but after the work that some of us did some forty years ago he dated it as 'about 700.' The still more magnificent shaft at Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire shews an advance in art upon the art work at Bewcastle. The only period at which the Northumbrian Angles had possession of that part of Scotland was the later part of the reign of Ecgrith, named on the Bewcastle Cross. The Ruthwell Cross might in fact have been closely copied from the ivory chair mentioned on page 199, that of Archbishop Maximian of Ravenna, A.D. 546-552, and it is probable that the Brescian sculptor had plans of that beautiful work of art. It seems childish to trace the exquisite gracefulness of its vine arabesques to a vastly inferior source in an age when art was dead, and to claim, for example, that the renewal of church life in Caledonia under King David was the occasion of the setting up of the Ruthwell Cross, with its great array of Anglian Runes, of which it is probable that no one in Caledonia then knew or cared anything. The fine poem of which several stanzas are inscribed on it in runes, 'The Dream of the Holy Rood,' has been ascribed to Caedmon, and there is a tradition that Caedmon's name was on the cross. When the great monument was put under cover in the parish church, with a circular iron stair round

it, I got to the top of the cross, 17 ft. 6 in. high, and took rubbings and squeezes of the horizontal top and the sides of the uppermost key of the cross-head. These shew clearly the name Cadmon,¹ in bind-runes. The present war has prevented my sending the squeezes to one who was a friend and a fellow-inquirer into these delightful things of old time, Herr Brandl, the Professor of English Literature at Berlin. It is not agreeable to refer to one's own books, but there are illustrations of these crosses, and reproductions of the runic inscriptions, and a translation of the whole of the extended poem 'The Dream of the Holy Rood,' in my books 'The Conversion of the Heptarchy,' and 'Theodore and Wilfrith,' both published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

In the nave of S. Petronio in Bologna there are several sculptured crosses of the shape and size of some of the smaller Anglo-Saxon crosses in Northumbria. They stand on very high pedestals in S. Petronio, so high that I had to persuade an authority to let me have a ladder to take rubbings of them. They used to stand in the open, outside the town, on the several roads leading into the country, as did the beautifully sculptured crosses which King Athelstan erected to mark the extreme limits of the famous sanctuary of Beverley. They are treasured as remarkable survivals from ancient times. Their decoration is a combination of the floral ornament of the 'Arian Crosses' and the early Italian interlacement-work, so poor in comparison with ours. One of the many studies which episcopal work forced me to abandon was that of the Arian Crosses, Arian Baptisteries, &c., from the point of view of artistic decoration.

¹ Cadmon, not Caedmon.

CHAPTER XII

Dr. Thompson—Birched by the Same Man—Archdeacon Balston—The York Accent—My Grandmother—Dr. Bateson—His Death—The Mastership of St. Catharine's—G. F. Reyner—Dr. Perowne—His Fate—Vice-Chancellor—A Drawer of Reports—James Stuart—A Parting Presentation—Henry Bradshaw—Proposed Union of King's and St. Catharine's—Henry Fawcett—His Fishing Achievement—Dr. Lightfoot—Romauntsch Studies—His Latest Climb—Dr. Hort—Romauntsch Statutes of the Engadine—Wallon—King Leopold and Spa—Dr. Westcott—Dr. Lightfoot's Funeral—St. Ignatius' Church—Dr. Westcott on Oxford—His Latest Letter to Me—His Latest Votes—His Pectoral Cross—Compulsory Greek.

DR. THOMPSON, the Master of Trinity, fills a large place in the memory of anyone who was privileged to know more than just the noble surface of the man. To me and mine he was more than kind. He was not very far from his end when I last saw him. He had sent to ask me to come and tell him 'all about the Brough Stone,' and we went through every word of it, palaeographically and otherwise, the Master shewing extreme interest. I believe that my wife was the last lady he saw outside his own household. The first drive his widow took after his death, she came to bring me his favourite water-colour, by Ward, of the towers of York Minster from Petergate. Our more intimate acquaintance began at a Council meeting. He leaned across the table and said in that fine manner of his—'I understand, Mr. Browne, that you and I were at the same school.' My answer was improperly flippant, and for the time it checked the flow of kindness. 'No, Master; we were birched by the same man.' He was evidently and justly chilled, and I always wondered that he more than forgave me. The fact was that in his earliest years he was at a small school

in York, somewhere in or off Micklegate I think, and what was then called an usher was promoted from that school and became in time the second master at the York School, St. Peter's. Who that was there ever forgot that second master, Tommy Richardson ! As in our future intercourse with Dr. Thompson I kept very clear of mention of 'Tommy,' I never ascertained whether in Tommy's unrestricted youth he ever did really operate on his pupil as I had suggested.

My statement that we were 'birched by the same man' was metaphorical. Whether or not my interlocutor was ever birched by him I certainly never was. The sufferings of previous generations of schoolboys at his hands had been so serious that at the time of my arrival in his form he had been deprived of the power of the cane. All he could do to me was to send me to the bottom and then 'take places' so that my record for that occasion was eighteen or twenty instead of more moderate figures. That method of marking led to curious results, as might be expected from so wooden an arrangement. My first prize—and last, till the very end—was obtained in a viva voce examination in four subjects, in each of which the number of my place was 3, a total of 12, while the boys who really knew anything had been sent to the bottom before it came to my turn to go there, and the order 'take places' had been issued. The prize was a book which had the merit of congruity ; it was entitled 'Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity.' That came at the end of my first half year. No more prizes came till the end of the last half year, when it is presumable that at the age of eighteen and a half some effort had begun to be made. Again the grace of congruity appeared in the title of the book, D'Aubigny's 'History of the Reformation.' The congruity was ironical. I sometimes wonder whether it was good for me that Tommy had been deprived of the power of the cane before I came into his clutches.

We hear much of the severity of schools about that time, but even at my dame's school I was only whipped once. The excellent lady who did the teaching was very kindly ; but she kept a husband to do the other part. He

did it quite as well as she did her part, and with even greater zest. He was cross-eyed, and lame of one leg, and one of his feet turned in. He did his part in the spirit of adjusting the balance between himself and shapelier specimens of male humanity. He was set on to me soon after I reached the tender age of eight, and he applied the machinery of his department with so much success that for the rest of my three years there was no further need for an interview. The offence was one that at several stages of my early career brought me into disfavour with school authorities; both in itself, and because it tended towards less than quite respectful reference to the manners of one's superiors. It consisted in yielding to an inclination to parody. In the case in question there was not any disrespectful reference; but the act was held to be a disrespectful act, and as such to entitle me to procedure of an educational character. We were reciting the 'Gladiator,' and the line beginning with 'butchered' had woven itself into a realistic reference to the educational side of our schooling, as also had the 'young barbarians.' But those were *arcana*. What did emerge, publicly, when my turn came, was this:

His eyes were with his heart and that was far away,
It was carried away in a cart only the other day.

Who can doubt that the departmental treatment which followed deprived the world of a poet?

Archdeacon Balston once told me an interesting story of forgetfulness as to the exact amount of personal treatment of this character in the course of a school career. He had asked me to go to Bakewell for an inspection of the collection of ancient fragments of sculptured stones there, with a view to a paper on them at an archæological Congress at Derby. When I got there, he told me he wished it had been the day before. He had met two parties of four men on a walking-tour, all Eton pupils of his, indeed I think it was three parties of four, who had converged by chance at Bakewell. He had them all to dinner. After dinner they discussed the question of flogging, and its disappearance

as compared with the good old times. He told me he said to them that when he was Master it had almost gone out ; he didn't suppose he had ever touched any one of those present. The countenance of the man to whom he was speaking underwent a change. The Archdeacon's eye went round the table ; each countenance in turn changed. ' What ! ' he said, ' all of you ? ' ' Yes, sir,' the first man replied, ' all of us.'

Dr. Thompson used often to talk to me very genially about York. His father was a solicitor there. ' I cannot trace any remains of the York accent in you, Mr. Browne, and yet you continued to live in the neighbourhood of York for many years. My father sent me away at the age of thirteen, that I might lose the accent. I remember when I was a boy of fourteen or fifteen, walking with my father in Lendal ; we met a lady. My father introduced me to her, and she shook hands with me. When we moved on my father said to me, " Always remember, my boy, that you have shaken hands with the most beautiful woman in York." That, Mr. Browne, was your grandmother.' No wonder I enjoyed and verbally remember such talk as that.

Unfortunately the recollection of a very brilliant discourse by Dr. Thompson is very far from clear. It was fifty years ago, and that may partly account for the inadequacy of recollection. In those days there was time in my life for dabbling in science, and one result was membership of the Council of the University Philosophical Society. Desiring to be expansive, we elected the Regius Professor of Greek, Dr. Thompson, our President for the year. He attended our meetings, usually with a very luminous air about his face and head. At the end of the year he dined the Council in his rooms in Trinity. In response to the toast of the Chairman's health he gave us a résumé of the scientific facts he had picked up in his year of office, a delightfully clever essay in topsy-turveydom. Only one minor detail of the skilled confusion abides in my memory ; I hear him delivering it as I write. ' One of my most interesting evenings with you, gentlemen, was on the occasion of a microscopic examination of a small red spider ; the little creature, which,

as I understood the lecturer to say, imparts the well-known warlike tint to the planet Mars.'

Another pen is telling stories of Dr. Thompson's sayings, so I resist the temptation to tell one and another, lest it should appear in my friend's list. The first words I heard him speak when I became a member of the Council of the Senate were typical. Arthur Holmes was earnestly begging that a proposed course should not be taken. It would hurt the feelings of very many of the old Members of the Senate. Thompson leaned back in his chair, and with a look and tone of complete detachment from everything mundane, said slowly and judicially, 'By *old*, Mr. Holmes, do you mean superannuated ?'

The death of Dr. Bateson was directly due to a meeting of the Commission, and to his consideration for a political opponent. The time had come for the three representatives of each of the seventeen colleges to meet the Commissioners for the consideration of the college statutes. The representatives of each college, at their special meeting with the Commissioners, had an equal power of voting, but it was the business of the Secretary to see that at least three of the Commissioners were present, one of them in the chair. This ensured the passing of such statutes as the Commissioners had decided to impose upon each and all of the colleges. There were, naturally, some not very pleasant scenes. The Secretary had to see three of his most intimate friends ushered into the room where the meeting was to be held, and received by three Commissioners, not all of whom had been in favour of all that was to be inserted in the statutes, but all solid in imposing all upon the college.

Dr. Bateson being not in very robust health, and the weather being rather severe, some of these meetings were held in the dining-room of his Lodge. The turn of Corpus Christi College had come near, and the Secretary was arranging the details with the Chairman. The Master of Corpus, Dr. Edward Perowne, had for many years been a determined opponent of Dr. Bateson's policy, and on occasion there had been sharp passages of arms between

them. Dr. Bateson told me that he feared it would be unpleasant to Dr. Perowne to come to the Lodge at St. John's, and advised some other place of meeting. The Secretary suggested the Divinity School, exactly opposite St. John's, and there the meeting was held. Dr. Bateson's kindly thought cost him his life. During the meeting a blizzard storm came on. It was still severe when the meeting came to an end. The Secretary entreated the Chairman to let him call a carriage of some sort. But no ; 'it was only a few yards ; he would walk.' He crossed the street ; got through the first court ; turned to the right ; was caught in the tunnel by an icy blast which blew into his throat ; got to his own door ; sank down on a chair in the hall ; and I believe scarcely spoke again.

Dr. Bateson was at once one of the shrewdest and the most common-sense of men I ever came across. His character lent itself to interesting discussion. A warm champion, indignantly repelling a remark of an opponent, declared the complete honesty of the Master's policy and conduct, but added that he could not think it quite honest to look so hopelessly stupid as he sometimes did when he was waiting his opportunity to crush the other side.

Dr. Bateson could strike hard. He could also be—and I think his nature was to be—genially kind. When I went into residence at Cambridge as a Fellow, feeling lonely and sad, Dr. Bateson did me the very great kindness of calling upon me—some mutual friend outside the University had named me to him—and asked me to dinner. That was in those days an unheard-of sort of thing for the Head of a House to do. One interview which I had with him cannot be forgotten. He had shewn in a rather marked manner his opinion on the troublesome matter of the election to the Mastership of St. Catharine's. His opinion, adverse to the Master elected, was so well known, that a rather startling little episode in social life occurred in connection with it. The story was told me by the chief actor in it, the high-spirited and all-delightful Scottish lady whom the Master of St. Catharine's had the privilege of having as his wife and the mother of his children. 'Charlie and

I were dining with Professor Sedgwick. The Professor brought Dr. Bateson up to me to take me in to dinner. I turned to Dr. Lightfoot, took his arm, and said "You'll take me in." "

Well, when I published the long and wearisome correspondence and notes of which mention is made in Chapter VII, Dr. Bateson called at my house in Fitzwilliam Street with his card-case in his hand. 'See,' he said, 'here are two cards which I am going to leave at Catharine Lodge, after reading what you have published, if you can answer me just one question in the affirmative.'—'What is the question, Master?'—'In your judgment, did your friend act as a high-minded gentleman when Jameson said to him "I'm going to vote for you," immediately before they went to chapel for the election, and your friend only replied "You'd much better not, Jameson"?' It was a large-minded step for such a man to take. He did not leave cards at the Lodge. The real mischief was that Dr. Robinson, who was elected, was the most secretive of men, while Mr. Jameson, the candidate whose vote elected him, was one of the most impulsive.

It is difficult to avoid reference to a curiously angular man who led the ultra-conservative forces at St. John's, G. F. Reyner. He was very earnest, both as a clergyman and as a politician, and the two got themselves mixed sometimes. His political dislikes seriously interfered with the outward effect of a genuinely careful ministerial sense; and an ecclesiastical phraseology of mediaeval force gave sting to his political tirades. Two anecdotes must suffice. He was Senior Bursar of St. John's. The conversation at dinner turned upon nicknames. The Junior Bursar was sitting near his chief. Reyner remarked that he supposed they all had nicknames, and looking across at the Junior Bursar he said 'What do they call me?' 'Well, Reyner,' his junior sententiously replied, 'they call *me* *Ursa Minor*.' Reyner eventually took a valuable college living and married. A friend was present in his church when he returned from a month's honeymoon. In the course of the service the new Rector made the following announcement, very syllabically as was his wont: 'I George Fearn's Reyner

de-sire to re-turn thanks for three weeks of con-nu-bi-al fe-lici-ty.'

Of Dr. Edward Perowne, Dr. Bateson's universal opponent, many stories might be told. He was fond of shooting and riding, hence his name of 'The Sinner' in contrast to an admirable brother of his who was called 'The Saint.' Both were clergymen of marked piety, but 'Teddy' was prone to harmless gaiety, and was rather fond of a certain amount of state and circumstance. To Conservative Churchmen he was wondrous kind; he had the external air of doubting the eventual salvation of the opposite sort. A very favourite Minor Canon of St. Paul's told me a story of him, when I went to St. Paul's as Canon. Perowne was Vice-Chancellor. Kelly lodged at Richardson's in Corpus Buildings, next door—so to speak—to Perowne's College. The Vice-Chancellor and Esquire Bedells were passing the house at the moment when half a loaf of brown bread was being thrown at some object in Kelly's room. It flew out of the window and hit the Vice-Chancellor. The University Marshal called with instructions that the tenant of the room must go at once to Corpus Lodge. Richardson impressed upon him the enormity of the scrape he was in; urged great humility; and asked what he should have ready for him for lunch when he returned. 'I shall not want anything. I mean to lunch with the Vice-Chancellor.' And he did. Not even the beguiling charm which belonged to Kelly—and to his sister Mrs. Douglas, who was the bright genius of Amen Court—can seriously detract from the merit of this trait in the character of the Vice-Chancellor.

A time came when Perowne set up a very tidy brougham, a possession which was noted and regarded in more than one aspect by the undergraduates of the college. It was called his chariot. On one occasion he had been giving a divinity lecture. After finishing the lecture and leaving the room, he found he had left something, and he returned for it. On the table at which the men had been seated there was a sheet of scribbling paper with verses on it. Perowne carried it off. The verses ran as follows :

Teddy Perowne
 Has gone to his own,
 Has gone to his own in a chariot.
 And he sits there in state,
 On a fizzing hot plate,
 Between Pontius and Judas Iscariot.

Perowne was Vice-Chancellor for the two later years of the Commission, 1879–80 and 1880–81. When the new statutes for the University and for the Colleges had all been made, he wrote the following characteristic letter to the Cambridge Secretary :

I am quite willing to withdraw the sentence in my 'protest' to which the Bishop of Worcester takes so much exception. Nothing could be further from my intention than to say or write one word which could cause pain or give offence. If you can therefore erase the last sentence of the first paragraph I shall be much obliged by your doing so, before the 'protest' is entered on the minutes.¹

I must say, my dear Browne, how deeply and lastingly I feel what we owe to you personally for all you have done to reduce to a minimum what has been terribly painful to some, difficult to many, troublesome to all. For myself, I can only express my grateful thanks for your patience, considerateness, candour, goodness. I do not forget your colleague, but to you my thanks are specially due. You have had a task to perform, very arduous and very delicate. You have had to adjust differences, to formulate decisions, to record the true without sacrificing one iota of the just. This and more you have done, in the midst of other duties, with unwearied industry and with surpassing tact, and, above all, with an impartiality which only the highest sense of honour could sustain, and to which only consummate ability could give expression. If I write strongly it is because I feel so. I am not satisfied—God forbid I should be!—with the doings of the Commissioners. My heart is very very sad, well-nigh broken. I could wish myself far away from Cambridge and its imminent evils. But I try to see in this alleviation of the trial of which I write a token for good, which I humbly and thankfully acknowledge.

P.S. I think I see now why so many sensible people are for expelling the Bishops from the House of Lords.²

¹ The 'protest' was of course not from the Vice-Chancellor on any University matter. It was from the Master of Corpus Christi on a matter affecting the Mastership.

² The Bishops of Worcester (Dr. Philpott) and Durham (Dr. Lightfoot) were two of the seven Commissioners.

That postscript, and the 'God forbid I should be,' are intensely characteristic.

In February 1890, when I was lecturing on casts of ancient surface sculptures and inscriptions which I had made with 'squeeze' paper, there came from Perowne, as Vice-Chancellor, a sudden demand for three Reports, one at least of them being of a rather complicated character. All else had to give way. The Reports were done in time, and were sent to the Vice-Chancellor with a suggestion that if this sort of thing went on, the University would have to consider what should be the nature of the memorial monument. My note proceeded to say :

Glancing over the future minutes of the Council of the Senate this morning, I came upon the following :

'Agreed to sanction the following Grace for April 1, 189—

"That a paper cast of the late G. F. Browne, B.D., of St. Catharine's College, be deposited in a press in the Museum of General and Local Archæology with this Inscription,—He drafted Reports."'

The Vice-Chancellor replied that if he was still a member of the Council on April 1, 189—, he should move as an amendment,

be placed in a drawer labelled Drawer of Reports.

Among the best and most valuable supporters and exponents and furtherers of the external work of the University was my friend James Stuart. As a friend he was delightful. He was practically the inventor and earliest pioneer of the Local Lectures, as is mentioned elsewhere. It had been my duty to oppose him with all vigour when he sought to represent the University in Parliament, while there were plenty of constituencies that he would very fittingly represent. When he did go effectively into politics, he was spoiled by politics. He was at one time within an ace of being selected by Mr. Gladstone for a position which would naturally have led to very high office, and in high office I always felt that he would do really well. But somehow he fell into the hands of a few extremists of his party, and so long as he voted with them on extreme views, not

supported by the real leaders, his influence in Cambridge dwindled. The late Vice-Master of Trinity, Aldis Wright, when asked what effect politics had had upon Stuart, replied to the following effect,—‘If I ask him if he’ll have some more beef, he fences his answer.’¹

Before Stuart left Cambridge, his own party in the University had fallen out with him, on one of the very best sides of his work, the Mechanical Workshops. I had always given such help as I could, as a Member of the Council and as a friend, to his excellent proposals for the development of this work, which brought the University into relations with a quite new set of important commercial people all over the kingdom. When inquiry was eventually made I was one of the men entrusted with the inquiry, and I was satisfied.

When Stuart married one of the best of our early Newnham students, Miss Laura Colman, and left Cambridge, I was determined that his eminent services to the University should not go without at least some affectionate recognition, and I set on foot a guinea subscription. This enabled us to give him an album with an address and our signatures, and a silver tray with the inscription :

Jacobo Stuart
Cantabrigiensi
Amici
Cantabrigienses

When the time came for proceeding to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, the subject of the book I was required by the statutes to submit to the Divinity Professors in proof was ‘The Venerable Bede.’² Dr. Westcott’s criticisms on some main points, such as the incidence of Easter, were most illuminating. I find among my papers the following

¹ With all his urbane charm of speech and manner, Aldis Wright could be very stern. I once heard him administer a rebuke of a severity unexampled in my University experience. A tutor of a college who was very indiscreet of tongue was holding forth at dinner upon Nonconformists, and he made some ludicrously exaggerated statement, practically not true; he could not know that this was a personal offence to a near neighbour. Aldis Wright said, ‘Mr. —, I give you the lie direct.’ No one ever got the better of that wily culprit. ‘Thanky, thanky, I’ve no use for it; keep it yourself.’

² *Fathers for English Readers*, S.P.C.K.

letter from Henry Bradshaw. Any characteristic letter of his is worth printing.

I finished the Bede about the middle of last week, and I was heartily pleased with it. Yesterday evening I read the Gildas and Bede chapters of Gairdner's *Early Chroniclers of England*, and the difference was most marked. I wished at every turn that he had read your little book. Gairdner is an invaluable man for his own period, but it distresses me to see a man with a great name dealing with the early periods without any notion that Skene has dealt with the matter, and solved many of the difficulties. For him too the Italian mission is the only one worth mentioning. All this part of your book was most refreshing to me. At every page I came upon things put in an entirely new light—just that freshness of light and point of view which enables one to get a grasp of the time and life of the men concerned.

I expected a good deal of this from you. But I must honestly confess that one of my greatest pleasures in reading the book through was the total absence of what we call here ¹ *little vipers*. Don't you know, when you take up the . . . or the . . ., and look at the . . . letter, every sentence seems bristling with little points? Something sharp or cynical is sure to turn up. There are in your book many happy remarks like that on page 105, 'History does not report what the shepherds said when they found their little store of food gone.'² But I don't include such things as that in the class of vipers.

Yours always,
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Bradshaw was very anxious that a proposal to unite King's and St. Catharine's should be carried out. The founder and first master of St. Catharine's was Robert Woodlarke. Woodlarke was the Master of the Works at King's under Henry VI, and became Provost ten years after the foundation of King's. In addition to this relationship by birth, the two colleges were next-door neighbours. The bulk of the area between the two belonged to St. Catharine's.

¹ In King's.

² St. Cuthbert was riding in a very sparsely populated country. He had fasted until three o'clock, as the custom was on a Friday, and at eventime he still had nothing to eat. He tied his horse to the wall of a deserted shepherd's hut and turned to prayer and singing. His horse pulled out a bit of thatch, and with it came a bundle wrapped in linen, containing half a loaf of bread still warm, and meat enough for a meal. He ate half of this miraculous meal, and gave the other half to the horse.

King's at that time was in great need of rooms for its growing numbers of undergraduates, and the Bull Inn, with its yards stretching back to Queens' Lane, would have made a fine site. St. Catharine's was very badly off for Fellowships, and was suffering from untrue stories about the Mastership. I had long ceased to be a Fellow of St. Catharine's, and so had no vote in the matter ; but my opinion was favourable to the proposal, and was well known. Bradshaw knew that, like himself, I was anxious to see the proposal carried out. He made the only mistake in policy that I can remember in his University career, or in his dealings with myself from the very beginnings of our family acquaintance. Just before the Fellows of St. Catharine's were to come to a final vote on the subject, he told me that they had been discussing details in King's, and had agreed that I should be elected the first Fellow on the joint foundation. I could only tell him that my mouth was closed.

There was the inherent difficulty in the whole situation that the Master of St. Catharine's had been in disfavour in many quarters and had no prominence in the University, while the contribution of five Fellowships by St. Catharine's to the united college, as compared with the forty-six Fellowships of King's, was almost infinitesimal. It could scarcely be expected that the Master of St. Catharine's should have the right of succession to the Provostship on the demise of Dr. Okes, whom he survived by some twenty years ; but it was understood that he would demand that if he was to agree to the union. To the very great regret of some of us, St. Catharine's refused the proposal of union. If the remarkable growth of St. Catharine's after the recent change in the Mastership¹ could have been foreseen, some of us might have taken a different view. I am not sure that I should, much as I value the resuscitation of the college, and grateful as I am to my old college for a long series of kindnesses. The lack of Fellowships looms larger and larger at St. Catharine's.

It may be well to put on record the arrangements for

¹ When the war broke out we had 140 men, and ten of them were University blues of one kind and another, including three cricket blues.

the union of King's and St. Catharine's as carried by overwhelming majorities by the Governing Body of King's on April 13, 1880. Thirty-two Fellows were present at one time or another during the morning. The main proposal for complete union was carried by 22 to 7, two not voting. The name of the united college was to be (23 to 4, four not voting) 'The King's College of our Lady and Saint Katherine and Saint Nicholas in Cambridge, commonly called King's and St. Katherine's College.' The Master of St. Catharine's was (28 to 1) to take precedence of Fellows in the united college and to have a vote, and to retain his title and all his emoluments on the same conditions as before the union of the two colleges. It was agreed (22 to 2) that at the next vacancy in the Canonry of Norwich attached to the Mastership of St. Catharine's, the Canonry should be attached by Act of Parliament to the Norrisian Professorship or some Divinity Professorship to be permanently attached to the united college, provided that the Canonry be considered in whole or in part a portion of the contribution made by the united college to the University.

At a later period, a definite proposal for a Fellowship at King's came, and was barred by my own action. When the Professorship of Archæology was given to me, Fred Whitting came to tell me I should be a Professorial Fellow of King's. I had to explain to him that when the Commissioners were framing the Statute for Professorial Fellowships, I suggested to them that Professorships to which no requirement of residence was attached had not the same sort of claim as others, and they were cut out. The number was very small, but it included the Disney Professorship of Archæology!

On one occasion I lunched in Bradshaw's rooms to discuss a difficult situation in which he found himself placed by the perverse conduct of a prominent man. I had advised him to do what I frequently did myself, namely, write the sort of letter the man richly deserved, keep it for a night, burn it the next morning, and send a bland note instead, with nothing of the arena about it. Bradshaw had done all that, except burning the letter, which he had in his bulky

black pocket-book. I begged him to burn it. He said he wouldn't, he was too much pleased with it. That night he died. I sent a note to G. W. Prothero, warning him of the letter in the pocket-book. It was not there ; the dear man had taken the request to heart, and had burned the letter.

By a curious chance, it fell to my lot to provide the words in which Bradshaw should be commemorated in the University Church on the Sunday after his death. My old Glenalmond chief, Archdeacon Hannah, was the Select Preacher. He found that all Cambridge was mourning Bradshaw's loss, and as he did not know him, he asked me to write two pages which he might append to his sermon. I remember the last sentence, only because Mr. G. W. Prothero has recorded it—'A man whom to have known is a life-long possession, to have lost, a life-long regret.'

A 'Henry Bradshaw Society' was founded in 1890, for the editing of Rare Liturgical Texts. The Society has already published fifty important volumes, and has several others in hand. It is one of the greater pleasures of advanced age to be President of the Society founded in memory and honour of so near a friend.

A few words must be said of Henry Fawcett, a sledgehammer orator at the Union in my year, afterwards completely blind from a shooting accident. It was very trying to ride with him or to see him riding, he was so reckless in his blindness. Two friends used to ride with him, one on each side, Black Morgan usually one of the two. He always wanted to shave the corners on the road, and to get into any large field for a wild gallop. My last skate from Cambridge to Ely was with him, a much longer way by ice than by road. He went very fast, those immensely long limbs going like the sails of a windmill. His gyp at Trinity Hall was a first-rate skater, and he went always in front of Fawcett, holding a stick behind him, the other end of which was in Fawcett's hand. At one point of our voyage Fawcett's skate caught in a bit of cat ice which the gyp had not seen, and he came down with a tremendous crash, hat, stick, spectacles, body, limbs, all going different ways. The look on his face for the first moment or two

was terrible ; one could realise the sense of not knowing what would happen. Then he called out 'Anybody damaged ?' and we went on again as usual. I had to get back to Cambridge by train, but he just turned and skated back.

He kept up his ordinary way of saying, for example, 'I saw in the papers yesterday.' The last hour I spent with him was at his house in Brookside. It grew late. I must go. 'I'll shew you the way down the passage,' he said ; 'it's got very dark.'

He told me of a feat which he thought to be unique. He voted in the House soon after midnight ; caught a train to Ringwood ; went straight to the river, where the keeper met him ; took two casts ; told the keeper the stream was working inwards, he must cross to the other side ; the keeper said it wasn't ; they got a boat and crossed ; the stream was working away from that bank ; at his second cast he was into a fish, at 6 A.M.

In the month of August 1873, Dr. Lightfoot was to meet me at Silva Plana, where I was to act as chaplain, an attack of heat-apoplexy while playing in a cricket match at Ashley having put an end to my climbing. He arrived on a Friday night. That night the usual August snow-storm swept prematurely over the Upper Engadine. Its general date is about the 26th, and the local saying is that if the skies clear and the sun sends the snow away promptly, the weather will be set fine for weeks ; but if the day after the storm is dull and heavy, and the snow hangs about, the weather is broken for the season and will not recover.

On this particular Saturday the snow was unusually thick, and the storm lasted most of the day. Lightfoot made me responsible for it. We had breakfast together, and he expected me to find occupation for a day, anything of a climb or walk being quite out of the question.

An idea occurred to me. I had only arrived at Silva Plana myself that week, and I had not made any acquaintance there, except that a sister of a Cambridge friend of Lightfoot's, Lord Crawford, was at the hotel, whence Lightfoot's détour to Silva Plana. My idea was to

look up the local Pfarrer, and find out if he was a learned man and if he could teach us a little Romauntsch. I was to have the use of the village church for my services, and I had found its walls occupied by texts in a language which I had understood to be Romauntsch. It was delightful to find that the Pfarrer, Herr Strumpfer, not only was a learned man but was the examiner of candidates for Zwinglian Orders. He preached in Romauntsch; but he confessed that his was not the pure language; it was German in character, acquired at Chur. His wife talked pure Engadine Romauntsch; she was a daughter of the famous hunter and guide Colani, who had made the Piz Languard so well known. Herr Strumpfer had got his sermon or sermons ready for Sunday; he had no engagements; the snow made visiting impossible; he would be charmed to receive the learned pundit from Cambridge, of whose learning and punditship I paid him the subtle compliment of assuming his full knowledge; he would give us two hours before dinner and two hours after dinner. With this information my return to Lightfoot's room was a triumph, and off we went to sit at the Pfarrer's feet.

He received us in his study, which opened into the kitchen. There Frau Strumpfer was engaged in preparing their dinner. Our teacher informed us that the door was to be left open, in case he should wish to call out to his wife if our questions about pure Romauntsch forms went beyond his powers. They not infrequently did; and Madame was always completely prompt and certain in her answers.

Lightfoot naturally chose the first chapter of St. John's Gospel to begin with. We fought through every single word in it, and well on into the second chapter, down to the words¹—'Ed a quels chi vendaivan culombs dschet el; Pigliè davent da qui quaistas chosas!' In those four hours we seemed to cover pretty nearly all the language. The nearness to early Latin was the main attraction, with the hints it gave of conversational Latin as contrasted with classical Latin. Lightfoot provided the modern Italian

¹ John ii. 16.

equivalents. The Pfarrer, with an anxious ear towards the kitchen door, gave explanations of German debasements, Madame by no means always waiting to be consulted by her husband before sending staccato corrections. I should find it difficult to name any four consecutive hours of pleasure as great in linguistic discussion.

At the end of our time the Pfarrer asked us if we would come to his Romauntsch sermon the next day. He would take his text from the verses we had read. He would use no word in his sermon that we had not studied in our four hours. He felt sure we could follow him. We went accordingly, and he was quite right; even I could follow, with careful attention; Lightfoot's supreme power no doubt made it very easy for him to follow. The text was 'Ed ais gnieu in sia proprieted; ma ils sieus nun l'haun arvschieu' (John i. 11). In later years he often returned to that day when we met.

A stanza from a comic account of a bear-hunt may be given as an example of the ordinary Romauntsch of to-day, much modernised and spoiled from the massive language, for example, of the early Romauntsch Statutes of the Engadine. It is a portion of the harangue made by the captain of the hunt, *Sco ais l'üs eir a Berlin*, 'as the use is at Berlin too,'

Cun ün cuolp da sia tschatta
 Ün grand bös-ch vain attero;
 E sch' in fam el ais rechatta
 Ho l'Uors eir gia divoro
 Il chatscheder e sieu chaun ¹
 Sainza sel e sainza paun.¹

'With one blow of his paw a great tree comes felled to the ground, and, as it is found in story, the bear has also devoured the huntsman and his dog without salt and without bread.'

The recurrence of the sign of modification bears out the canon 'La Valteline et l'Engadine aiment beaucoup l'*umlaut*.'

¹ These words are significantly pronounced as rhyming with our word *shame*, 'chame' and 'pame.'

Some districts keep more closely to the Latin than others. The story of the Porclas (*Porta clausa*) near Lugnetz may be quoted as an example of close affinity. The valorous women of Lugnetz (*las valorusas femnas di Lungnezza*) defended this narrow defile against invaders until the men of the commune, who had been absent, returned. As a lasting reward of bravery, the women sit on the right side of the church, and present themselves at communion before the men, *aunz co ils homens avaunt l'uter*.

Lightfoot had done some very solid climbing in the fifties. He and Hort had much to do with the founding of the Alpine Club. By a curious turn in fortune's wheel it fell to my lot to bring out their important work in that respect when I had to give an account of the founding of the club as its President in its jubilee year (1907). Lightfoot made what I suppose was his last climb a day or two after our literary four hours, not an important climb, the Piz Corvatsch. Near the top he found a waistcoat, and in an inner pocket of the waistcoat he found a circular note for £50. His humorous regrets that it was not signed and therefore not available, and his essays in casuistry on the question whether by right of capture he was entitled to affix a signature and pocket the £50, shewed a side of his character which only his nearer friends know. He and I walked over the Col to Pontresina to inquire for an owner. We found him in the first hotel we tried, and Lightfoot's comical expressions of regret that an owner was found must have surprised any English people who happened to be standing near.

For myself, I went on with the study of Romauntsch under the Pfarrer's tuition all that month, at—I think—a franc and a half an hour. This was repeated the next year, when I persuaded Hort to come that way and had a supper party to meet him, Strumpfer and a German learned in Hebrew. Hort's astonishing stores of precise knowledge made a great impression on the learned foreigners; I should be afraid to say to how many languages one or another referred in our huntings out of the origin of words. One little episode which followed a few days after will commend itself

to anyone who is familiar with the isolated vocabularies of special subjects. I was a very poor German scholar, as Hort knew very well. One day we went together to a German shop for antiquities. When we came out Hort turned upon me. 'Why have you been pretending all this time not to know German?' It so happened that I did know pretty much all that is to be known about bargaining for articles of silver, or ivory, or wood, or porcelain, or earthenware, and that was the limit of my knowledge.

The study of Romauntsch was very useful later on, when I was writing two long articles¹ on the Engadine, as it was before the great outburst of water which lowered the lake of St. Moritz to its present level and devastated the country from Samaden to Camogask. Madame Saratz, once of the Steinbock, used to allow me to study her very fine manuscript copy of the old Civil Statutes of the Engadine. The statutes respecting the maintenance of roads were specially interesting. In those days Camogask was responsible for keeping up the Albula, *Chiamuesg per Alvra*; that was before the great devastation.

It is a good thing to bring back some fresh knowledge from a holiday visit to any part of Europe. Romauntsch was a very interesting acquisition. A similar gain followed soon after. I was visiting the Château de Franchimont, with the hamlet of Marteau at its base, from which I have always supposed that Charles Martel, the illegitimate son of Pepin, got his name Martellus 'of Marteau,' which he seems to have had before he became the Hammer of the Saracens. As I gazed up at the immense ruins, I heard a boy say something to the cow he was driving which sounded very un-French. I asked him what he was driving? 'Ung vatch.' What was he? 'Ung gameng.' What was that up there? 'Tchaster de Frantchmon.' It was Philippe de Comines talking pretty much as an Englishman would pronounce his spelling of French words. It was so startling and so interesting that on my return to Spa I asked a well-informed resident there if he thought I could find some one

¹ *Off the Mill*, Smith, Elder, & Co., pp. 168 and 252; *National Review*, August 1883, May 1895.

to teach me Wallon. There was a language professor of Liège spending a month's holiday at Spa. I went to call upon him; found him a devoted expert in the language, willing to give me an hour a day on University terms of remuneration, and for three weeks I had a succession of most interesting hours. My net conclusion was that there had not been much difference between the pronunciation and language of Flemish Picardy and the pronunciation and language of English knights and soldiers pronouncing the words as if they were English. My cow-driver's 'ung gameng' is the spelling of Philippe de Comines for *un gamin*, and in pronouncing it as an ignorant Englishman now would, I believe he pronounced it as Philippe de Comines did.

On this visit to Spa, I learned a fact rather creditable to English people on the Continent. The municipality of Spa represented to King Leopold that the closing of the gaming tables had stopped the flow of visitors, and Spa was being ruined. Would he not relax the edict? The King said a very positive 'no,' but expressed practical sympathy. What, he asked, was the next best thing to reopening the tables? The reply was—'Build an English church.' He gave them £8000, and the church was built.

When Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Durham, died, the University appointed Dr. Butler and myself to represent Cambridge at the funeral. Dr. Westcott attended as a life-long friend. Dr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, attended as another life-long friend. Thus the three school-fellows, pupils of Prince Lee, met in the Chapel at Auckland Castle on the occasion of the burial of the first of the three to die.

It so happened that Dr. Westcott was in the Cambridge station when I got there, travelling north by the same train. He said he supposed we should not be going together, as he travelled third class. 'I never do that unless I am forced to it,' was my rejoinder. 'But tell me,' he said, with an air of such deep and serious earnestness that I repented me of my flippancy before it was perpetrated, 'what conditions can force a man like you to travel third class contrary to your desire?' 'The absence of a fourth class,' I had to

say, rather shamefacedly. It was, I saw, a blow to him, but he forgave me and began to speak of details of travel. I explained to him my own principles. If you sit with your back to the engine, don't sit opposite to a fat person, or opposite a heavy package in the rack above. If possible have the place opposite to you empty. If that cannot be, sit opposite a thin person. I was of course required to give substantial reasons for this. I suggested the consideration of what would happen if the train pulled up suddenly when going at some speed. That was found to be satisfactory. On the other hand, if you must sit with your face to the engine, choose the fattest person for your *vis-à-vis*. The previous consideration suggested the reason for this. He followed it, but was prepared to question its morality. We got into the carriage and I seated myself back to the engine, opposite the one empty seat. At the last moment a thin little woman came in, and exclaimed, 'I can't ride with my face to the engine.' I got up and offered my seat. She wouldn't deprive me of it. I assured her that it didn't matter to me where I sat, and she took my seat. At Darlington all the people went out, and we two were left alone. As soon as we started again, Dr. Westcott leaned forward, pressed his hand on my knee, and said with tremendous impressiveness, 'You must explain your assurance that it does not matter to you where you sit, or I can never think well of you again.' I explained that the precautions which I had described to him were my normal rules of procedure. They might be described as at least bordering on selfishness. Remembering as he evidently did the picture of my being forcibly projected into the material of a fat person, he silently assented to the possibility of that description being approximately just. But when I saw a woman in serious distress, these precautions sank into a position of the merest trifles, and so long as I could relieve the poor woman's distress, it was not relatively but absolutely true that I didn't care where I sat. Besides, she was very thin, so it was an honest sacrifice. He thanked me as though I had conferred a great favour upon him, as indeed I believe I had. We had a peaceful journey from

that time, as I took great care not to give openings for further searchings of heart and morals.

The funeral was one of the most striking events in the history of Durham, beginning at the Cathedral Church and ending in the noble chapel at Auckland Castle. The *Guardian* had entrusted me with a commission to write the account of it for their pages, which I did, and it is a temptation—to be resisted—to quote a few sentences. Two features did not appear in the account. It appeared that there was an outstanding dispute about the position of the Archbishop of York in the Cathedral Church of Durham, and the Archbishop (Dr. Thomson) did not wish to have any such question raised on such an occasion. So he kept away, but came to the interment at Auckland. One pleasant result was that he called me to him, as a Yorkshire acquaintance not connected with Durham disputes, and we walked up and down the platform till the train came up for Bishop Auckland. Again, in the chapel at Auckland Castle, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) was present, with Dr. Westcott, as the nearest friends of Dr. Lightfoot. Dr. Benson was at the north side of the altar, Dr. Thomson at the south side. Near the end of the service Dr. Benson stepped forward to move to the head of the grave. Misunderstanding his movement, Dr. Thomson promptly moved forward also and began to give the blessing, before the time.

The authorities entrusted with the preparation of the ornamental grave-cover in marble were good enough to consult me as to Dr. Lightfoot's chief interests in early sculpture, as I had had a good deal of communication with him on such matters. I was able to tell them that he particularly admired my reproduction of the tombstone of King Oidilwald, found at Kirkdale Church in the neighbourhood of Lastingham, quite possibly at the Lastingau of Bede. Both the shape of the cross on the grave-slab, and the arabesques on either side of the stem of the cross, and the supremely interesting historical connections, had appealed to him very strongly. The beautiful grave-slab now in Auckland Chapel follows fairly nearly this beautiful

type.¹ Another abiding result of Dr. Lightfoot's interest in my Northumbrian studies is to be found in the windows of St. Ignatius Church, Sunderland, built at Dr. Lightfoot's cost as a thanksgiving for the years of bishopric allowed to him. He proposed that a scheme should be prepared for the whole of the many windows, and he put into my hands the arrangement of the subjects. Of course the main scenes of the life of St. Ignatius were our first care, and then the long array of Northumbrian subjects and saints and kings and queens. This was carried out in complete fullness. When anyone desires to give a window, the elaborate printed list shews which windows and what subjects there are still to choose from. This appears to me, on further and rather large experience, to be a method worthy of being followed when a church is being built. Quite lately I received from the incumbent of St. Ignatius an excellent suggestion for the alteration of one of the scenes, of which I gladly approved.

The ceremony of the consecration of the church was a very fine function. Dr. Westcott preached the sermon with great force and earnestness. Most of his hearers were puzzled by a piece of accuracy which they did not understand. He carried our thoughts back to Columba and Iona, but he called the island not Iona but (phonetically) He, his pronunciation of Hy. It is not known to everyone that the original name of Iona is I, or Ii, or Hy, variously spelled but always without a consonant. The Latin form was *Ioua Insula*, again without a consonant, 'the Iouan Island.' An early copyist read and copied *Ioua* as *Iona*, and Iona it has been ever since.

¹ When this grave-slab was first found, Daniel Haigh read on it, in the angles of the cross, the runic letters Kuning Oithilwaldæ. The Kirkdale authorities very foolishly built it into the outside of the church wall, in a damp place, and when I inspected and examined it, only one rune was quite clear, the 'Oi,' though several of the others appeared in a rubbing. The slab and its companion slab, in some respects even more remarkable, are now safe inside the church. It is at this church that the sundial is found with the remarkable memorial of the brief earldom of Tostig, Harold's brother, whose misdeeds led to Harold's absence at York on the day when William landed at Hastings. 'Orm Gamalsuna bohte scs Gregorius Minster Thonne hit wes ael to brocan 7 to falan 7 he hit let macan newan from Grunde XRE7 scs Gregorius in eadward dagum eng in tosti dagum eorl ✠'

When Dr. Westcott was Canon of Westminster, he was good enough to ask me to preach one Sunday in the Abbey Church. An important office was vacant at the time, in the gift of the Divinity Professors of Oxford and Cambridge alternately. It was the Cambridge turn, and Dr. Westcott spoke to me about it. I made the exaggerated remark that the Cambridge electors would naturally see the merits of an Oxford candidate, while the Oxford electors in their turn would also see the merits of an Oxford man. He passed over the detail of the remark, but plunged energetically into the difference of *ἡθος* between the two Universities. He told me that he obtained a scholarship at Oxford, of small value, and was advised by Prince Lee not to accept it; if he could wait for a year, he would be almost sure of a scholarship at Trinity, Cambridge. Then he leaned forward and said to me with intense earnestness: 'If I had gone to Oxford, I should have been *intolerable*.' A non-committal 'Ah!' was the only way of meeting that remarkable utterance. I do not remember anyone else ever referring to the fact of the Oxford scholarship.

The latest letter of his that I have kept was to me very touching, coming as it did after many years of association on the Council of the Senate, and many occasions of action in important University business and of discussion on episcopal affairs. The occasion was the death of his son Basil, whom we had known from his very early boyhood.

Aysgarth, Yorks : *August 13, 1900.*

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Let me thank you heartily for your sympathy with us in our great sorrow. It was a singularly beautiful life, with a remarkable power of sympathy from which we hoped much. Basil seemed to be developing the power of becoming a Hindoo to Hindoos. All he had was gladly given, and the offering will I believe be fruitful still.

You are now my oldest fellow-worker. For more than thirty years we have worked together with a singular unity of aim, and much has come to pass in which we can rejoice together. So I gratefully follow your pattern and venture to call myself

Yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

Among causes for which we had worked together I may mention the Local Examinations, Local Lectures, and the admission of Women to University teaching and University examinations. When we left Cambridge, we agreed that we would not take part in voting for or against proposed legislation in the Senate. We would not, as non-resident, interfere in the progress of the University. On two points, and two only, we would go up to record our votes if the occasion came. We went up and voted in the majority against the admission of women to degrees. On another occasion I had determined to abstain from going up to Cambridge to vote, and told him what I had done. Here is his reply :

Auckland Castle: *Epiphany* 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—When Dr. Sidgwick wrote to me I answered in main as you have done. The principle on which I opposed the degrees is untouched by the action of other bodies, and I think that Cambridge students can, under any circumstances, hold their own. However, it would be wholly impossible for me, even if it were becoming, to take any active part in an opposition.

One is left behind by the moving world, yet I cling to my old faiths. I even believe in authority and obedience, and honour meekness and humility. You see I am past hope.

Ever your most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

Another case of joint work, of a wider character, is mentioned in Chapter XIV.

When Dr. Westcott was appointed to succeed Dr. Lightfoot as Bishop of Durham, his sons asked me if it would be possible to have a reproduction made of the cross found on the breast of St. Cuthbert when his tomb was opened in 1824. This beautiful little cross is of gold, hollow, adorned with garnets, weighing only about an ounce and a half. The family felt sure that their father would not have it in any precious metal ; was it possible to have it cast in iron ? The cross itself was much too frail to have a cast taken, so I had a copy of it cut in boxwood. From the boxwood we got a mould, and a cross was cast in iron at one of the Cambridge laboratories. This was just what they wanted, and

I understood that Dr. Westcott wore it, not shewing outwardly, at his consecration at which I was present. I believe it was buried with him. The friend who cast the cross was so much pleased with it that without letting me know what he was doing he melted an old Spanish silver doubloon, or more than one, and presented a silver facsimile of the cross to me. I was painted as wearing it, in 1914, by A. S. Cope, R.A. By a very interesting coincidence, my successor as Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Nickson, who had been a Canon of Durham, received from his pupils a facsimile in gold of the front half of the cross, and he wears it as his pectoral cross.

One of the keenest controversies of my time in Cambridge was waged on the subject of 'Compulsory Greek.' Here again I worked with Dr. Westcott. It came to a head in October 1891, when I was in residence at St. Paul's. My own view was that if men desired so completely to devote themselves to Science that they could not give time to the study of more than one ancient language, the University should allow them to proceed to a new degree, that of Bachelor of Science, after passing some suitable equivalent for Greek; the Bachelor of Arts degree continuing to require both Latin and Greek. I knew well that the great majority of Science men would continue to take the B.A. degree, Greek and all. Some years before 1891, we had thrown out a grace for removing Greek from among compulsory subjects for the Bachelor of Arts degree, and I had engineered a petition to the Council, of which I was a member, that a grace to the above effect might be offered to the Senate. It was all in vain, the Senate was never allowed a chance of carrying the proposal which it was certain we could have carried. On October 29, 1891, after a certain amount of rather acute controversy in the London papers, when I was temerarily accused of drawing a red herring across the course of the Senate by renewing my former earnest proposal, the Council submitted a grace for the appointment of a Syndicate to consider whether it was expedient to allow alternatives for one of the two classical languages. The Senate said no, in a heavy vote, 525 to 185. The Council

thereupon submitted a grace rather in the direction of my proposal, but with details so clumsy that it was doomed—and I presume intended—to defeat. The chance of a straight affirmative vote on the simple issue of B.A. or B.Sc. was never given. If the Senate had had the power of moving an amendment, the simple B.Sc. would have been carried.

CHAPTER XIII

Borough Elections—Choosing a Candidate—County Elections—Lord Royston—The King's Story—Lord Hardwicke—My Father and Grandfather—University Elections—Walpole and Denman—Raikes and Stuart—Voting a Peer—Threat of the Clock Tower—Murder of Professor Palmer—Debate on University Seats in the Commons—Professors as Representatives—County Council Election—Election of Aldermen—The Liberal-Unionist Split—Leadership—A *Bona-fide* Pair—A Beneficent Caucus—Friendly Terms—Offer of University Seat.

BEING a householder, and not holding any ecclesiastical position, I was free to take part in national politics in the borough of Cambridge. The political history of the borough was not entirely above reproach. There had been a successful petition when I was an undergraduate ; not that I was aware of the fact in Cambridge, but my father, who was a very keen politician, told me all about it in the Christmas vacation. The ordinary 'six of one and half a dozen of the other' took the stronger form of 'twelve of one and a dozen of the other.' The petition referred to was fatal to the Tories.

I remember meeting a Whig friend in the early eighties, a month after his election for the borough. He told me he had been shaking in his shoes till the latest day for appeal was past. I asked him for an example of the causes of trepidation. Three brothers in Barnwell, he said ; a receipted account for three days' hire of carriage at £3 3s. a day, £9 9s. ; it was one donkey cart ! The genial old Tory doctor, Dr. Adams, had framed and hung in his room a bill 'For acting as a pugilist and otherwise humbuggin around, £2 2s.' This bill was not receipted.

There had been a General Election. It had gone wrong

in Cambridge. I had told the principal candidate on the Conservative side that he would not get in, for he would begin each sentence of his speeches facing towards the right-hand corner of the audience, and finish it facing the left-hand corner, so that no one heard the whole sentence. Another cause had been a split between the Senior Conservatives and the Junior Conservatives. It is the way of the world that Juniors are wiser than Seniors, but it is not well to develop that argument during a contested election. After the election, the two committees, of Seniors and Juniors, would not meet; indeed for the most part they were scarcely if at all on speaking terms. Some one came to me and said the two would meet in my rooms, if I would invite them, and they would not meet anywhere else. I invited them. They came. They glared; they listened; they relaxed; they smiled; they went away. A day or two after, a unanimous request came that I would accept the office of leader of the party. I replied that if they accepted my conditions I would accept their offer.

A solemn meeting was held to hear the conditions. The first was this: There must be a lay understudy, who would become leader on the day that an election was announced; they must not go into battle under a parson. I had the right man ready, and that condition was whole-heartedly accepted. The other condition was this: I must know everything; in case of inquiry I must go into the witness box and tell everything; the more I told, the more creditable to the party the inquiry should be. That was accepted, and we set to work and worked hard. Whether everything did come to me, of course I do not know; but so far as I do know, every step would have borne complete inspection. It is interesting to remember that in connection with the part I had played in the advance of the higher education of women, I was asked to make the parliamentary franchise for qualified women a plank in our platform. My reply was that I thought it would be good for the nation but I feared it would not be good for the womanliness of the women. And so it was not adopted as a policy. That was, as far as I remember, about 1882.

We had to select a candidate. An important person was offered to us, and we had him down to go into the question of his candidature. He would put us to no expense, being very well off. He thought the list of usual subscriptions might fairly be made longer and larger. He was in a position which would enable him to further the interests not of the borough only but of individuals also. He bowed a very juicy good-bye, and went off to the railway station. We looked at each other. No one spoke. At last the chairman, having asked if anyone had anything to say, spoke thus, 'Gentlemen, the palms of my hands feel greasy. I move that I be requested to inform this man that we have other views.' So said so done. Then I got a candidate to whom we took unanimously at sight, and he won the seat and held it election after election as long as he pleased, one of my dearest of friends, Robert Uniacke Penrose FitzGerald.

To hold the seat election after election was a record in the borough. There had been continual ups and downs. Henry Fawcett said, 'What Cambridge says to-day England says to-morrow,' and both sides used this as an election motto and stimulus. It was only true, when Fawcett said it, because Cambridge always polled on the first day of the borough elections, and was the most fickle of them all. If there was a shift in the political breeze, Cambridge felt it early and shewed it early.

In our undergraduate days, the nominations for the County Elections took place at a hustings on Parker's Piece. When this happened in term time, or better still while a select few of us were up for the long vacation, the proceedings were crowded with joy. The rough-and-ready joke or repartee was worth many votes; the more unscrupulous it was, the more it was worth. The Lord Royston of those times was an undergraduate, very popular with the undergraduates, always in scrapes which had wit and skill and physical force in them. He was a candidate for the county, and we went to hear him make his speech on nomination at the hustings. He was supposed to have got into not quite a right kind of difficulty over a horse, say Orinoco for want of a more correct name. In the

middle of his speech, an opposition farmer shouted out, 'Ow about Orinoco, my lord?' 'All right,' was the reply, 'wait till I've finished and I'll tell you.' I suppose we all wondered how he would get out of it, but get out of it in some telling way we felt sure he would. He came to an end. The silent tension could be felt. 'Where's the man that wants to know about Orinoco?' 'I'm 'ere, my lord.' 'Come to the front here!' Most unwillingly he partly went, partly was pushed, into the open space in front of the hustings. He looked hot and silly. 'You want to know about Orinoco?' 'I do, my lord.' 'Well, it's like this. Orinoco's a hoss, and you're a hass!' The roar of laughter with which this sally was received rings in my ears still. It was scandalously audacious, ludicrously unfair, and it took just because it was.

I once told this story to King Edward, an old friend of Lord Royston, at Biarritz. He laughed heartily, and told an excellent story in reply, as he always could do. A certain peer, who had just succeeded an excellent father, and was not a man of careful life, was making a speech on some local public occasion. He had had a little too much 'shall we say, cider, Bishop?' He told his audience he hoped to walk in his father's footsteps. 'You'd better learn to stand steady in your own, my lord!'

Many years after the Royston incident, I acted as chairman in the Town Hall at a contested election for the county, when a very shy young man, the eldest son of another neighbouring magnate, was being introduced to the electors. He was dreadfully nervous—a much better beginning in my judgment, if there is anything in a young man, than a jaunty cocksureness. He was heard with quiet sympathy for two or three laboured sentences, and then a strident voice hit off the situation by shouting 'Does your mother know you're out?' I saw the grasp of his gloves behind his back become tense. He looked an inch or two taller, tall as he was. 'Yes,' he blurted out, 'and in a day or two she'll know I'm in.' I whispered to the chief person, 'That elects him,' and it did.

The mention of Lord Royston reminds me of a strange

ending to a meeting in the Town Hall at the time of the Irish Church Bill. My kindest of friends, Professor William Selwyn, the brother of Augustus and Charles Jasper Selwyn, undertook to meet in controversy the supporters of the Bill. No care was taken to have plenty of backers of the Professor present. The meeting was evidently all the other way. The Professor moved a resolution hostile to the Bill, and supported it with great skill and much humour and good temper. Then the opponents made speech after speech against the resolution. The Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Royston's father, was in the chair, and when the time for taking the vote came, he adopted a course which I had never even heard of before, and certainly have never heard of since. There was a great tumult, and most of the people present were not attending to the platform, all they wanted was to hold up their hands against, when that alternative was put. Lord Hardwicke put it first, with no great emphasis on the word 'against.' A few hands were held up. 'Those who are for the resolution,' again with no great emphasis. A forest of hands was held up, amid cheers from all parts. When the cheering subsided, the chairman let them all hear 'The resolution is carried !' and made off to the committee room behind the platform before the startled majority could take natural action.

I had been brought up on Tory politics. My father and grandfather had been prominent in York and Yorkshire political affairs. My grandfather, a York doctor, one of the founders of the County Hospital, was chairman for the county for Sir Mark Sykes, the third Baronet of Sledmere, who died in 1820, and for his successor Sir John Lowther, second Baronet of Swillington. I used to hear as a boy :

Dr. Brown, Dr. Brown,
It is very well known
How you've bled leeches and blistered Sir Mark.
But know this, old fellow,
You'll ne'er be made mellow
By the owner of Swillington Park.

Pheasants, I was told, used to come in wagon-loads to my grandfather's house from Sledmere, to be distributed

among the county Tories living in the city and neighbourhood. My father was sent as a young man of twenty to Tadcaster, with his pockets full of notes and gold, at the great contest for the county. Tadcaster to York was the last stage of the coach road from London to York. His business was, not to bribe the electors, who had come from London or nearer places and had stopped at Tadcaster to feed, to vote for his father's man, but to persuade those who had come to vote against his father's man to go back without voting. Filial respect induces me to feel sure that in those days this ingenious device was completely within the law. I wonder if it still is. He used to add that he neither kept nor rendered any account. He merely spent all the money, and returned to his office work.

Those were days of the hardy rearing of boys. My father delighted in the accounts of Dotheboys Hall, and used to tell us quite as bad things of the Yorkshire boarding school to which he was sent. Among other hardinesses, he was set on horseback by his father at York and sent off alone, at the age of thirteen, to ride to Kelso, on a visit to relatives there. Of course he had to write a diary of the journey. It was written in a copperplate hand, with many flourishes; it was made up of moral sentiments; and when it came into my hands I could not find recorded one helpful fact.

Elections were not fought in velvet gloves in York. It is on record that the Whigs on one occasion had a dozen steers shut up in a yard in a side street, and so handled that they became half mad. They were turned out and chivvied down the street till they rushed at right angles into a Tory procession marching down Goodramgate. One of them took my father, a slim young man, below the knees. He fell over on his face onto the animal's back and clung there, his feet sticking out in front between the horns. So posed, he travelled in safety down several streets, till he and his steed parted company. On another occasion he was 'burked' coming round a corner at night, but made his escape and reached home gasping, his face covered with treacle. Life must have been worth having in those light-hearted days.

Elections of representatives of the University were very different affairs from elections for the Borough. We had been accustomed to find our representatives among leading statesmen, one or other of them of Cabinet rank or likely to rise to that position. An election had taken place in 1856 which was accompanied by a good deal of violence on the part of the undergraduates. I had recently taken my B.A. degree and was rather full of mild importance as no longer an undergraduate. Presenting myself at the Senate House during the polling I was refused admission on the sound but to me unexpected information that as a Bachelor I was still *in statu pupillari* as though I were an undergraduate. That refusal rather rankled, and it set me on the wrong side, in conflict with the authorities. My name was not on the list of two hundred names of offenders laid before the Vice-Chancellor by the proctors, but it might well have been there. In the course of the tumult a good many things were learned that stood me in good stead when I in turn held the office of Proctor. The tumult ended in the withdrawal of Denman, with whom as Judge of Assize I afterwards discussed the matter from the undergraduate point of view when as Proctor I dined with him at Trinity Lodge. Spencer Walpole was elected on that occasion, and he held the office till 1882, when he retired from public life. To fill the vacancy caused by his retirement, H. C. Raikes was selected by the Conservatives as their candidate. He had come out fifteenth in the Classical Tripos, but there were only eleven in the First Class in his year, so he was not in University parlance a First-Class man. I did not know him personally, as he was not resident and was five years junior to me. Against him the other side put up James Stuart, with whom I was in very close relations in many important affairs of the University, and on terms of intimacy and friendship.

The contest nearly endowed me with a recollection that would have greatly added to the gaiety of life, no less serious a matter than imprisonment in the Clock Tower at Westminster, at the pleasure of the House of Commons. It was threatened under the following conditions.

While we were preparing for the contest, getting proxy-papers ready, and so on, it came to my knowledge that Lord Rayleigh, a highly distinguished Senior Wrangler, Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics,¹ who was confined to bed by a serious illness, was becoming unhappy about the result as prophesied to him by Stuart's political friends. I was asked to go and tell him how things were really working out. It occurred to me that his name was worth very much more to our side than his vote could be, if he had one, and I began to look into the possibility of making claim to a vote for him. It seemed to me that either there was a register of voters or there was not. If there was not, I did not see—and I still do not see—how there could be an election. If there *was* a register of voters, it was the well-known annual register of 'persons entitled to vote in the Senate,' being the list of all Masters and Doctors whose names were on the books of the University. That list contained the names of Lord Rayleigh and other Senior Wrangler peers, the Bishops of Hereford and Worcester, Atlay and Philpott. Finally, in voting in the election of a representative we were beyond question 'voting in the Senate.' The chain of points seemed to me so sound that I felt that the returning officer, the Vice-Chancellor, must accept the vote, subject to its rejection on scrutiny. Anyhow, it was worth while to emphasise the fact of Lord Rayleigh being on our side.

With that tale to tell I went to see the invalid ; assured him that we should win by nearly two to one ; produced a proxy-paper made ready ; got his signature ; certified it myself as a borough magistrate ; and let it be known that I would myself tender the proxy about half an hour before the end of the first day's polling.

There was quite a gallery when the time came. Stuart's committee had barristers down from London to argue cases, but we did our own arguing. The barrister at the Vice-Chancellor's table was W. B. Odgers, now the Recorder of Bristol, and we went at it hammer and tongs. In the end, the Vice-Chancellor could not come to a conclusion, and

¹ Now Chancellor of the University.

postponed his decision until he should have consulted Mr. Horace Davey, who had argued for the University in a recent case of appeal against the Commissioners' Statutes. The decision was against the vote.

Mr. Ashton Dilke brought the matter before the House of Commons. The Attorney-General stated that the claim of a peer to vote at elections had been rejected by legal decisions, and he did not know of anything that exempted University elections from that general rule. Asked if the action taken was not a high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the House, he replied that that was the language of the resolution of the House on the subject but it had not the force of law; the better course was to assume that Lord Rayleigh had been advised that he had the right to vote, and had not any intention of infringing the privileges of the House. In reply to Mr. James Lowther, he said that if a peer's name appeared on a register, which it ought not to do, the duty of the returning officer was to accept the vote, but it was a nullity and would be struck off on scrutiny. That settled the matter in my favour, as against Davey. When the question of penalties was looked into, a fine of £500 for the peer, and imprisonment in the Clock Tower during the pleasure of the House for the member of the Senate who tendered the proxy vote, was said to be the penalty. As it only wanted about a week to the prorogation, I earnestly hoped that the novel experience of a week in the Clock Tower might be mine. I ascertained that the only real drawback was that a portion of the long pendulum of the great clock worked across one end of the room. But it was not to be. On further inquiry it was found that the case was not so clear as it had been supposed to be, and the House dropped it. I have always regretted the loss of so interesting a memory.

That election was finished in great sadness, notwithstanding its success. The last day of the election brought the details of the death of one of my intimate friends, with whom a few years before I had had much to do in connection with journalistic literature and articles in magazines and reviews, Professor Palmer, the Arabic scholar and explorer. He was

a very remarkable man in many ways, particularly in sleight of hand and in performing the tricks of Maskelyne and Cooke. It is now well known that he was taking a large sum of money on the part of the Government to placate certain Arabs, and that confidence in his ability to manage Arabs, as he always before had done, led him to disregard ordinary precautions and take the gold with him on camels. It was the time of Arabi Pasha, and no doubt Arabi's intention was to seize the money and the men, and to hold the men to ransom ; over-zeal on the spot led to their massacre. Colonel Warren was sent to investigate the affair, and his report appeared in *The Times* on the last day of the election. They had the remains, which are now in the crypt of St. Paul's, and they had obtained a report of the massacre. The whole party was to be slaughtered. They were given the choice of two kinds of death, to jump over a precipice or to be shot. 'Sheikh Abdullah' (Professor Palmer) having ascertained that they had quite decided to kill them, called upon Heaven to avenge their death, put his arms over his face, and jumped over. Captain Gill did the same. The others¹ were shot. We who knew Palmer well could see him do it, tied up into a sort of ball, in the best shape for falling if he lit on something soft.

In March 1885, Mr. James Bryce made a speech in the House of Commons against University representation. He entered upon a discussion of the Cambridge election in 1882, of which we have been speaking. The present Viscount Bryce was always a man of high honour. So far as he was concerned, he spoke on information received, not on knowledge of the facts. On the evening of Mr. Raikes's election a statement was sent to the leading Radical journal respecting the number of professors who voted for Mr. Raikes. The statement, as it appeared in the journal, was easily shewn to be in error. But it was also shewn to be in error in a higher respect, for while Mr. Raikes was supported by a clear majority of those who had taken the very highest degrees, one or two of the professorial supporters of the other side had in the days of their youth taken a poll degree.

¹ Lieut. Charrington and his servant, the dragoman, and Mousa the cook.

And taking a wider view of the statement that the University member was not really the member for the University, Mr. Raikes polled within nine of the number of residents who polled for Professor Stuart, and he polled three out of every four of the non-residents who voted. Further, a laborious person took the poll-book and compared it in each case with the Cambridge Calendar. The result proved to be that twice as many Honour men voted for Mr. Raikes as for Professor Stuart. An article on these lines in an evening paper appeared in the House an hour before the division, and (as Mr. Raikes wrote to the author of the paper) decided several doubtful members to vote for the University representation. The author was myself.

Keenly as I had fought for Mr. Raikes, I felt that the candidature of Professor Stuart was unquestionably in one important respect a step in the right direction. The University seats were the object of grave attack at that time. They were regarded as safe places for Conservative politicians by no means all of whom represented in any direct way the intellectual interests of the University. When the next vacancy came, caused by the death of Mr. Beresford Hope, I begged the then Master of Magdalene (Latimer Neville, afterwards Lord Braybrooke) to consider the possibility of a resident representative. The suggestion led to much discussion. After full consideration, I was asked to approach two men whose ability, and especially their ability as speakers, marked them out as ideal representatives, Sir George Paget and Sir George Humphry. Both were such kind friends of mine that I could without difficulty communicate with them on this very delicate subject, specially delicate because they were not on very good terms with one another, and each might not quite like to see the other elected. I only mention this because of what followed. Their replies shewed the high character of the men. I have their letters still. Humphry preferred Paget, and did not wish to undertake the burden; Paget could not see his way to accept, and thought Humphry would be the right man. Then I was authorised to approach Sir George Gabriel Stokes. He was our modern Isaac Newton. He occupied Isaac

Newton's Professorship (the Lucasian). It was very fitting that he should follow Isaac Newton as representative of the University in Parliament. Stokes accepted and was elected. The energy and devotion with which he performed the duties of both of his great offices were beyond all praise. In the course of a few years every University in the United Kingdom—I think that is true, anyhow it was said so—had followed our example, at least in the case of one of their representatives.

In 1891, Mr. Raikes died. Some important politicians were approached, among them Mr. Arthur Balfour,¹ without success. To my great satisfaction it was agreed that both of our representatives should be prominent residents, if that could be accomplished. I was again allowed to look for some first-rate resident, and I suggested Dr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Jebb. It was objected that he was a Liberal. They gave me leave to put to him three questions, on three main points affecting the University electors. He answered them all as I hoped he would, and he was elected. By that time the threats against the University seats had become very definite, and I had urged upon our committee that we must send some one who would die with dignity on the floor of the House; Jebb's parting speech would go down to history. Before another vacancy occurred I had left Cambridge and had ceased to have any special say in the matter. The whole episode is a very happy memory of the past.

Jebb, it is unnecessary to say, was a brilliant success. On two great educational occasions, the Leader of the House in summing up the debate said that he was content to leave the matter as the representative of the University of Cambridge had put it.

It is a comfort to us non-residents, and a distinct advantage to the nation, that we are now again represented by a Senior Wrangler, Sir Joseph Larmor. In such men as Larmor and Sir J. J. Thomson who was next to him in the Tripos of 1880, the war is teaching the nation the value of

¹ This name is mentioned here only lest it should be supposed that we were so foolish as not to make the attempt. The general feeling was that a man in that great position should have at his back some great business constituency.

Cambridge men of the highest distinction in Pure and Applied Mathematics. It would have been better for the nation and for the empire if the Government had sought the help of such men years ago, when they saw—as we now understand they did see—what was coming. It has now come and we have found them not ready.

At the election of the first County Council for Cambridge-shire, I was nominated for one of the borough wards, and was elected without a contest. That made it obviously safe for my party to elect me Alderman and fill my seat as Councillor with another man on the same side. As far as I could gather from the records of elections to other County Councils, this made me the first clerical Alderman in the history of England from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times.

Apart from my own case, there was a very neat fight over the election of Aldermen. The Unionist party had a majority of two in the election of Councillors. That was so small a majority that the other side claimed an equal division of the sixteen Aldermen to be elected. I took the view that a majority is a majority, and we had the right to a majority of the sixteen Aldermanic places. We had separate rooms at the place of meeting to elect, and there was much coming and going between the rooms, neither side giving way. At last, it wanted only some very few minutes to the hour of election of Aldermen. I presented myself in the opposition room and gave a final alternative, 9 and 7 or 16 and 0 ? They took the 9 and 7, and we were quite good friends.

It had been from the first understood that we must keep the action of the County Council clear of political tendency. My belief was that the only way to ensure that was by having a small majority of Conservatives on the Council ; just large enough to be effective at a real crisis, but not large enough to allow the party to venture upon unwise courses. This we had secured at the first election, but with a very narrow margin, a margin that would need constant attention and nursing, and we had slightly increased it—practically doubled it—by the election of Aldermen.

Our party met on Saturday, February 16, 1888, to the number of twenty-one or twenty-two, to consider the election

of officers. They put me in the chair. It was determined to propose Mr. Sperling as Chairman, a man of very great gentleness of manner and complete knowledge of county business. It was decided to propose me as Vice-Chairman, against my wish ; I did not mean to allow it to be carried into effect. And it was agreed that a small body of our number should be appointed with a view to expediting the business of the Council at its formal meetings, and conferring with representatives of those who did not usually act with us. I was requested to write to the principal man on the other side, Alderman Bond, informing him of our views on these points. This was my letter :

54 Bateman Street, Cambridge : *Feb. 16, 1889.*

DEAR MR. BOND,—There has been some conversation this afternoon about the Chairmanship of the County Council. We intend—if he will consent—to propose Mr. Sperling. I am asked to tell you this, and to say that if your own views had been in the same direction there would be an opportunity for you or any of your friends to second the proposal.

With regard to Vice-Chairman, they have formed an intention which is not likely to meet your views, and I have no commission to mention it to you.

We have got six or seven names of persons on or near the spot who may act as a sort of Committee 'for expediting the business of the Council and conferring when occasion arises with representatives of' yourself and your friends. I am to act as a sort of chairman. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear from you and do anything that can be done with a view to the prompt despatch of business.

Yours very truly,
G. F. BROWNE.

We were met in a like spirit. Mr. Sperling was elected our first Chairman, and a strong Liberal was elected Vice-Chairman. Work begun in that friendly way was sure to be good work, and good work it proved to be. We criticised each other without wrangling, and we settled all we fairly could before the meetings.

Another proposal worked well. It was a great pleasure to me to receive in January 1901, long after I had left Cambridge, an invitation to dine at the University Arms

Hotel with the members of the County Council. The dinner was held 'in pursuance of a practice instituted by yourself of having a dinner for the members of the Council and their friends.' Mr. Sperling was retiring from the Council, of which he had been Chairman from the first. The invitation to me set forth 'a pleased and grateful recollection of your services on that body and of your inspiring charm of manner.' It speaks well for our public life that one who had fought as tenaciously as any member of the Council should after ten years be thus kindly remembered, however overdrawn the phrase may have been.

If I were asked what in the long run is the best policy for a party leader, and what is the policy it is a real pleasure to pursue, I should say,—at all cost of private grudges and petty rebellions, put up a straight man. That appeals to friend and foe alike. I can never forget what happened when the Liberal-Unionist split came. I had got Penrose FitzGerald as the Conservative candidate for the borough. Sir George Humphry, a confirmed Liberal, came to tell me that the Liberal members of the Senate who had votes for the borough had held a meeting. He was asked to come and tell me that a very large proportion of them (he told me the actual number) had determined to transfer their votes, when the election came, to my side. 'And,' he added, 'I am grateful to you for having a candidate for whom it will be a real pleasure to us to record our votes.' I have sometimes wondered whether a good many of them would have contented themselves with not voting for the Gladstonian, if I had taken one of the several postulants whom I did not take, such as the man who made the palms of my hands feel greasy.

Inasmuch as this reference touches a really important point in political history, it may be not out of place to quote an article on the subject which appeared at the time in the *St. James's Gazette* (June 29, 1886) under the title 'A sign of the times.' The authorship of the article was not a complete secret then and may be avowed now.

The boroughs of Oxford and Cambridge are unlike all other boroughs in England, since the late extension of the franchise.

Fellows of colleges residing in their college rooms have now a vote for the borough, if they hold some college or university office. The mere 'idle Fellow,' who holds no office, has no vote for the borough. Thus the borough elections are affected by exactly the one class of men of whom it has always been maintained that they were ardent supporters of Mr. Gladstone and of an advanced Liberal policy : namely, the real working leaders of the university—the men who not only are possessed of the highest intellectual power, but also are acting the part of teachers and guides of youth.

To speak for the present of Cambridge only, it was a singular fact that at the last election for the borough the new University vote was worth a net fifty votes to the Conservative candidate. This surprised no one who had watched the signs of the times. It indicated a marked change in the general tone of the University Liberal—a change which the leaders of the party at headquarters might have done well to note. It was not that the University Liberal had become less Liberal ; it was not that he had changed his political tone. It was that he had come to see what strange things might be attempted under the name Liberal. The change was not in his Liberalism, but in his attitude towards people and things that were not Liberal but yet dressed themselves in the old party guise. He no longer felt universal benevolence and trust for all that called itself by the great name of Liberal.

Six or seven months have passed. A new election for the borough is at hand. A document has appeared in Cambridge of so remarkable a character as to deserve the attention of the public far beyond the limits of the borough in which it is issued. Fifty-three of the staunchest Liberals in the university, all voters and all but three or four holding important offices, have publicly announced their determination to oppose the Gladstonian candidate for the borough. To apply a test which will be intelligible to all, they were the cream of Professor Stuart's Cambridge committee when he contested the representation of the university two or three years ago. The Vice-Chancellors of the last four years, Dr. Ferrers and Dr. Porter, are among them ; Professors Hort, Humphry, Sidgwick, Jebb, Creighton, Hughes, Seeley, Skeat, Dewar, the Public Orator, Mr. R. Burn, Mr. Aldis Wright, Mr. A. Austen Leigh, Mr. E. H. Morgan, Mr. Somerset, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Hammond, Mr. James Ward, Mr. Prothero, Sir Roland Wilson, Mr. C. J. Clay, Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Horace Darwin, Mr. Keynes, Mr. Langley, Mr. Glazebrook, Mr. Rose, Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. Forsyth, and others of importance in the eyes of those who know anything of the working of the university. The Conservative party has always had the support of some of the men best known to the world—such as Professor Adams, Professor Stokes, and Sir George Paget. On

the present occasion, the Cambridge opponents of Mr. Gladstone form a united body of opinion such as Cambridge has never seen.

Two reflections naturally occur. Is it possible that all this array of culture and intellect is nothing but 'class' prejudice? And what conceivable cry can Mr. Gladstone ever invent that will bring back to his fold these men, once his firmest supporters?

We had a big Liberal-Unionist meeting in the borough, of course, with 'buckshot' Forster and the Duke of Argyll. Forster did not get on so well as we expected. He seemed not quite comfortable. At last he pulled hard at his shaggy beard and exclaimed 'I can't get on without an opposition! Won't *somebody* object!' The Duke had a short note on each of some twenty pieces of notepaper. When he had worked through three or four of them, and took the next piece, it was clear that it did not come in proper sequence. He was puzzled for a moment, then looked up and said, 'Mr. Gladstone, gentlemen——' The whole audience booed while he sorted his notes. Then he went on. Nearer the end it happened again. Again he looked up and said, 'Gentlemen, as I said, Mr. Gladstone——.' Then they all booed while he sorted his remaining sheets. It was very skilful.

A leader has to lead. In the capacity of leader I once travelled quite a thousand miles to say one word, the name of a man. The office of clerk to the magistrates was vacant, and each side had a candidate. It was the long vacation. I was living with my family at Killiecrankie Cottage, with relatives. There was an almost or quite equal division between the two parties on the bench of magistrates; but the Mayor was a Liberal, and if his vote could make a tie he would elect his man by a casting vote. I was offered a pair, my old and valued friend Professor Liveing. I felt sure of two things—one, that so keen a man as he would be at the election if it was any way possible, and therefore I, to whom it was possible, must go. The other was, that Liveing had told them he could not possibly come, and had not offered himself absolutely for a pair. So I went, and my one vote settled it. Including the Mayor they had eleven; we had twelve; we prevented the casting

vote by one. After that, no one ever had the face to refuse to take trouble if I pressed him. All the same, it was a very bad appointment in respect of other than legal qualifications, though no one had suspected it.

Men easily slide into moral obliquity over the phrase 'a *bona-fide* pair.' I remember that in the contest between my two friends James Stuart and Raikes, a country clergyman wrote to tell Raikes's committee that he had been thrown from his dogcart and had broken his leg, could they find him a *bona-fide* pair? The committee replied: 'Dear sir, if you can find one of Professor Stuart's supporters who has been thrown from his dogcart and has broken his leg, we shall be glad to arrange the pair.' But then, the committee was winning hands down.

For many years I was responsible for concerted action among the members of the moderate party on the Council of the Senate in regard to nominations to Syndicates. The accustomed method of nomination was that papers were sent round the Council table, one for each Syndicate, and members wrote such names as occurred to them. The list was then sent round again for voting. I very soon found that this was a very haphazard method. I used to be asked outside how it came about that Mr. A. was nominated to exactly the Syndicate on which Mr. B. would have been useful, and *vice versa*. This led to my always calling a meeting of the moderate members, at which we went with real care through the whole long list and arranged suitable nominations of the right kind of men from our point of view. When we were in a minority on the Council, our solidarity, and the fact that our nominees were sufficiently capable men to pick up a vote or two from the members of the Council in whom party feeling was fluid or non-existent, usually carried the day in cases where we cared to be solid.

I am very well aware that the caucus system as generally applied is a bad one. But the caucus system worked on right principles, and for good purposes, in a sphere where there are no axes to grind, can be a purely beneficent weapon. I should like to give some extracts from letters relating to

a particular election to the Council of the Senate, in order to shew the sort of tone which marked our proceedings.

We had lost a highly valued Professorial member of the Council. I much wished to avoid a contest. There was an obvious man on our side, a strong Conservative, whom we could almost certainly have carried. But on one point in University affairs, and on one point in general politics, I happened to know that he was not in accord with us. As it was practically a question affecting candidature from one large college, it seemed best to me to have a really good man from the other side, so long as he was not extreme. I accordingly wrote to the recognised leader on the other side, fully explaining my position and view, and also to the man whom I had in my own mind selected. Here is the essential part of the leader's reply :

DEAR BROWNE,— . . . As to the Council election, I had thought that a contest might, and, if possible, should, be avoided : and it was a real pleasure to me when I heard that you took the same view. Your expression of opinion simplified our proceedings, and we are sincerely grateful to you for it.

I thoroughly sympathise with you in what you say about these contests. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate both the University and the candidate against whom one has voted : and I commonly find that I can most heartily do so.

I need hardly say how pleasant those concluding words were to the man who for nearly twenty years had selected or taken chief part in selecting the hostile and successful candidate.

The following are extracts from the two letters from the Professor whom I had suggested as the candidate :

MY DEAR BROWNE,—Many thanks for your very kind note.

It will be pleasant if there is no contest, especially when the vacancy to be filled is occasioned by the death of one whose loss we all feel and recognise so much. I cannot take his place in the services which he was able to render so eminently. We have no one here to elect who could do so. But there are many departments of the work of the Council in which I shall feel a keen interest, if I am elected, and I shall be very glad to be more

fully associated with yourself. It is pleasant, also, and satisfactory to feel that on so many subjects, probably the great majority that are likely to come before the Council, we shall not differ in any serious way.

The next day a second letter came from the suggested candidate, describing the course taken at the meeting held in his college.

DEAR BROWNE,— . . . I was myself present at the meeting here to consider what candidate should be proposed. Though I did not myself, and I think a good many others did not, feel that the two points which you mentioned would be weighty objections to a man otherwise very fit, in making a selection for the Council, I can understand others thinking differently, and the meeting generally saw that they would probably at the present time divide many votes. Those present were I think generally thankful to you for your frank indication of opinion, and were not sorry to avoid a contest if possible. Moreover, the majority here, as at other colleges, are in accord with you on those two points, though not thinking agreement on them so essential a qualification for a candidate.

Nevertheless, it was a very considerable surprise to me when the result of sending round papers turned out to be that I was selected by a decided majority.

There cannot have been much amiss with party management under my control for all those many years when letters such as those could be written by two of the highest-minded and most thoughtful men in Cambridge.

There are some simple principles by which it is well to be guided, if you wish to get your own way at a committee meeting, or any meeting of an important body such as the Council of the Senate of the University. One is, always to be there before the minutes are read. Another is, to refuse to be whispered to by your neighbour on either side; to put it in a positive form, to attend closely to every word of the proceedings. Another is, to have with you a small packet of sandwiches or biscuits or whatever you find suits you best, in case the meeting proves long. On the Council of the Senate, whose meetings began at eleven and often lasted till two and later, it was a joy to see one of the other side beginning to fidget, rather flagging in attention, becoming less pointed in his epigrammatic interjections.

He was wanting his luncheon, and he must get away to have it. You had got your own luncheon in your pocket—until you transferred it to a more operative position. Finally, always to stay to the very end. The number of important things that get done in the last few minutes of a protracted meeting, when adjournment is impossible because action must be taken at once, would surprise anyone who did not carefully mark the course of events. I need scarcely add that it is fatal to be supposed to be tortuous. One of these points may be illustrated by an example from a later time.

There had been a long controversy in the City of London with regard to the management of an annual fund. It may be as well not to mention the name of the fund, for my recollections may not be very precise, and errors in detail easily and firmly crystallise in twenty years of an elderly man's mind. Year after year the same people raised the same objections, and year after year the chairman had to adjourn the meeting. I had never been at the annual meeting of this fund, never having had any connection with it; but it suddenly became my duty to attend the meeting. The Lord Mayor, in the chair, spoke very strongly of the necessity of coming to a definite conclusion and ending the controversy one way or the other. He then left the chair and moved me into it. I had already gone into the matter with him, and before proceeding to business I announced that I should sit there so long as proper discussion of the usual hostile motion was kept up; that I should sit there however many had to leave; and that when the discussion had run its course I should take a final vote, however few were left.

I was the only person in the room with food in my pocket. The afternoon dragged itself on, the evening approached, came, got late. One resolute man kept it up, but in time he was starved into leaving. There remained one silent follower of his and two stalwarts on the right side. No one rose to speak. The discussion was ended. I took the vote and declared the resolution lost by two to one, the chairman not voting. The thing was settled.

I had estimated the opposition, when the room was full, at about a fourth part of the whole. The eventual vote was in my judgment an accurate representation of the feeling of the meeting.

One curious outcome of the contest between Raikes and Stuart was this. A deputation of the principal fighters on our side came to beg me to resign my Orders and represent the University in Parliament. It was argued that I was entirely out of the ecclesiastical line, and could be even stronger in Church Defence if it ceased to be a professional matter. I had no expectations or ambitions beyond a University life and University work. A great deal of that would be quite consistent with a seat in Parliament, and my support for the higher work of the University would be more powerful for good if it came—as they sagely and confidently prophesied—from the Front Bench. They really made out quite a nice case.

The reply, after the proper expressions of appreciation had been gone through, consisted of the substance of three questions. It should be remembered that this was more than thirty years ago. ‘In our overwhelming Conservative majority, what sort of proportion of the clerical voters are included?’ ‘Roughly speaking, nine-tenths or more.’ ‘Are the clergy the largest class of voters?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘How many of them would vote for a renegade parson?’ They went away.

CHAPTER XIV

The University Carlton Club—Edward Gibson and Alfred Austin—Lord Randolph Churchill—His Reporting—Continental Chaplaincies—Bennett of Bournemouth—Appeal on Church Reform—Address to the Archbishops and Bishops—Carlisle Church Congress—Examination for Holy Orders—Reading Prizes—Debating Prizes—Reception of Archbishops and Bishops, July 1888—Prince Albert Victor's Honorary Degree—The Prince of Wales (King Edward) in 1864—The *Hospitium Sallatorium*—Risks of Public Functions.

IN the year 1882 it occurred to me that it might be well to take some step towards meeting a Radical propaganda which was at work among the undergraduates. It seemed better not to copy the methods of the other side, which worked from above. The method adopted was to encourage the undergraduates of Conservative tendencies in each college to combine for discussion and instruction; to look after the freshmen as they came up; and, while never aggressive, to be ready when any aggressive steps were taken of an opposite tendency. Each college had its own committee. We had addresses for the leading members of the several colleges, and they were supposed to make use of any information or hints thus given. My own office was that of President. It was a main principle that the men should regard it as a part of their University study to prepare themselves for taking an intelligent and sober part in public affairs when they passed out into the world of citizenship.

We had our first dinner, in the Guildhall of Cambridge, on May 11, 1883. One hundred and seventy-five were present. There was a very long list of speeches, and it was arranged that the President should propose all the toasts, in order to leave full time for the responses. I have recently

read through the several speeches of the visitors, twenty-one pages of them, and they seem to me to have afforded excellent training in tone and temper for the young men. Edward Gibson, three years later Baron Ashbourne, and Alfred Austin, were our speakers from the outside. Of our own we had Latimer Neville, the Master of Magdalene, whose sober judgment, and quiet persuasive manner, and unspoken lessons of the conduct of gentlemen, many of the young men would never forget; Beresford Hope and Raikes, the Representatives in Parliament; and Penrose FitzGerald, soon to be the permanent Member for the Borough.

For our second annual dinner I had secured as our chief speaker Lord Randolph Churchill. He was at that time the Chairman of the Council of the National Union, and was actively engaged, along with (Sir John) Gorst, in the establishment of Conservative clubs, especially among working men. Lord Salisbury desired that the work of the Central Committee of the Conservative party, whose agent was at that time Mr. Bartley, and the work of Lord Randolph's committee, should be amalgamated, and that the Council of the National Union should not act independently of the Central Committee. Behind the scenes there was a good deal of friction, and at last (May 4, 1884) it was announced that Lord Randolph had resigned the chairmanship and broken with Lord Salisbury. The dinner of the University Carlton Club was fixed for the next day. I telegraphed to Lord Randolph and Mr. Beresford Hope (our Representative in Parliament who was to be present) 'Carlton dinner postponed indefinitely.'

Naturally enough, this drastic action did not please everybody. One member of the club, a man of middle age, and two of the young men, went up to London and informed Lord Randolph that they sympathised with him and were on his side. Marked reference is made to this in his 'Life,' vol. i. p. 328, where his biographer quotes at considerable length from a paper written by Lord Randolph himself. He had been greatly depressed, as the result of his resignation; he had felt isolated, without support. The visit of these three men, which he took to be generally and authorita-

tively representative of the attitude of the undergraduates, an impression which the skill of the leader of the little party would not tend to dissipate, put him into spirits again. It was the one event that really encouraged him. When he got home out of heart, 'these gentlemen—three, I will venture to say, of the most accomplished and able envoys ever sent on any mission—were waiting for me.'

In the kaleidoscopic career of Lord Randolph it was only natural that when the next year came round he was holding office in Lord Salisbury's Government. I invited him to be the chief guest at our dinner on June 6, 1885. On that occasion he spoke with great earnestness of the comfort the deputation had given him; and I suppose we all of us, for the most part with some amusement, wore the air of taking the thanks so seriously tendered. The 'Life,' vol. i. p. 295, gives an important declaration of policy from this address. Speaking of the then 'totally new, purely modern, absolutely untried' foundation of the British constitution, he said:

My especial safeguard against such a state of mental annihilation and mental despair [as he had described] is my firm belief in the ascertained and much tried common sense of the English people. That is the faith which I think ought to animate and protect you in your political future: that is the faith of the Töry democracy to which I shall ever abide.

That dinner gave an opportunity for learning the special arrangements made by Lord Randolph for having his speeches correctly reported. For a speech of serious importance, the whole was carefully written out and set in type in portions of ten or twelve lines each, numbered A, B, C, &c. His special reporter came with him, followed his recitation of the speech word by word, and telegraphed up to London any departure from the printed copy, in this sort of form—'A 10 for aggressive violent.' It was very complete. The changes, I was told, were few and slight. At first sight it seemed merely slavish; but on consideration, it noted the supreme importance of self-restraint and verbal care in the parliamentary world of speech, where opponents are keenly on the look out for ever so slight a hold for attack.

We were careful in the advice given to the young men.

There was nothing inflammatory in our speeches or our doings. Looking back upon old reports, I find that in Church matters I urged—as in more influential positions I have steadily urged since—the enlargement of the area of subjects within which differences of opinion are quite compatible with active co-operation. And my general advice to the young men, embarking upon the strenuous life, may be summed up as in a peroration which I remember was favourably received, ‘Never say die till you’re much too dead to say it.’

Immersion in University and borough affairs did not mean complete neglect of ecclesiastical interests and clerical duties. Several long vacations were given to continental chaplaincies. My practice was to remain on the spot throughout the week, in order to be at the disposal of the visitors if any emergency arose. Many of the continental chaplains of my experience used to put in a sunburnt appearance on Sundays, and devoted the weekdays to expeditions in the mountains. The other practice enables the chaplain to be helpful in many ways. Advice is sought in family matters ; business documents want explanation ; signatures have to be witnessed ; personal troubles look for sympathy. Memory tells me of many occasions on which the residential presence of the chaplain has given him opportunities which he would not have missed for the sake of any ascent. Many friendships, formed rapidly as friendships made in the absence of social punctilios are wont to be made, formed rapidly and living long, have been among the results of this practice.

For many years from 1860 to 1879 my Christmas vacations were spent at Bournemouth with my father and mother. St. Peter’s was the only church there in 1860, and there were no two houses opposite each other. St. Peter’s was only a nave ; the roof had very recently been raised to admit clerestory windows. A. M. Bennett, the vicar, was a delightfully kind man, gruff and grim ; he was specially good to me, and I acted as one of his staff in church. He told me that when the small benefice was offered to him, he got to Christ Church, hired a horse there,

rode about the downs all day looking for the village, and went back at night not having found it. I was dining with him one night, when he told us after dinner that he had that day received a deputation of members of the evangelical party, and had given permission for the erection of a church and the formation of a parish. 'It will make me much more free at St. Peter's.' That was the beginning of Holy Trinity. He gave us a free hand for floral decorations; but when all was done he came in, walked slowly round the church, and barked out 'Something smells. Take it out.' We had to find the offending flower and remove it. On one occasion a clergyman came late to the vestry, and hurriedly struggled into a surplice, from which his head did not emerge. Bennett snapped out 'Y're in the sleeve,' and started the procession. The archdeacon was a rather self-willed person, antagonistic to simple developments. He instructed Bennett to discontinue lighted candles. One day when the vicar was away from home, his son Alec had a telegram from him—'Archdeacon dead light the candles.'

The vicar was properly proud of the fact that when the chancel was being built the services in the nave were never interrupted. There was no noise of work during a service. We had evensong one evening as usual, and the next morning the partition was down and the beautiful chancel stood revealed.

The influx of visitors, and their unexpected ways, proved rather trying to some of the quiet tradespeople. The simple old times had gone. Here is an example. A special pork pie had been ordered for my father's Christmas treat. It didn't come. My mother went to inquire as soon as the shops were opened again. The man said he would look into the matter. We went next day, and found him sorrowful under a new and painful experience. 'I can understand the pie a goin to the wrong parties Mum; but I *can't* understand the wrong parties a eatn of it.'

Occasions of usefulness in Cambridge itself in matters affecting the welfare of the National Church were by no means few and far between. One such may be instanced here, an early appeal for reforms in the Church.

On consulting Dr. Westcott, I found that he regarded himself and his colleagues, in their official capacity, as teachers of Theology, not as advocates of the Church of England. While, therefore, he and his colleagues would highly approve of an appeal to the Archbishops and Bishops for reforms in the Church, they could not, as the Divinity Professors of the University, head a movement in that direction. He was clear that there should be such an appeal, and they would all of them sign it. He was good enough to add that he hoped I would undertake the work.

With active colleagues the work was soon done. The appeal was signed by a large majority of the most prominent men resident in the University. The number of resident members of the Senate was very much smaller then than now, and the number of signatures was a hundred and fifty-nine. The list was headed by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Ferrers, and the Vice-Chancellor elect, Dr. Swainson. As I read after all these years the list of names, and find one great name after another, I feel, more even than I did at the time, the width of the area of high intelligence, of endless shades of opinion, covered by the signatures. I have often since had opportunities of acting in accordance with the principles enunciated. The address was as follows :

TO THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE PROVINCES OF
CANTERBURY AND YORK.

Cambridge: *December 12, 1885.*

WE the undersigned resident Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge desire to lay respectfully before you the expression of our belief that the Church of England has long suffered serious injury from the postponement of necessary reforms, and of our earnest desire that advantage may be taken of the revival of public interest in ecclesiastical questions for the authoritative consideration of temperate measures of Church Reform, in order that they may be carried into effect with the least possible delay.

Certain definite evils affecting portions of the administration of the Church appear to us to need prompt correction. As examples may be given, abuses connected with the sale of

patronage, excessive inequalities or anomalies in the distribution of revenues, and difficulties in the way of the removal of criminous and incompetent clerks.

But the reform which we believe to be most urgently needed is a more complete development of the constitution and government of the Church, central, diocesan, and parochial; and especially the admission of laymen of all classes, who are *bona fide* Churchmen, to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs.

Such a reform as this would in our opinion find a cordial welcome from clergymen and laymen of all schools of theology in the Church of England and from the nation at large. It would do no injury to the organisation which the Church has inherited from earlier ages, but would rather bring that organisation into fuller and more salutary activity; while it would enable provision to be made for meeting with greater elasticity the growing needs of the time.

As I have always obstinately refused to join the Church Reform League, though a keen Church Reformer, it is interesting to me to know that the League publishes, as No. 10 of its papers, an account of Dr. Westcott in connection with this Appeal.

The fact of my connection with the appeal from the University to the Archbishops and Bishops made it specially interesting to me to have to take into consideration, as the chairman of Committees of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury on the Revision of the Rubrics, a valuable appeal from Cambridge on that subject, from a select number of prominent men, among them more than one or two survivors of the hundred and fifty-nine of 1885. The honoured name of Dr. Liveing added special weight to both appeals.

Again, it was my six years of proctorial experience that first drew me into the vortex of a Church Congress. The Church Congress of 1884 was held at Carlisle, under that breeziest and burliest of bishops, Harvey Goodwin. One of the subjects was to be, 'The best means of raising the standard of social purity among (1) the wealthier and more educated, (2) the poorer and less educated.' The wealthier and more educated were assigned to me. Some extracts of a general character may be permitted here,

considering the large place which the practical sides of the subject had filled in my life.

Now, to take my programme in order. First, as to protecting young men from open physical temptation of the body. I would be bold here ; bolder, it seems, than the guardians of public decency are, or venture to be. I would sweep the streets clear of indecency. Vice will exist, do what we will ; but there is no possible reason why decent people should be offended by its open flaunting in the streets. Six years of proctorial power have, I dare say, bred in me an inclination towards arbitrary action in this matter. However that may be, I would clear the streets, and leave vice to grovel in places where decent people need not go.

Next, as to protecting men from that temptation which comes through the mind. Among the most treacherous enemies of purity are books. You take up a book which seems innocent enough, and suddenly you find that the author, or authoress, is leading you into the contemplation of the vivisection of an impure passion. All men should lay down a book the moment they become aware of this villainy on the part of the author or authoress. There are healthy and there are unhealthy ways of treating that round which so many tragedies have centred ; but you may take it for granted that its treatment in the modern novel is unhealthy, either alluring or else morbid and sentimental. There is a beautiful *Oratio ad libros benedicendos* in our earliest Pontifical, the Pontifical of that royal prelate who recommenced the line of Archbishops of York some 1150 years ago—a prayer which makes one wish that the same solemn view could be taken by the authors and the readers of books now,—*Descendat quæsumus, Domine, virtus Spiritus Sancti tui super hos libros, qui eos mundando purificet et benedicat atque sanctificet.*

Thirdly, we must encourage the intellectual side of young men. I should waste your time if I dwelt on this. Let me give you one anecdote. Some years ago we sent a lecturer to reside in a large town and give systematic courses of lectures, carrying men and women steadily through subjects calculated to attract and develop their intellect. The chief bookseller of the town reported after a time that he felt a very decided change. The whole character of the books asked for by his customers had become different ; it had become solid. He added, I believe, that there was a larger profit on solid books than on yellow-backed novels. In attempting to trace the possible good results of even one such step as this, it is more easy to lose yourself in the many mazes than to exhaust one single thread.

And you must not only educate, you must interest and amuse. I should have a great deal to say on this question of amusement, urging you not to be over fastidious, but I must content myself with remarking how vastly more there is to interest and amuse the young now than there was forty years ago. You complain, perhaps, that athletics are carried too far at school and at the universities. I have made that complaint myself. But even in its excess it is as light to darkness compared with what used to be.

As a physical counterbalance to vicious propensities, as a means by which young men are brought from their own point of view to take physical care of the temple of the Holy Ghost, I do not know what I should mention on the same page as that outburst of athleticism which this generation has seen.

I have spoken chiefly of men. But I feel that if the standard of social purity is to be raised, our main reliance must be on the women of England. And I must express a somewhat confident belief that this generation has seen the greatest step towards securing their assistance which the history of this nation can shew. Many years ago, when my thoughts were naturally turned in the direction of young persons of the opposite sex, I was struck by the frequency of the complaint among them that when once school was left, or the governess was finished with, there was no incentive to keep up the knowledge acquired, no stimulus towards higher intellectual endeavour. And it happened that I heard of some very sad cases, where women born to better things had—from sheer want of something real in which to occupy themselves—been led into reckless frivolities, into temptations, into ruin. It seemed to me that nothing, or almost nothing, was being done for those natures, capable of so much good, capable of so much evil, which have yearnings after some strong and vigorous occupation for the mind and the intellect. And so I rejoiced when a seeming accident put it into my power—indeed made it part of the business of my life—to do some little to help on the Higher Education of Women. Young men will fall into a very different attitude towards women in general, if they find that the women with whom they associate, in their own sphere, have other things to think of at times than young men and their wishes and their ways, and expect young men to be able to talk at times of something more than mere amusement. But I must say with regret that highly educated young women too often neutralise this good by a determined and successful endeavour to render their personal appearance unattractive.¹ Husbands will be less likely to seek

¹ This caution was much needed at the time. I doubt if any sentence spoken at the Congress was more vociferously applauded than this.

companionship abroad, if they find an intellectual companionship at home. You know the saying of what a wife is to a husband in the three periods of his life—in youth, in middle age, in old age. I trust that this generation is adding to the wife's functions yet another, one limited not to youth, nor to middle life, nor to old age, the function of providing the pure and delightful companionship of a highly trained and cultivated woman's intellect.

In conclusion let me repeat my programme. Protect men from open physical temptation of the body. Protect them from that temptation which comes through the mind. Encourage the intellectual side of man as a balance to the physical and emotional sides. And keep the whole man active, interested, healthily amused. Do this, and leave with cheerful hope the prospects of social purity to the healthy nature of men and women, and to the guidance of a good God.

It is interesting to an ex-Canon of St. Paul's and a retired diocesan Bishop to find that he wrote as follows just fifty years ago,¹ almost at the beginning of his later University career :

There has been so much discussion of late respecting the comparative unfitness of many of the men now admitted to holy orders, that a little pamphlet just published by Professor William Selwyn is worthy of notice. The canon's object is to call attention to the recommendations of the late Cathedral Commission on the question of ordination. It would appear that the intention of those who drew up the canons was that bishops should not act alone in the matter of determining the fitness of candidates, but should conduct their examination in the presence of the chapter of the cathedral church. Any bishop failing to observe this practice is subjected to suspension from making deacons or priests for two years, a rule which would at this moment drive the whole of the candidates in England and Wales to seek ordination from the Bishop of St. Asaph,² as he is the only prelate who professes to obey the directions of the canon. Lord Bacon gave it as his opinion that the bishops exercised in various ways by far too independent an authority. 'The greatest kings and monarchs,' he said, 'have their councils. Therefore it seems to me a thing reasonable, religious, and agreeable to the first institution, that bishops in the greatest causes and those which require a spiritual discerning (for example, in the ordaining, suspending, or depriving of ministers . . .) should not proceed sole and unassisted.' And King Charles the Second made solemn

¹ *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 17, 1865.

² Thomas Vowler Short.

declaration that he would appoint such men members of chapters as would be fitted to afford counsel and assistance to the bishop, both in ordination and other offices. Bishop Burnet says :— ‘I never put over the examining of them to my chaplains ; I did that always myself, . . . besides the public examination of them with my chapter.’ To return to obsolete practices recommended or enjoined by the canons, or to resuscitate old-fashioned ecclesiastical machinery, is one thing ; to make machinery we already possess do its work in carrying out practicable suggestions, found long ago to be of general utility, is another. The present system of ordinations is by far too private so far as the examinations are concerned, and influences of all kinds *may* be brought to bear upon an individual bishop, leading him to conclude that a confirmed stammer is a slight impediment which is only due to nervousness, and that a blank paper on the Greek Testament is the result of a passing headache. The Canons of many of our cathedrals are a highly ornamental body, and we should much like to see them combining with that quality the less dignified and aristocratic part of usefulness. By all means let them do their duty and help their bishops to see that none but fit men are admitted to Orders. Why not have a *viva voce* in one or two simple subjects in the chapter-house, and a trial of the vocal and elocutionary powers of the candidates in the nave of the cathedral church ?

It is a quaint coincidence that when the writer was made a Canon he did act as examining chaplain to his Bishop (London), and that the last resolution he carried in the Upper House of Convocation, other than those relating to the Rubrics, was to the effect that no Bishop should ordain as deacon a man who could not use his natural voice efficiently in reading and preaching.

Soon after the above article was written, a great opportunity came for carrying out one part of the principles stated. An endowment of £40 a year was offered to Cambridge for the foundation of a Reading Prize. A Grace for accepting it was rejected. A few of us devoted our energies to obtaining a reconsideration of the proposal, and our efforts were successful. It had been argued that if the good readers in all the colleges offered themselves for competition, an award would be practically impossible by reason of the number of competitors and the time that must be occupied. We had maintained that the thing

could in fact be done simply. One of us was punished by being appointed examiner on the first occasion, with a colleague. We spent the whole morning in the Senate House—a trying place for the voice—in hearing every candidate read; drew out a ‘short leet’ on which we placed every name favoured by either examiner; and carefully tested those on the short leet in the afternoon. Each examiner then wrote down his first and his second choice, and, to our surprise, we found ourselves in exact agreement. In later years I examined on two other occasions. The only difference between myself and a colleague was that on one occasion, while we agreed as to the first man, we had to bracket two others for the second prize, his second man being my third, and my second his third. It is an interesting fact that a large proportion of the prize-men afterwards achieved distinction, e.g., R. Appleton, A. F. Kirkpatrick, A. T. Myers, A. J. Mason, G. H. Rendall, G. R. Eden, H. E. Ryle, J. Armitage Robinson, J. K. Stephen, W. A. J. Ford, G. B. J. Ford. It is hardly fair to mention those names and omit many others. In one year, 1877, the prize-men had both of them taken their degree; the first man, E. H. C. Smith, was fourteenth Classic, the second, J. P. Smith, was fourth Wrangler and second Smith’s Prizeman.

The examiner who records this once received a Reading Prize himself. The examiners in charge of the Local Examinations at the various centres had to read out a passage for Dictation. It was the weakest point of our system, and when I was Secretary I took infinite pains to neutralise the unavoidable inequality of dictating ability. Before that time came, I was myself an examiner in charge. At one centre I received a brace of Norwegian black game and a receipt for Norwegian sauce, from ‘a grateful schoolmaster,’ for the clearest reading the boys had ever had.

The success which attended the establishment of the Reading Prizes encouraged me to make a further attempt. Cambridge was not as strong in the Press and in Parliament as it ought to be. I put out a scheme for organised debates,

under the supervision of the authorities in each college, with public debates, under University Examiners, once a year, among the champions elected for the purpose by the undergraduates of the several colleges. Sir George Humphry, always keen and liberal when there was an opportunity for University advance, promised me £60 a year. But the University was inclined to stand upon its dignity—one of the worst things to be stood upon—and the scheme was not taken up. Some time ago I gave to my own college a benefaction, amounting to the sum which I received clear for the two years for which I held my Fellowship, for the development of the debating power of the undergraduates of the college.

The Reception of the Archbishops and Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference by the University of Cambridge on July 18, 1888, was one of the most interesting events of my Cambridge experience. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Taylor, was good enough to put the central arrangement of it into my hands. The complete punctuality and success of the affair reflected great credit on a considerable body of departmental commanders. On the whole, I think the arrangements for meeting our visitors at the station, and getting them and their luggage to their various abodes, were the most perfect. This was due to the skill of R. T. Glazebrook. They came down in a special train from King's Cross. Frederick Wallis of Caius, afterwards Bishop of Wellington, was at King's Cross to get them safely off.

The number of prelates attending the Conference was 145. Nearly a hundred of these accepted the invitation of Cambridge. The day selected was Wednesday, July 18, that being one of the days devoted to meetings of the numerous committees of the Conference at Lambeth. When the day came, several of the prelates who had accepted the invitation were detained by committee work, but over eighty came, and with chaplains, wives, and relatives, the party exceeded 220. All were taken direct to the houses or college rooms of their hosts. For the accommodation of the Archbishop of Armagh and other prelates who were

not staying the night, the Old Lodge of St. Catharine's was put at my disposal. The prelates had been divided into eight groups, *a, b, . . . h*, eleven or twelve in each group, and two active and firm Members of the Senate were put in charge of each group. Each Bishop had been informed by letter to which group he belonged. This arrangement carried the whole thing through with surprising smoothness.

The ceremonies began with the presentation of the prelates to the Vice-Chancellor in the Senate House, where the whole floor was left clear for them. There was a barrier half way up, the further half being reserved for seating the Bishops. As each was brought in by his host he was taken to the barrier, where his name and his see were announced by Professor Browne. He then walked alone up the middle of the upper half of the Senate House, amid applause from the galleries full of Members of the Senate and their friends; shook hands with the Vice-Chancellor who stood on the dais in Congregation cope, with the Proctors on one side and the Esquire Bedells on the other; and passed to one of the chairs marked with the letter of his group. This enabled the University to note with special applause some of the more famous men. The time fixed for the conclusion of the ceremony of presentation was twelve noon. Exactly at twelve noon it was finished, and the Vice-Chancellor left. The prelates were in the hands of their group-leaders for seeing sights and being taken to their luncheon places. Of course each of the eight groups proceeded on an arranged plan, and there was no overlapping or confusion. An hour and a half was allowed for this, and it was not so inadequate as it may seem, for the whole of Trinity was left for tea time, the Chapel of King's for the afternoon service, and the Library, Combination Room, and Hall, of St. John's for dinner time. All the Masters of Colleges in residence had luncheon parties, and many Fellows of Colleges also. The total number of lunchers was 225.

The Congregation for conferring Honorary Degrees was held at 2.30 P.M. Specially urgent appeals for punctuality

were sent round from the University Press to the luncheon parties. It may be permitted to the writer of the account in the *Guardian* (July 25, 1888) to quote a remark which he felt real satisfaction in writing while he was still wrathful with one or two unprompt hosts. 'A special notice of the necessity for strict punctuality had been issued to the luncheon parties, and those who obeyed it had their reward in getting to the Senate House dry. Those who did not obey had as their penalty one of the very worst duckings that tropical rain has ever inflicted.'

'The Bishops'—to continue the quotation—'were seated on one side, before the dais, and the Members of the Senate on the other side, the visitors selected for the honour of a degree being seated in front. The selection would have been by no means an easy process if the Council of the Senate had not adhered rigidly to a simple principle. The Archbishop of Canterbury [Benson] had prepared a list of the Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference in order of consecration, with the Archbishops and Metropolitan Bishops at the head of the list. The Council proposed that all of those at the head of the list should receive honorary degrees, unless they were already Doctors of the University. This "unless" excluded the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primus of Scotland, and the Bishops of Rupertsland and Sydney. The remaining Metropolitans were the Archbishops of York, Armagh, and Dublin, and the Bishops of Guiana, Calcutta, Capetown, and Fredericton, all of whom accepted the offered honour, though the Bishop of Capetown had to withdraw at the last in consequence of a return of ill-health. In the case of the American Bishops the choice was difficult,¹ for the presiding Bishop (Connecticut) was not in England; and as his is the senior see the choice of the senior see was precluded. Fortunately the Bishop who is senior by consecration, Dr. Whipple, of Minnesota, was here and is a great favourite in Cambridge; and it seemed an obvious thing to add to him the Bishop

¹ We were not aware of the fact that Dr. Doane, the Bishop of Albany, was the right person to be chosen for the honour. I was able to secure for him an Honorary Degree some three years later.

of New York, who though one of the youngest of the Bishops holds the most important of all the sees, and one which stands as high in seniority of foundation as any now represented in England, New York and Pennsylvania dating from the same day of the year 1784. It is unnecessary to say that the speech of welcome of Dr. Sandys, the orator, took up the more prominent of the endless points presented by a gathering so entirely unique, while the individual speeches in which he presented the several prelates were in all cases pithy and appropriate. Dr. Sandys had an unusually severe call upon his resources that summer, for he had scarcely finished with his fifteen speeches on the occasion of Prince Albert Victor's degree when he was called back from an attempt at a holiday in Germany to present the prelates for their degrees. His services, however, are always rendered as ungrudgingly as gracefully, and to say that is to say a great deal.

'From the Senate House the Vice-Chancellor preceded the Bishops to King's Chapel, and the Members of the Senate followed. The authorities at King's, with that readiness to allow their noble chapel to play its part on special occasions which has long distinguished them, had altered the hour of the service and made all other arrangements to fall in with the convenience of the Bishops and the University. The Provost gave his stall to the Vice-Chancellor, the Vice-Provost his to the Archbishop of York [Thomson]. The sixty-six stalls, with the exception of a very few retained for Fellows and the Chaplains, were filled with Bishops, those for whom there were not stalls sitting with the Heads of Houses, Professors, &c., in the sub-stalls. It may very safely be said that neither Henry VI, nor anyone interested in King's from his time to the present, ever imagined an occasion on which those magnificent rows of stalls would not nearly suffice to seat the prelates attending a service in the chapel. The organ had for some time been in need of repair, and it was only used for the voluntaries (*Andante* in E minor, Smart, and *Occasional Overture*, Handel), played by the assistant organist, Mr. Bowman. The rest of the services (*Ouseley* in E flat, and

anthem, "Blessing, glory, and wisdom," J. C. Bach) were sung without accompaniment. The Lessons were read by two of the most distinguished of the young graduates of the College, Mr. W. G. Headlam (Scholar) and Mr. M. R. James (Fellow). Few that were present will readily forget the perfection of sweetness and harmony of the unaccompanied anthem. Dr. Mann, the organist, who stood and sang with his choir, is very much to be congratulated on the beautiful effect produced by his care and skill.'

After the service, the Master of Trinity, Dr. Montague Butler, received the whole party of 220 at his Lodge.

'Tea and coffee were served in the great dining-room, and a reception was held in the drawing-rooms upstairs. The Master then led his guests to the chapel, hall, and library, where some of the chief treasures were shewn and explained, and after this the party broke up, proceeding to the houses and rooms of their hosts, to rest a little and dress for dinner. The dinner being rigidly confined to Bishops and Members of the Senate, the chaplains, ladies, and others who accompanied the Bishops to Cambridge, dined quietly with their hostesses, while the Bishops and their hosts dined in St. John's.

'The guests assembled before dinner in the library of St. John's, entering by the Combination-room. As each entered, his eye ran down the long, low room, with its marvellous ceiling and its four pictures side by side of Selwyn, Herschel, Adams, and Wilberforce, through the open doors of the further Combination-room and the library, and on to where, 300 feet away, the great terminal oriel of the library stands, rising straight out of the waters of the Cam. With the punctuality which had marked every stage of the day's proceedings, the Vice-Chancellor moved from the library exactly at the appointed time, 7.45, and led the large party to the Hall, where covers were laid for 150 at seven tables. The dinner was simple, well designed, well cooked, and well placed on the table. The wines were few and sound. The guests were so arranged that except at the table where the honorary graduates and metropolitans were massed together, with the Vice-Chancellor and Professor

Stokes at the centres, no two Bishops sat next each other, Members of the Senate alternating with Bishops in all cases. There was great heartiness about the whole of the proceedings. The Bishops needed no set assurances of sympathy in the arduous and anxious work of their lives from the University of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, assembled in a College which owes its existence to the steadfastness of John Fisher, and in a Hall where there looked in upon them from the windows of one of the oriels the heraldic bearings of three at least of the Seven Bishops whose acquittal drew forth the cheers which startled King James in his camp at Hounslow two hundred years ago the Wednesday before. The Vice-Chancellor proposed "The Queen"; Dr. Butler "The Prince and Princess of Wales"; the Vice-Chancellor "The Honorary Graduates," to which the Archbishop of York replied; the Master of Clare "The Bishops of the United Kingdom," to which the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Brechin (Primus), and the Archbishop of Dublin replied; Dr. Westcott "The Indian and Colonial Churches," to which the Bishop of Guiana and the Bishop of Sydney replied; Dr. Humphry "The American Bishops," to which the Bishop of New York (Potter) replied; and the Bishop of Minnesota (Whipple) proposed "The University," to which the Vice-Chancellor replied. It is difficult to select for mention any of the speakers, and space would fail for referring to all. The Bishop of London [Temple] spoke with a vigour of manner, justness of language, sequence of idea, and fulness of heart, which greatly delighted his audience. The Bishop of Brechin [Jermyn] gave a lift to everyone's spirits, already very high, by a story of his Dean, *à propos* of the enormous area of the work represented by the Bishops present and the impossibility that all should everywhere go always well: a Scottish lady, who had become exceedingly bulky in her older age, informed her questioner that she was "weel i' pairts, but she was ower muckle to be a' weel at ane time." The Bishop of New York gave a similar lift by describing how his Quaker ancestry on Rhode Island saw the canoes of savages approaching, and, as it was against their principles

to fight, placed food and drink on the shore ; so treated they found the savages quiet and well disposed. " You have repeated the experiment upon us, and we think it has succeeded." The Bishop of Sydney [Barry], whose magnificent voice reduced to nothing the length of the hall of St. John's, worked out a comparison between the service all had so much enjoyed, without the accompaniment of the organ, and the colonial Church, without the accompaniment of time-honoured associations, of endowments, of national establishment, driven back upon first principles of clearness and soundness to produce perfect harmony, having a simple beauty of its own.'

I had got a number of my friends to promise me a guinea apiece to meet all expenses. The call was, I think, thirteen and sixpence. This result called forth more than one graceful epigram.

Another large gathering of that year was of a more personal character. On June 9, 1888, the Chancellor came in person to admit Prince Albert Victor, popularly known in Cambridge, and popular, as Prince Eddie, to an Honorary Degree. The Chancellor, the seventh Duke of Devonshire, was growing old and was liable to suffer from the effects of a chill. As all concerned except myself are dead and gone, a quaint little detail may be mentioned from behind the scenes. His daughter, Lady Louisa Egerton, had told me that her father would persist in wearing his thin white silk stockings with nothing under them, and it was really dangerous for him, in his state of health. His personal attendant had been provided with thicker white stockings to wear under the thin silk, could I mention the matter to the Chancellor's host, with a view to having advice tendered ? It is perhaps sufficient to say that the Duke did not take cold.

The conferring of degrees in the Senate House came first. The procession was no light matter to arrange. The Arts School was crowded with important people, many of whom had no idea where to stand or what to do. The natural marshallers, the Esquire Bedells, were in attendance on the Chancellor. There was of course a printed list of personages,

two and two, drawn up in due order of precedence. The first two were the Prince and Lord Salisbury.

Lord Salisbury did not understand the printed list ; it seemed to put the Prince on the wrong side. I explained that the list was a picture of the procession as it would look when they were moving. 'Ah well,' he said, 'this is a mathematical University ;' and there with a sigh he left it. Eventually they all got out in perfect order. Sir Archibald Alison, applying the remark once made about a large force of men in Hyde Park, said they got into the Arts School all right, but it needed a born General to get them out.

The other Honorary Graduates were the Earls of Rosebery and Selborne, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Acton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (G. J. Goschen), Mr. Cecil Raikes, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lieut.-General Alison, Professor Stokes, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Abel, Professor Cayley, Professor Adams. It may be doubted whether ever before, or since, so remarkable a group of Senior Wranglers as Stokes, Rayleigh, Cayley, Adams, has been presented on any one day at Cambridge, or so remarkable a quaternion of Professors at one time anywhere.

When Mr. Balfour stepped forward, tall, dignified, and alert, the great outburst of enthusiasm lasted so long that it was several minutes ¹ before the Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, could begin his oration. The first words struck the right note, 'Hiberniae administratio quam ardua,' and the closing words were rapturously applauded, 'Talium virorum dum consiliis utimur, tria illa iuncta in uno quis separabit ?'

The ceremony was followed immediately by a luncheon given by the Vice-Chancellor in the large gallery of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in which a good many of us had danced twenty-four years before on the occasion of a first visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. There were 168 guests. The arrangements made for a dignified entrance of the guests placed at the high table worked well. My Scottish acquaintance with the use of the 'airs' has often come in useful.

¹ So said *The Times* correspondent.

To form on the south side of the reception-room at the south end.

Mr. Humphry, Esquire Bedell.
The Vice-Chancellor. The Princess of Wales.
The Chancellor. Princess Louise.
The Marquis of Salisbury. Princess Victoria.
The Earl of Rosebery. Princess Maud.
Lord Randolph Churchill. Lady Rayleigh.
The High Sheriff. The Countess of St. Germans.
Mr. Goschen. Lady Suffield.
The Earl of Powis. Lord Rayleigh.
Mr. Raikes. Professor Cayley.

To form on the north side of the reception room and turn to the right on entering the room.

Mr. Wace, Esquire Bedell.
The Prince of Wales. Lady Louisa Egerton.
Prince Albert Victor. The Marchioness of Salisbury.
The Archbishop of Canterbury. Lady Edward Cavendish.
The Earl of Selborne. Lady Gwendolen Cecil.
The Lord Lieutenant. The Countess of Kintore.
Mr. A. J. Balfour. Lady Randolph Churchill.
Lord Acton. Lady Sophia Palmer.
Sir F. Abel. Professor Stokes.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Alison. Professor Adams.

The remaining guests are requested to be in their places at the several tables before the procession enters at two o'clock. The distance from the Senate House to the Fitzwilliam Museum is about 700 yards.

The Vice-Chancellor proposed 'The Prince and Princess of Wales.' The Prince made reference in his reply to the good time he had as an undergraduate at Cambridge. The Vice-Chancellor proposed 'The Marquis of Salisbury and the other Honorary Graduates.' Lord Salisbury, speaking from his experience as Chancellor of Oxford, said he had always thought, and what he had seen that day confirmed him in the opinion, that 'the original purpose for which the Latin language was created was that of conferring honorary degrees.' Considering the terrible power of that language for sarcasm and castigation, and considering that Dr. Sandys had them all in his hands, unable to protest, unable to reply, unable to escape, he thanked him for the merciful treatment meted out to them. Lord Rosebery proposed 'The Chancellor,' and the Duke replied. The company then dispersed for the next item of entertainment, announced as follows on the luncheon lists :

GARDEN PARTY AT NEWNHAM COLLEGE

The Vice-Chancellor's guests and their friends are invited by the authorities of Newnham College to a Garden Party at Newnham College immediately after luncheon, when the new buildings of Clough Hall will be opened. The distance from the Fitzwilliam Museum to Newnham College is about 1200 yards.

One of the Cambridge tailors had asked me if he might make and provide at his own cost the red gown for Prince Eddie's Doctor's Degree. He would hang it in his shop when it was finished with, and it would be a treasured possession. The Vice-Chancellor agreed. When the carriages came to carry off the royal party, the Prince was still wearing his red gown; he went to the station in it; entered the royal saloon carriage in it; and went off to London in it.

The Prince of Wales had been admitted to the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws in 1864, when he visited Cambridge with his bride. On that occasion the Duke of Cambridge, Earl Granville, the Duke of Manchester, Earl Stanhope, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Eversley, Lord Palmerston, and other prominent men, including Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Sir Charles Eastlake, received degrees. The Prince and the Duke of Cambridge, with the members of the Prince's suite, Earl Spencer, Lord Alfred Hervey, Lord Harris, and General Knollys, were admitted Doctors of Law on Thursday, June 2. The others named were admitted on the following day, when an electric atmosphere was created by the cry 'Three cheers for Denmark,' followed by prolonged groans for Austria. The Foreign Secretary (Russell) was groaned as heartily as the Prime Minister (Palmerston) was cheered. The present war is working out the results of the policy thus condemned by the common sense of Cambridge. Some per-fervid Churchmen had organised a very hot reception for Dean Stanley when he came up last of all for his degree. It was the most hostile demonstration of my experience.

A number of us developed a plan for a Ball in honour of the Princess, and we asked the University to allow the Fitzwilliam Museum to be used for the purpose. Accordingly

a grace was offered to the Senate, to carry out our wishes, and as all graces were then in Latin, the Council had to put 'a Ball' into Latin. Dr. Bateson, who had been succeeded in the office of Public Orator by W. G. Clark, was credited with the construction of the Grace, and the Senate solemnly gave permission for the holding of a *Hospitium Saltatorium* in the galleries of the Museum.¹ More than a thousand persons were present. The Committee did not know how to receive Royalty, and we left that to the Master of Magdalene, the Hon. Latimer Neville, who delighted us all by the agility with which he went up the great staircase backwards, bowing at each fourth step. At St. Catharine's, the only Court fully open to the street, we decorated the Court and the Grove very completely with strings of Chinese lanterns, and we were immensely proud of the fact that the Princess had her carriage stopped on her return to Trinity, that she might have a better view of the illumination than had been possible on the way to the Ball.

Great public functions, with royalties and prime ministers present, have their responsibilities. Behind the scenes we knew something of the precautions taken at headquarters. On one very marked occasion, which had better not be further described, responsibility was shifted onto local shoulders in a rather alarming way.

The hour for the Congregation for conferring honorary degrees on a remarkable set of men, in a remarkable presence,

¹ The question was seriously raised, and it was a serious question, whether damage would not be caused to the oil paintings by the effect of the heat of the room upon their surface, and the settlement of dust from the floor on the moistened surface. I do not think permission would have been given in 1888. A clever skit upon the *Hospitium Saltatorium* was issued, understood to have been written by Professor William Selwyn. It put and discussed the question, was the Prince to proceed to his degree *per saltum*? An anxious Master of Arts was shewn appealing to the Vice-Chancellor to see that a Spanish gravity of decorum ruled the proceedings.

'Forsan Minuetta decora
Hispana ducet cum gravitate choras?'

The up-to-date Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Cookson!) replies:

'Non ita—nam priscos redolet nimis illa Catones,
Nec rapidos juvenes tarda chorea decet.
Hastati potius, Gyrosque, et Polka; supremum,
Sub matutina luce, Rogerus Eques.'

was approaching. The superintendent of police came to one of those authorities who had worked well with him for years in proctorial office, and informed him that a telegram had just come to him from headquarters in London, 'Two suspicious characters, each with a black bag, have left King's Cross for Cambridge.' It was the time of the dynamite scare. What was he to do? Who was to be told? His friend did not feel sure what the effect would be on the Vice-Chancellor of the year if he were told, and it was no use telling anyone else. As for danger of a bomb in the Senate House, he would tell the officials in charge of the doors to take an opportunity of prodding anyone who looked abnormally bulky, to see if he had got something hidden. For the outside, a bomb would have free vent for moderately harmless explosion on all sides except in Senate House Passage, the only side accessible to the public. There must be a policeman and a detective at each end of the passage, and a spare detective at each end to follow anyone passing by with a black bag. Those arrangements having been made, the anxious bearer of the secret had to go about his business of general management with a light-hearted air. In the result, only one man appeared at the entrance of Senate House Passage with a black bag. He was not interfered with. One of my spare detectives walked in a casual way behind him, and saw him through Clare and over Clare bridge and so out into the country. That was all that happened.

CHAPTER XV

Grants to University Colleges—University of London, 'Teaching' Commission—Doctors' Robes—Thirlwall Prize—Election of Chancellor—Canonry of St. Paul's—Presentations—Honorary Degree—Orator's Speech—Honorary Degrees, Durham, Oxford, Bristol—Claim of Degrees for Women—A University for Women.

ON February 22, 1889, the following letter was sent to me by the Lord President of the Council :

Privy Council Office: *Feb. 22, '89.*

DEAR SIR,—Knowing the interest you take in University teaching, I hope you may be able to assist the Government in determining the application of a sum of £15,000 which has been put into the Estimates for the coming financial year for University Colleges in England and Scotland. A Committee of five or six will be immediately appointed to advise as to the distribution of this sum and the conditions on which it is to be allotted to the various Colleges which may be considered entitled to a share in it. I very much hope that you may see your way to serve on this Committee. Its deliberations need certainly not be of a prolonged or arduous character, and your experience would be of great value. I enclose a copy of a Minute which will explain more fully what is the nature of the assistance which the Government hope to obtain from the Committee, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

CRANBROOK.

The minute was complete and interesting. The 'claimants' were stated as :

1. King's College, London.
2. University College, London.
3. Owen's College, Manchester.
4. Mason's College, Birmingham.

5. Firth College, Sheffield.
6. The Yorkshire College, Leeds.
7. University College, Liverpool.
8. University College, Bristol.
9. University College, Nottingham.
10. The Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
11. The Hartley Institute, Southampton.
- And in Scotland,
12. University College, Dundee.

The composition of the list was explained as follows :

Ireland was not included, because there were already the Queen's Colleges and other institutions of an academic character in Ireland receiving assistance from the State.

Wales was not included, because the three Welsh Colleges, Cardiff, Bangor, and Aberystwyth, already had the 'large grant' of £4000 a year each.

Scotland had only one claimant, but the Universities proper of Scotland (four) were more numerous than those of England (two), and were situated in great centres of population and so were cheaper and more accessible, and already received substantial assistance from the State.

The Lord President left the Committee quite free to judge as to which of the claimants should participate, but he suggested that five points should be taken into consideration : 1. The quality of the teaching. 2. The amount of work done, especially including evening lectures. 3. The income and its inadequacy to meet the necessary expenditure. 4. The proportion of income to the average number of students. 5. The amount of financial help given in the locality, from private or public sources. The importance of this last point was specially emphasised.

Of course we were warned of the old difficulty, the medical students and their fees, and were advised to deal only with 'the arts and science branch of the work of the Colleges.'

We were given an admirable Secretary, Mr. H. E. (now Sir Evelyn) Oakley, formerly a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He produced a calculus which took account

of each and all of the many points which affected our decision in regard to the several claimants.

It is difficult to believe that this first step was taken only twenty-six years ago.

We met again the next year and made another award. In the opinion of the House of Commons the whole thing had then got into working order, and no further hybrid committee was appointed to advise in the matter. The amount in the Estimates has now risen to £100,000. Half of the original claimants are now Universities.

Another very interesting educational appointment came when I was Bishop of Stepney and was specially concerned with the Extension of University Teaching in connection with the University of London, being Chairman of the Council. A Royal Commission was appointed to consider and report upon the question of a Teaching University of London, the work of the University up to that time having been more or less confined to examining for its degrees. We reported in favour of the establishment of a Teaching University. As the result, a Statutory Commission was appointed to carry into effect our recommendations. The Lord Chancellor informed me that I should naturally have been a member of the Statutory Commission, but it had been thought better not to have on the Statutory Commission any member of the reporting Commission. Very soon after this I left London for Bristol and my connection with such work ceased. It is perhaps presumptuous to quote the opinion of a broad-minded expert, that difficulties which the work done by the Statutory Commission encountered were created by departure from some of the recommendations of the Royal Commission.

To return to Cambridge. Under the new Statutes the University was enabled to confer the degrees of Doctor of Science and Doctor of Letters. No steps had been taken to assign distinctive colours for the robes of these degrees. For all Doctors except Doctors of Music, the hood and the festal gown are of scarlet cloth. The distinction among Doctors of the several faculties is shewn by the silk lining of the hood and the facing and lining of the gown. By

lapse of time and the irregularity of robe-makers, confusion had come about in regard to the several colours of silk. The Vice-Chancellor asked me to look into the whole question, and to meet the resident Doctors of Science and of Letters to ascertain their wishes for the new colours. The Doctors of Science had already appropriated a silk which would have better suited Letters. I provided a fairly large supply of patterns of silk, and with them and some scarlet cloth met the Doctors in the Council Room. As each piece of silk was laid on the scarlet cloth, a vote was taken as to its suitability. None received the approval of a majority till I came to the last, which was my own choice. I laid on the scarlet cloth a piece of silk of exactly the same colour. Every hand went up for it, and it was adopted.

There had come to be great variety in the tone of silk for the Doctors of Divinity. Acting on the questionable tradition that Cambridge got its grant of power to confer that degree at Whitsuntide, and therefore adopted a silk representing the breast of a dove, I consulted my old friend Sir Thomas Wardle of Leek as to how we could best produce that effect. I had two pieces (seventy yards each) of silk made, shot with pink and violet, one with more violet than the other. We selected the one we liked best. The colours for Medicine and Law were examined. In the end, pieces of the various silks for the several degrees were fastened onto parchment, adopted by grace of the Senate, and placed in the Registry. When they gave me my Doctor's Degree, there was just enough left of the first seventy yards to line my hood and gown.

A new departure in the matter of University rewards for successful Prize Essays occurs to my mind. A Syndicate was appointed to consider this matter in connection with the prizes founded in memory of Connop Thirlwall and the Prince Consort. We were aware that there was as a rule but small competition. It was usually known that some specially marked man was writing a Prize Essay, and other men of the required standing, who otherwise would have written an essay, felt that it was useless

for them to compete. Several proposals were made with a view to increasing the amount of competition. At the fag end of a long sitting, I made a revolutionary suggestion. We should no longer give a large money prize to some one man. We should spend a year's income of the prize fund in producing the mould for a really beautiful medal. The medals should be cast in bronze, at very small cost for each. The examiners should in each year issue a list of the candidates who had so acquitted themselves that their essays were worthy of being printed at the cost of the University. Each such candidate should receive the bronze medal, and a copy of the volume containing his essay printed at the cost of the University.

This suggestion took hold and kept it. Three of us, Dr. Butler the Master of Trinity, J. H. Middleton the Slade Professor of Fine Art, and the suggester of the plan, were appointed to carry it out. Middleton was deeply learned in medal lore. He produced a noble sketch, no milling of the rounded edge, no circular lines round the medal, on the one side a head of Clio, with the one word ΚΛΕΙΩ, on the other side, within a wreath of bay, the inscription, written by Dr. Butler,

ACAD · CANTAB ·
IN MEMORIAM
CONNOP · THIRLWALL
CRITICI · HISTORICI · THE
OLOGOI · HOC · PRAEMIVM
HISTORIAE · STVDIOSIS
PROPONITVR

Middleton got E. J. Poynter to draw the head of Clio and the wreath of bay, and the medal is signed E. J. P. Ft. MDCCCLXXXIX. Each of the three was given a silvered medal, one of the most beautiful things this one of the three possesses.

It only remains to add that the success of the new departure quite met the expectations of the suggester. A number of essays written under these conditions have been judged worthy of publication at the cost of the University, and have accordingly been published.

When the seventh Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University since 1861 in succession to the Prince Consort, died in December 1891, there was great uncertainty as to who should succeed him as Chancellor. The Chancellor is elected for two years, and if no step to the contrary is taken he continues to hold office automatically. Earl Spencer, who had been at Trinity by the courtesy title of Viscount Althorp and was deservedly held in the highest esteem, had been regarded by the Liberals as the obvious successor of the Duke. On the Conservative side at least one peer was approached. When the Council of the Conservative party met to consider the matter, all was vague. I remember that there were seventeen of us, and we met at Magdalene Lodge; the Master of Magdalene, the Hon. Latimer Neville, whom I cannot mention without expressing gratitude to him for endless kindnesses and courtesies, was in the chair. After much discussion of possible names, I proposed the name of the new Duke of Devonshire, till recently Marquis of Hartington. It was a critical period in his political career. He was very much before the public eye. He was known, in a time of great and rapid change of opinion, or at least of public form, as one who would not budge an inch, whatever anyone might say. This characteristic, coupled with a certain free-speaking hauteur, was popularly expressed in a phrase which might be regarded as not suitable for this page. I only found one supporter, Sir George Paget, a very strong Conservative, widely and deeply respected. When we broke up, the Master was to sound one or two important persons, as the other side were sounding Earl Spencer. In the end, my party adopted the Duke of Devonshire, as did eventually, but with individual cases of strong opposition, the Liberal party. Instead of a caucus meeting, a general meeting of Members of the Senate was held in the Town Hall. The Conservatives being in a very large majority in the Senate, it fell to them to propose the new Chancellor. They demanded that as I had been responsible for a selection they would not themselves have made, I should propose the Duke. The Liberals chose their own leading man, Dr. Ferrers the Master of Caius, to second

the proposal. The Master of Magdalene opened the proceedings with a charming eulogy on the Chancellor we had lost. The appointment of his successor was then proposed in the following speech (*The Times*, December 31, 1891):

Professor G. F. Browne said :—

The touching words of the Master of Magdalene have gone to the hearts of all of us. It falls to me to propose, as the successor of the great man whose character he has so gracefully sketched, the eighth Duke of Devonshire, for thirty-four years known as the Marquis of Hartington.¹ (Cheers.) The connection of the present Duke with the University of Cambridge has been long, and it has been distinctly creditable to him. He took his degree half a year before he came of age, having sacrificed a year of preparation (his teacher being his father) and having sacrificed a year of University work, in order to go out early into public life.² Notwithstanding the fact that he entered the Mathematical Tripos at an age when other men of his standing had two full years left in which to mature their reading, he obtained a fair place among the senior optimes; an evidence that had he spent those two years as other men spent them we should have had to look for his name very much more near to that of his distinguished father.

Going at once into public life, he held in the course of years the offices of Secretary for War, Postmaster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary for India. In 1875, under circumstances vivid in the memory of many of us, he was unanimously elected leader of the Opposition, and there is but one view of the tact and power with which, under very difficult circumstances, he filled that office. In 1880, having the confidence of his Sovereign, he was sent for to form an Administration, but he declined to undertake the task. In 1886—I state facts, and leave comment to others—he moved the first resolution at the meeting in the Opera House which will live in history; and in the same year he moved and carried the rejection of the Home Rule Bill on the second reading. Twice, at least, so it is stated in an authoritative publication, he has been asked to join the Cabinet of the Marquis of Salisbury.

To return to his connection with the University. In 1854, two years before the natural time for the B.A. degree, Lord Cavendish, as he then was, proceeded to the degree of M.A.

¹ He took his degree under the courtesy title of Baron Cavendish, as eldest son of the Earl of Burlington. In 1858 the second Earl of Burlington became the seventh Duke of Devonshire, and his son took the courtesy title of Marquis of Hartington.

² The seventh Duke gave me these facts at Bolton Abbey some years before his death.

in virtue of his high rank. In 1862 he was made LL.D. of the University, on the occasion of the installation of his father as Chancellor. In 1879 another University did him honour ; he was elected and installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. In Cambridge he has on various occasions represented his father when failing health deprived us of a personal visit from the Chancellor. One such occasion was a very striking one, when those of us who were privileged to be present in the hall of the oldest of our colleges congratulated our hosts on the 600th anniversary of their foundation. We do not forget the dignity and felicity with which he played his part. He was then Secretary for War, and he traced very skilfully the fitness of his appearing in the peaceful hall of a college famous for its science, as the representative of a body which, though militant, had become one of the most scientific institutions in the kingdom. But in some ways the most memorable of the occasions on which he has represented our late Chancellor was the dinner given at the Mansion House by Sir Reginald Hanson to 300 of the principal members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge. None of us who were there will ever forget—I venture to say he will never forget—the reception he met with when he rose to speak for his father. One thing was then made perfectly clear ; he had got at the hearts of the members of the Senate, and whatever honour there might be that they could give him, it they would give. Still more recently, when the University was puzzled by a request from the Minister for Agriculture that it would establish a new and expensive school of study, it was felt necessary to call to our help some of the great landowners belonging to our body, who to their experience as landowners added an interest in education. There was special fitness in applying to Lord Hartington, for he was chairman of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education ; and there was special fitness in applying to Lord Walsingham. Of those two, who helped us so much in our deliberations, one has since become our High Steward, and the other I earnestly trust will in five or six days' time be our Chancellor. No one who served on that Syndicate can fail to have noticed how great was the skill and power with which Lord Hartington dealt with details that could not be familiar to his mind. I have heard it objected that the election of the present Duke of Devonshire in place of his father savours of the hereditary principle. The hereditary principle is not always absolutely bad. And when a University has for all but thirty years enjoyed the rule of a Chancellor so noble as the Chancellor whom we have lost, it is not gratitude only, but the merest self-interest, that leads them to seek a successor from the same stock.

In conclusion, the University is strong in the regard and

respect of a very large area of the community, stronger probably than it ever has been, and over an area very much more wide than we could claim to have influenced when thirty years ago the Senate met to choose a Chancellor. We are strong in the House of Commons. The University never was represented there as it is represented now, by—in their presence I must use the words ‘one of’—one of the greatest physicists¹ of the age (cheers) and one of the most brilliant and eloquent scholars² (cheers); and I gather from the public prints that when we have the misfortune to lose the eminent mathematician who now represents us, we are likely to secure the services of one who was very nearly as high as he in the list of mathematical honours, and who stands very high in the best councils of the nation.³ (Cheers.) But it is of the greatest importance that the University should have another strength. It should be powerful at the centre of affairs, the mainspring where Imperial purposes are initiated and moved. We need a Chancellor who is in a position of such power that he can say privately to whatever Government may be in office, ‘In the name of the University, not in any narrow interest of any party or any special branch of study, but in the name of that highest education for which we are the trustees of the nation, we must not have that.’ And speaking as I do as a Conservative, and as a devoted member of that great party, I yet say that, in my deliberate opinion, it is better in the present crisis, and it will be better for some time to come, that the man who brings that pressure to bear upon the political mainspring should be not a member of my party, not a member of the opposite party, but the most prominent and powerful member of the great middle party which for years to come may guide the best interests of the nation. (Cheers.)

The Master of Gonville and Caius College briefly seconded the proposal that the Duke of Devonshire be accepted and voted for on Monday.

Sir George Paget also supported the proposal, which he said he believed would meet with universal approval.

The proposal that the Duke be voted for was carried unanimously and with acclamation.

On Monday morning, January 12, 1891, I went down as usual at nine o’clock to Syndicate Buildings, and set my numerous clerks to work. Various businesses kept me till eleven o’clock, and I was in consequence a few minutes late for the meeting of the Council of the Senate. When I

¹ Sir G. G. Stokes.

² Sir R. C. Jebb.

³ Sir J. E. Gorst, at that time a leading Conservative, and always a very able man.

entered the Council Room, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Montague Butler the Master of Trinity, rose from his chair, as did others. He expressed to me the hearty congratulations of the Council. I asked what had happened. 'Hadh't I seen the morning papers?' 'No.' 'Didn't I know?' 'No.' 'Your appointment to the vacant Canonry of St. Paul's is announced.' I could only reply that it was the first I had heard of it. 'But haven't you heard from Lord Salisbury?' 'Not a word.' We settled down to business, and half an hour later the University Marshal brought in a letter and laid it before me. It had 'Salisbury' on the corner, and had been to an address which I had not used for some years. It was pleasant to be able to demonstrate to the Council the truth of what—if I had been one of them—I should have found it difficult to believe.

Some three months later I met Lord Salisbury at dinner at Magdalene Lodge, and I asked him about it. He told me that he had been receiving large numbers of letters about the vacant Archbishopric of York and the vacant Canonry of St. Paul's; that he had secured Dr. Magee's acceptance of York; that he had been waiting thirteen years to give me a Canonry of St. Paul's; that four months before, he had intended to send me there on Canon Liddon's death, but Lord Beauchamp and Lord Alwyne Compton (Bishop of Ely) had told him the only possible successor of Canon Liddon was Newbolt—with what fervent assent I said Aye to that. Then came Dean Church's death, and Gregory's canonry was vacated by his promotion to the Deanery. Some one had told Lord Salisbury that nothing but St. Paul's or Westminster would take me away from Cambridge; some one else had told him I should say yes if I was asked; he always sent announcements to the papers for Monday morning, as that evaded the evening papers; he could not wait till the following Monday to announce York; to announce York and not St. Paul's would give him another week of letters about St. Paul's. Finally, his letter, which I had not received, had not asked me to give up Cambridge. So he took the risk and announced my appointment. That was the whole story. It was Beresford

Hope, his brother-in-law, who had first told him I ought to go to London.

The letter itself was as follows :

Jan. 10, 1891.

REVD. SIR,—I am permitted by Her Majesty to propose for your acceptance the Canonry of St. Paul's vacant by the elevation of Canon Gregory to the Deanery.

I shall be very glad to know that your acceptance and sanction is given to an appointment which will in some degree mark and confirm the high position of influence and usefulness which you have so long exercised among Churchmen at Cambridge.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

SALISBURY.

As was the case with all the letters I received from Lord Salisbury, it was written throughout by his own hand.

As usual, the first telegram was from the Campbell Bannermans. Dr. Westcott wrote one of the letters which I should have known to be his if it had come in anonymous type.

Let me send one line at least of heartiest congratulation. If one dares for one moment to think of choice, nothing can go beyond the joy of service under such conditions. May you have the fulness of the joy and the blessing of the work.

Yours most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

Dr. Stubbs, who had been a Canon of St. Paul's and often wished he had not left it, wrote thus, again most characteristically.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—Accept my very best wishes. I am glad that you are going to that Blessed Place. Stick to it if you would be wise.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

This note suggests the interposition of the remark that the playfulness of Dr. Stubbs's character has not been sufficiently noted in the biographical accounts which I have seen. I find a quaint note on him, dated May 1900 :

Bishop of Oxford, well-shaped, trim, and jaunty, with very tidy legs, dancing about as he left the Guard Room at Lambeth after luncheon at a Bishops' meeting, squaring with his right and parrying with his left, clutches the Bishop of Bristol by the arm. 'Bishop of Bristol! you're a splendid man!'—'What wrong have I been doing now?'—'Nothing wrong; a good work.'—'What good work?'—'Sitting upon that little ragamuffin. No one else will. It wants doing. You did it.'—'What little ragamuffin?'—'The Bishop of ——' I really dare not give the name; probably I do give it by saying that of all the Bishops of the two Provinces, this Bishop was the very last to be described as 'a little ragamuffin.' 'I shouldn't have done it to a man I didn't love.'—'Love him? It takes a great deal!'

On an earlier day in the same month there is this note:

Bishop of Oxford. 'I was considering as I came up how I should answer the question "How do you do?" The point was, should I say "Less florid than I was" or "Less efflorescent than I was"?' B. of B. "Efflorescent," certainly. "Florid" connotes criticism from the outside.' B. of O. 'Right. We leave "florid" for the younger clergy. Then I made a poem.' B. of B. 'Recite it.' B. of O.

'The Bishops once, in days of yore,
Drove about in coach and four.
When their lordships dropped their wigs,
Then they drove about in gigs.
But now so hardy we have got
That if you want us on the spot
All that you to do have got
Is—put a penny in the slot.'

This idea of the perpetual demand upon the modern Bishop was constantly present in his mind. It once took a quaint shape, as ideas did with him. In the late autumn of 1890, on the occasion of the funeral of Dr. Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, which gave me in a few weeks' time the Canonry at St. Paul's, I sat next to Dr. Stubbs at luncheon, our host being Canon Gregory. The Bishop told me he was in favour of a revision of the Prayer Book. I asked him, in some surprise, what changes he wanted. 'Wait till we've finished luncheon and got away. I daren't for the life of me let Gregory hear the word Revision.'

After luncheon, he explained his position. He only asked for one change, and that only to bring a rubric up to

date. In connection with the Rite of Confirmation, he would have the charge to the God-parents at Baptism altered from 'Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him,' to 'Ye are to take care that the Bishop be brought to this child to confirm him.'

To return to the Canonry.

Letters began to come in from leading men, begging me to do as Lightfoot had done, namely, go up to London for the months of residence, but keep on as much as possible of my many Cambridge works. When I shewed Lord Salisbury's letter, it was pointed out that if anything it was in favour of my remaining in Cambridge. The University authorities very kindly made arrangements for my months of residence at St. Paul's, February, June, October, while continuing to me my main offices in Cambridge. But a very short experience convinced me that I could not do my duty by the large position at St. Paul's if I only lived there during my three months of canonical residence; while on the other hand I could not possibly conduct the great business of the external work of the University—to say nothing of other University work—if I was absent during those important months. I accordingly left Cambridge with my family early in 1892, resigning with deep regret the numerous offices which I held. The five years' tenure of the Disney Professorship expired automatically about the same time. Thus the Cambridge work of twenty-nine years came to an end.

The Syndics for Local Examinations and Lectures were good enough to publish to the University the following Minute:

The Syndicate desire to put on record their deep sense of the eminent services rendered to the cause of Local Examinations and Lectures by Professor G. F. Browne, who will cease to act as Secretary of the Syndicate on March 25, 1892. Professor Browne was appointed Secretary for Local Examinations on March 16, 1870; and in 1878 the management of the Local Lectures was combined with that of the Local Examinations. Success has throughout attended Professor Browne's administration, both departments of the work having shewn steady progress and development. In 1870, 2687 candidates entered for the Local Examinations, including the Higher Examination, and 13 schools

were examined under the direction of the Syndicate; in 1891, the corresponding numbers were 11,080 and 99. In the session 1877-8, 53 lecture courses were given; in the session 1891-2, the number has risen to about 260. These results are in very great measure to be attributed to the singular power of organisation and the excellent judgment and tact displayed by Professor Browne in the fulfilment of his duties as Secretary. They testify also to the complete confidence which has been felt in the Cambridge Local Examinations and Lectures throughout the country under Professor Browne's management, a confidence which, the Syndicate are satisfied, has been entirely shared by the University.

JOHN PEILE (*Vice-Chancellor*) JAMES PORTER, ALEX HILL, CHARLES SMITH, V. H. STANTON, E. W. HOBSON, ALFRED ROSE, J. W. CARMELL, ARTHUR T. LYTTTELTON, JOHN GREAVES, W. G. BELL, J. R. TANNER, J. ADAM.

On the instigation of some too partial friends, it was determined to take the very unusual—I believe quite unprecedented—step of making a presentation to me. A committee was formed with the Chancellor, the seventh Duke of Devonshire, as chairman; on his death his successor as Chancellor, the eighth Duke, succeeded him as chairman of the committee. The presentation consisted of a noble basin and ewer, of silver gilt; a large silver tray with open gallery; two large candelabra; a large coffee pot; and a quantity of table silver. The presentation was made in the Combination Room of Peterhouse, my old friend the Master of Peterhouse, Dr. Porter, having been a prime mover in the matter, by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Peile, Master of Christ's, another old and highly valued friend. The inscription on three of the four first-named pieces was written by Sir Richard Jebb, with a bias so affectionate that I hardly bring myself to publish it. It is as follows:

GEORGIO FORREST BROWNE S.T.B.
 ECCLESIAE SANCTI PAULI CANONICO
 COLLEGII SANCTAE CATHARINAE HONORIS CAUSA SOCIO
 ARCHAEOLOGIAE PROFESSORI DISNEIANO VIRO FORTI STRENUO
 LITTERARUM PARITER ET NEGOTIORUM PERITISSIMO
 PROPTER RES ACADEMIAE NAVITER GESTAS
 D.D.
 AMICI CANTABRIGIENSES
 A.S. MDCCCXCII

The fourth piece, one of the candelabra, had a different history, and a different inscription still by Sir Richard Jebb. The Council of Newnham College, in token of their kindly remembrance of the work I had been allowed to do in the earlier and later stages of the development of women's education, asked to be allowed to send a contribution of considerable amount to the committee. It was determined to apply this to the provision of one of the great candelabra, and the inscription on this piece, identical in other respects, states the reason of the gift as follows :

PROPTER BENEFICIA IN COLLEGIUM NOVOVICENSE COLLATA

This was not the only unique example of the kindliness of the University in whose service I had spent so many, so happy, years. When I became Bishop of Stepney, the Council of the Senate invited me to accept the degree of Doctor in Divinity. On my grateful acceptance, a Grace was prepared for the Senate by the Council for conferring the Degree, followed by a delightful Grace remitting the fees (about £50) 'in recognition of his services to the University.'

Was ever so charming an end to a University career so happy in all its many details ? I may be allowed to append the speech of the Public Orator, another old and valued friend, at the conferring of the degree.

Scholae antiquissimae discipulum, Collegio ab antiquo honoris causa Socium electum, virum de Universitate tota praeclare meritum, etiam ipsi honoris causa libenter salutamus. Sexto abhinc anno Sancti Pauli canonicis adscriptus et episcopatus titulo postea ornatus, novimus quanta assiduitate in laboribus sacris obeundis versatus sit ; quotiens populi totius in gratiam Ecclesiae Anglicanae historiam quanto lumine illustraverit. Recordamur quanto prioris aevi amore instinctus patriae monumenta antiqua inter nosmet ipsos per quinquennium interpretatus sit ; quanto iudicio procuratoris officio per sex annos functus sit ; Universitatis statutis denuo recensendis quattuor per annos adiutor quam strenuus exstiterit ; Universitatis concilio quanta cum dignitate per annos octodecim interfuerit ; Universitatis denique imperio non modo patriae per omnes partes sed etiam in colonias nostras longinquas prospere propagando annos duo et viginti quam feliciter dedicaverit. Quid

dicam de Alpibus ipsis ab alumno nostro totiens olim superatis ? quid de antris glacialibus ab eodem audacter exploratis ? Alumni nostri nomen, non iam antri inhospitalis in obscuritate absconditum sed urbis magnae in media luce, imperii Britannici in ipso capite conspiciendum, non saxi duri in tabulis insculptum sed Matris Almae in pectore grato in perpetuum erit inscriptum. Etenim talium virorum auxilio Universitatis nostrae fama in omnes terras evecta est, et praecepta eius orbis terrarum in regiones remotissimas penetrarunt. Talium virorum et praecepto et exemplo admoniti plurimi didicerunt vitam sine veri inquisitione esse vacuum, sine ordine esse vanam, multum valere doctrinam examine iusto spectatam et probatam ; Socratis denique dictum plusquam uno in sensu denuo esse verum :—
 ὁ ἀνεξέτατος βίος οὐ βιωτὸς ἀνθρώπῳ.

Duco ad vos virum admodum reverendum, GEORGIUM FORREST BROWNE, Episcopum Stepneiensem.¹

On June 23, 1891, the University of Durham was good enough to give me the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Dean Lake conferred the degree. Dr.

¹ The following translation may be given in a note :

‘It is with pleasure that we welcome, to do him honour, the pupil of a very ancient school, elected an honorary fellow by an ancient College, a man who has eminently earned the gratitude of the whole University. Enrolled five years ago among the Canons of St. Paul’s, and since then dignified with the title of Bishop, we know with what zeal he has occupied himself in the performance of his sacred duties ; how often, to the advantage of the nation at large, he has illustrated with singular clearness the history of the English Church. We remember the instinctive love of antiquity with which for five years he interpreted in our midst the ancient monuments of our country ; with what tact he filled the office of proctor for six years ; how enthusiastic and helpful he shewed himself for four years in the revision of the Statutes of the University ; what a dignified part he played in the Council of the University for eighteen years ; and finally with what favourable results he devoted two and twenty years to the successful spreading of the influence of the University not only into every part of our country but into our distant colonies.

‘And what shall I say of our son’s many ascents in former days of the mighty Alps ? or what of the ice-caves which he boldly explored ? His name, no longer hidden in the darkness of some inhospitable cave, but conspicuous in the full light of a mighty city, in the very capital of the British Empire, will for ever remain, not graven on tablets of insensate stone, but written on the grateful heart of his Fostering Mother. Yes, it is by the aid of such men as he that the fame of our University is spread into all lands, and that its teaching has penetrated to the remotest quarters of the world. Many indeed, admonished by the example as well as the precept of such men, have learnt that life is empty without searching for the truth, that life is wasted without regularity, that learning when examined and tried with accurate tests is very valuable, and lastly that the words of Socrates are once more true in more senses than one :—The life spent without investigation and enquiry into the truth, without system and method, is not a life worth a man’s living.

‘I present to you the Right Reverend George Forrest Browne, Bishop of Stepney.’

Kynaston presented the candidate in the following speech :

During the last twenty years one individual has been prominent on the Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, not only by the assistance which he has afforded to various syndicates and commissions, but also for the influence which he has exercised upon the policy of that University—an influence so irresistible that of all the proposals which he has brought forward in developing the work of the University, not one has ever been rejected by the Senate. As Secretary to the University Local Examinations, to the Local Lectures Syndicate, to the University Commission, he has rendered incalculable service to the cause of education. But for him the Higher Local Examination would scarcely have been created, and to his support is largely due the admission of women to the Triposes—a privilege justified by experience, giving a new and more satisfactory and less invidious interpretation to the oft-quoted line of Ovid, *Spectatum veniunt* etc. He was appointed in 1887 Disney Professor of Archæology, and in his researches has connected himself with these northern regions, notably in his life of the Ven. Bede, and his notes upon Monkwearmouth Church. In the present year, having been installed as Canon of St. Paul's, he has resigned his Cambridge appointments, except the Professorship, to devote himself to the work of his canonry and the advancement of education in London. I feel honoured that it should fall to my lot to-day to present to you George Forrest Browne, B.D., Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, Disney Professor of Archæology, and Canon of St. Paul's, to receive from you the honorary degree of D.C.L. in this University.

It was particularly pleasant to me to be presented by Dr. Kynaston, the Professor of Greek in the University of Durham. I had known him as a year below me when we were undergraduates. He was a famous athlete, and he was bracketed as Senior Classic with Sir John Seeley, C. W. Moule, and F. T. Platt ; he was at that time Herbert Snow. He wrote a brilliant set of Proctorial Verses, audaciously finishing them with the line

Exeat Wood. J. Atlay.

thus ' sending down ' the Proctor of his own College, John Spicer Wood, in the name of the Tutor of his College who soon after became Bishop of Hereford. The Proctorial Verses of the year before were written by Calverley, and we

thought them the best ever written. He of course got in a gird at the University of Oxford, which had parted with him just before he came to Cambridge. He did it in a note on a reference in his verse to the practice of carrying the gown on the arm instead of on the back. This was the note, as far as I remember: 'Morem, ut ferunt, a barbaris tractum urbem Bosporiam in flumine Iside habitantibus.' The verses were full of quotations from Latin poets with topical allusions, such as

O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi,¹

or, of the undergraduate he held up to obloquy,

Tea veniente die, tea decedente bibebat.

On July 1, 1908, the University of Oxford conferred honorary degrees upon some of the Archbishops and Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference.

The Grace for the Bishop of Bristol's honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity described him in the super-honorary style of such Graces as 'Historiae Sacrae auctorem luculentissimum.' The Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Ince, made the following speech, in the laudatory style of such speeches:

Praesento vobis Georgium Forrest Browne, Collegii S. Catharinae apud Cantabrigienses olim Socium, per multos annos Universitatis suae servum fidelem et utilissimum, in rebus agendis diligentissimum, in historia antiquae Ecclesiae Britannicae auctorem accuratum, in publicis officiis strenuum et expeditum. Quum in his laboribus egregie habilem se praestitisset, ad vitam ampliorem vocatus, et Londinensi Episcopo adiutor et suffraganeus primo additus, post biennium ad episcopatum Bristoliensem nuper renovatum translatus est.

The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Warren, the President of Magdalen) addressed the Bishop, in the graceful and kindly style usual with him, as 'Oxoniensibus universis acceptissime, mihimet ante alios, utpote concivis meus vel saltem urbis meae genitricis Praesul, idem Praelate si quis alius de scientia, de literis, de historia, optime merite.'

The University of Bristol was good enough to confer

¹ Bacon was the name of the chief tobacconist in Cambridge.

upon me the honorary degree of LL.D. on the occasion of the installation of Lord Haldane as Chancellor. The ceremony was a magnificent spectacle, the old Universities having no such meeting-place as the Colston Hall. There were fortunately no speeches.

The success of the two Colleges of Newnham and Girton, and of their students, led naturally to demands for even more than the University had given. Not only degrees, but full membership was desired. A Committee formulated the demand. On October 10, 1887, I issued to the Senate a proposal which the following paragraphs of my paper will explain :

The University will I trust recognise the fact that we have now arrived at a point where it would be foolish to proceed by way of compromise and half measures, relying upon artificial restrictions which have not the element of permanence. The result of the proposals of the Committee would be to give to women full membership of the University. And if that were obtained, it would only be the beginning of a series of agitations, with objects which will readily occur to anyone familiar with our University and College arrangements. Those of the trustees of our traditions who think with me will decline to step beyond our present logical and liberal position in that direction, whatever guarantees may be offered and however sincerely.

Having regard to the best interests of the higher education of women, I venture to urge that it should be left free to expand independently of the higher education of men. The two expansions may take the same course ; with that I have nothing to do at present : all I urge is that they should be independent, with the possibility of being in some respects different. The time has now come, not of our own choosing, when we should, in my opinion, take a firm and final step, doing what we can to place the higher education of women in such a position that it may grow of its own life and adapt itself freely to the developments and demands of a long future.

My own view is that all the ends we ought to desire would be secured by the simple expedient of a central representative body, with a charter—no more fitting year than this¹ for granting such a charter can ever be—empowering it to confer degrees upon women who have passed the examinations of Universities which do not confer degrees upon women, or such other examinations as it may institute or approve. Women who pass their examinations here would become ‘B.A. (Camb.),’ their sisters

¹ The Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

at Oxford 'B.A. (Oxf.)' They might proceed to other degrees. The operations of such a body would be not local in scope, but national; possibly even imperial. It would become rich and powerful. It would have its scholarships, fellowships, professorships, held at one or other of the centres of residence; its Senate. Whatever the future of women's education may be, it would be guided with a sole view to the interests of the education of women. And all would go on here as now, smoothly and pleasantly.

I had always let it be understood that while I had used all my influence with my conservative friends to secure acceptance of proposals for the admission of women to the educational privileges of the University, I should oppose proposals for granting them degrees and membership. The *Nineteenth Century* published an article by me on the lines of my circular to the Senate; and from many quarters hearty expressions of approval reached me. But the leaders of the women would not have it, and they pressed for degrees. At last, contrary to the opinion of their best advisers, who were in favour of the degree but thought the attempt premature, the Council submitted the question to the Senate, and on a great poll the clear answer was No. The opponents of the degree-proposal were 1707; its supporters were 661.

The not unnatural result was a certain amount of soreness on the part of the women. I had been their very best friend up to that time, but their attitude underwent a change. There was restlessness. In the end, ten years after the proposal which I have quoted, I received the following letter from Dr. Westcott:

March 8, 1897.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Do you not think it would be well once again to bring the idea of a University for Women before the Cambridge Senate in the interest of the University and of Women's Education? It appears to me to be the only solution of the question of degrees.

Yours most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

I accordingly took steps, and entered into communica-

tion with a specially leading man in Oxford who took my view. But again the women would have none of it.

If they had been wise, and had got a Charter from Queen Victoria in her Jubilee year, the Women's University would by this time have become one of the greatest and most beneficent powers in the Empire. Instead of that, things appear to have merely drifted.

CHAPTER XVI

The St. Paul's Reredos—Dr. Temple's Umbrella—Examining Chaplain—Sermons—Speeches—Monosyllabic Articles and Sermons—Stories of Dr. Temple—London Diocesan Home Mission—Candelabra and Altar Cloths—Mosaics at St. Paul's—Lists of Bishops and Deans—Series of Kings and Bishops—The Lessons on Great Days—Amen Court—Archbishop Benson and Church Instruction—Lectures at St. Paul's on English Church History—The Church Historical Society—The London Council for University Teaching—St. Paul's School—The Chief Khama—Archbishop Nicolas—The Suffragan System—Offer of the Bishopric of Stepney—Delays—Reasons for leaving London—Primate Alexander, at St. Paul's and at Cambridge.

THE Reredos case at St. Paul's was settled in favour of the Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) soon after I went to St. Paul's. The Bishop, always liberal, bore a large share of the cost ; the rest came out of our pockets. The excitement did not die out for a long time. There were rumours of further litigation. One of the women cranks offered to swear on oath that the reredos had tempted her into the commission of the sin of idolatry.

My personal relations with Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, began with an umbrella.

Shortly after my admission to the Canonry of St. Paul's, the Bishop came to a service, and after the service he remained in the vestry in conversation with the Dean. I took my umbrella and left them. The umbrella did not feel quite natural, but there was no perceptible difference. A return to the vestry shewed in the stand another umbrella exactly like the one in my hand. It certainly was not the Dean's ; we knew the Dean's umbrella well. I said, as the reason for my return, 'I've got the wrong umbrella.' The severe voice said, rather aggressively, 'You've got mine.' 'It's exactly like mine,' I replied, answering

rather the tone than the words. 'No, it isn't.' 'What is the difference?' I asked. 'Mine's got Bishop o' London on it,' the voice rapped out. I examined the stick, and found that the words 'Bishop of London' were punched into the stick, not shewing any change of colour, practically not noticeable. 'It doesn't shew,' I ventured to say. 'You're right, it doesn't; but it's there.' Next day the Dean said to me, 'You've made a friend of the Bishop for life.' 'How so?' I said. 'He likes to be stood up to.'

About three weeks after, the Bishop and I met at Grosvenor House for some public purpose, and we and the other speakers were shewn as usual into a small room where we left our things. The Duke had something to say to me after the meeting, and I was thus the last of the speakers to leave. In the umbrella stand I found not my umbrella but the Bishop's. Then I felt I had him; and on the way home I thought over various ways of working it out pungently. He was too quick for me. Almost as soon as I got to Amen Court, a footman came from London House with my umbrella and 'the Bishop's compliments, and he thinks Canon Browne must have got his umbrella.' The triumphant unscrupulousness of the message was such a delight to him, and to me, that we entered at once into the close relations which were to me an abiding happiness. He almost immediately made me one of his examining chaplains, and this not only gave me many opportunities of seeing him more or less intimately and learning to love his character and learn strength from it, but had the further advantage of keeping me in touch with young men, the thing I had thought I should lose in leaving Cambridge. I can never forget my talks with some of the many candidates for Holy Orders. I hope they learned something from me in return for the much I learned from them.

Two very simple pieces of advice as to sermons and speeches have been given with increasing confidence as experience has increasingly shewn their importance. For an extempore sermon, or a speech, have five or six branches, so far connected with each other that they can be arranged to flow on in a natural sequence, or at least with a certain

amount of link between each and its predecessor. Gradually reduce the substance of each branch till it comes to be expressed in one key word. Write out these five key words in logical order, one below another, on a piece of white note-paper, in black ink, with a juicy pen. Immediately before proceeding to the church or the public building, destroy the paper. It will be clear before your eyes all the time you are speaking, and your orderly transit from one point to the next will be assured. Talk on each point for three minutes, Be quite clear as to the actual words in which you are to come to an emphatic finish. This last is imperative, if you are to shew mercy to your congregation or audience. To hear a speaker fooling about at what ought to be the close of his speech, evidently trying for something with a fillip in it, is enough to spoil any speech. Of course a practised speaker is sure to pick up something from the tone of the audience to give a relish to his closing words. If he lets his audience see that they have provided him with it, happy is he, and happy are they. I have often had to tell the people in the Colston Hall that they, not I, have made the speech.

The other little bit of advice refers to a written sermon. When it is finished, go over it in a spirit actively hostile to long words. Replace them by shorter words. Then go over it in a spirit actively hostile to long sentences. Be particularly careful about the word 'and.' Wherever you can, replace it by a full stop and give the next word a capital letter. When you are delivering the sermon, see that you make the full stops really full stops, and when your words are short, give to each as much time as you would have given to the long word which it has replaced.

I was once asked to write a paper on King Alfred for the *Church Monthly*, at the time of the millenary commemoration of that great man. 'Twelve hundred simple words' was the request. After writing a page or two I read over what I had written and saw that most of the words were monosyllables, and that very slight changes would eliminate all that were not. The rest of the article ran off quite easily into monosyllables, 1350 of them. This was followed by

sermons in monosyllables, also in the *Church Monthly*, on the texts 'Come and see,' 1550; 'I am the way,' 1550. Then papers on 'Home, Sweet Home,' 1550, and 'White Stones,' 1950 words. The habit made a mark on my correspondence, many letters being monosyllabic. It added a pleasant zest to business letters, and the result was probably not noticed at the other end. Naturally, 'the well of English undefiled' provided the words. A scholar who had read one of the articles wrote to ask me if I had noticed that every word in it was English. I asked him in reply if he had noticed that each word was a monosyllable.

The difficulty of course is to construct your sentences so that they do not seem stiff and stilted, do not shew here and there that an obvious word has been rejected to give place to a word not adequately suited to the phrase. But this difficulty can generally be got round. If it cannot be got round, you have to abandon the sentence.

A simple example may be given, taken from the account of Alfred the Great. It had been said that neither 'candles' nor 'lanterns' could be mentioned, there being no monosyllabic name for them.

He could not bear to waste time. The day was too short for all that he felt bound to do for man and for God, for his land and for his soul. He must mark the flight of time, so that none might be lost. He had not a clock or a watch which he could take with him in his tent, or keep in the rude huts they made for him in the woods as he went from place to place. Men had to trust to the sun to tell them the time of day; and when the sun was hid, they had to guess. So he weighed¹ out wax, and put a wick in it, and marked¹ by the sun how long that weight of wax would burn. Then he cut white ox horn quite thin, so that you could see through it, and he put this round the flame that the draughts might not make the wax burn too fast. Thus he knew how the time went, by day or by night, and he spent it all well.

Another example may be given from a sermon on the text 'Come and see' (St. John i. 39).

The Lord knew what they meant. He saw what it was they wished.¹ He felt that their hearts spoke to Him. He said to

¹ Both in pronunciation and in derivation these are monosyllabic words.

them 'Come and see.' But he said much more than that. One of us could well have said 'Come and see where I live, as you wish to know'; none of us could well have said what He in fact did say. We have the words 'Come and see' in the Book, and have had them for scores and scores of years; but they do not give the full force of what Our Lord said. The Greek words mean 'Come and ye shall see.' That is, the Lord said to them, 'All that ye seek ye shall see and know, if ye do but come with me. I bid you come.'

On one occasion, when Dr. Temple was rather seriously fatigued, it occurred to me to amuse him, and take his thoughts off his anxieties, by telling some of the stories current about his sayings, and asking about each if it was true. A good many of them were at least well founded. Of one of the raciest of them, when I said 'Is that true?' he replied 'I wish it was!' That was his guile; as a matter of fact it was very nearly true. At last the question came, 'Is the "just beast" story true? It seems so impossible that a father could forward a son's letter with such a remark as that.' 'Fetch him the letter,' he said; and Mrs. Temple went to some other room and brought me a letter, three full pages, which I read carefully twice. It was a creditable letter from a boy who felt that he had got what on the whole he deserved, and didn't at all like it. But there was not a word about a 'beast' or a 'just beast.' 'This isn't the letter,' was the obvious remark. 'Yes it is! Y'r making the mistake the man made. Y've not turned over the page.' Sure enough, at the top of the fourth page were just the words, 'Temple's a beast, but he's a just beast.' No doubt the father never saw them.

I durst not ask him if the story 'I didn't know your aunt' was true, for I did not know what I should say if he said it was. Nor could I bring myself to ask if he really said to the young man whom he had heard preach, and who anxiously asked what he thought of the text, 'There was nothing wrong with the *text*.' Indeed some foresight was needed before asking about almost any of the stories.

Another link with the Bishop was created by my appointment as Secretary of the London Diocesan Home Mission, the well-endowed body which appointed missionaries in new

districts who by degrees built them up into parishes. Here I learned what stood me in very good stead when I became in turn a diocesan bishop with a great city needing just that kind of development. The work of the London Society was so extensive that some years after I had left London I was called to preach in St. Paul's at a service of thanksgiving for the creation of the hundredth parish formed under its care. I owed that appointment, and many other kindnesses, to Archdeacon William Sinclair.

As Treasurer of St. Paul's, with a delightful assistant in the Sacrist, one of the Minor Canons, F. N. Kelly, the hero of the brown bread episode in the chapter on Proctorial affairs, the treasures of the Cathedral Church were under my charge. The Treasurer of the Cathedral Church is not the finance officer; the accounts of the Church were kept by Dean Gregory throughout my time. Before the Reformation the Treasurer's office was one of great responsibility, witness the endless lists of priceless treasures printed in Dugdale.

We made two inquiries with a view to recovering some of our former treasures. A collection of altar hangings had been sold under the commonwealth to the authorities of a great Cathedral in Spain, and Cromwell had sold the four huge candelabra to a church in the Low Countries.

The then Prince of Wales (Edward VII) had used his good offices with the then Queen of Spain to ascertain the feelings of the Spanish Chapter with regard to a possible resumption of our altar hangings. There had been long delays in the matter, but at last the answer came. It was a more thorough answer than anyone had anticipated. It consisted of copies of the receipted accounts of Spanish workmen for *making* these very hangings for their Cathedral Church! It was a very clever form of *non possumus*, a Spanish courtesy.

The candelabra were a different matter. They were the great bronze flambeaux, or stands for lights, prepared by Wolsey for his own lying in state, and used for that purpose at the lying in state of Henry VIII. They were made by Benedetto da Rovezzano about 1525. I went over to Ghent

to see them and feel my way with the Chapter there. They made a splendid appearance, all in a row, in the Sanctuary, but as to feeling my way I soon found there was no way to feel. But I did effect this, that permission to take a cast of one of them might be taken into consideration. Mr. Krall, of Barkentin & Krall, with whom I had dealings, visited Ghent and on his own account took a cast. At a time when there was a little money in hand, the Chapter of St. Paul's agreed to have a pair of candelabra made from this cast, and they are now not the least among the added beauties of St. Paul's.

The great scheme of mosaic decoration at St. Paul's is far too important for treatment here. From one cause and another the details mostly passed through my hands, as the junior member of the Chapter ; and the close relations into which this brought me with Sir William Richmond and Mr. James Powell were very pleasant. On my arrival at St. Paul's I found the mosaics in the great spandrels of the dome being put in by Salviati's men from Italy in mechanical fashion. When we took things into our hands, every bit of glass used was made in cakes by Messrs. Powell and cut into pieces in our own Cathedral galleries, and all was done by British men and boys. No one can imagine the beauty of the work who does not go up and see it close at hand. I published a full account of the work at Easter 1894, and again at Easter 1896, printed at the Cambridge University Press, long ago out of print. At Easter 1894, about one hundred and fifty different tints of glass were in use for the tesserae, the number at first having been considerably larger than that. At Easter 1896 the number of tints in general use was not more than about fifty. At the latter date about 6,750,000 tesserae had been set, weighing considerably over ten tons. The mastic cement in which they were set weighed over twelve tons. My publication included a careful list of the men who after the manner of mediaeval workmen had used their brains in the work, unlike the foreigners who set Dr. Salviati's mosaics in the dome spandrels. The list was headed by *Master Workman*, W. B. Richmond, R.A. ; *Studio Assistants*, T. J. Gaul, G. Meo ; *Messrs. Powell's*

Staff, General Superintendent, James C. Powell; Glass Maker, Harry J. Powell. Then followed Mosaic Workers, twenty-four; Glass Painters, four; Glass Cutter, one; Messrs. McMillan & Houghton's Staff, Decorators, six.

The alabaster tablets of the Bishops of London and the Deans of St. Paul's, now in St. Paul's, were a very interesting piece of work for me. The selection of the series of Kings and Bishops in the transept windows given by the Duke of Westminster fell to my lot also. Another effort led to the Lessons on Great Days being read by the Dean and Canons. The mass of correspondence represented by this and the preceding paragraph is an evidence of serious though pleasing labour.

The charms of Amen Court are known to comparatively few people in London. It was the old Physic Garden before the Fire of London. After the fire it was in the possession of the Dean and Chapter. It so happened that King Charles II had on one occasion borrowed £2000 from the Dean and Chapter, and to their great surprise the king paid it back. Surprise amounted almost to consternation. They consulted the king's physician as to what it meant. The king's physician advised that it could have only one meaning, the king would make use of his prompt repayment to obtain a loan of £5000 from them, which would not be paid back. What then had they best do? It was a time of almost universal building operations. They were advised to 'put it into bricks and mortar,' the first use of that phrase, we were taught to believe. The Dean and Chapter built three houses for the three prebendaries who were chosen by the whole body of prebendaries to keep their residence for them. Before they were finished, the king wrote for a loan of £5000, pointing out how prompt in repayment it was his habit to be. The answer of the Dean and Chapter rather overdid the statement of their regret that their capital had been 'put into bricks and mortar.'

They are charming houses of the type of that period of comfortable homes. In modern times the ground behind them was bought and the whole was converted into an enclosed court with the three old houses and six modern

houses for minor canons, with a handsome brick gate into Warwick Lane besides the old entrance gate at the west end of Paternoster Row. Here on one occasion the occupant of No. 2 proposed and planned an entertainment. His son's regiment was quartered in the Tower, and was proud of its string band. The band was to come and play in the Court one July night. No. 2 provided a profusion of Chinese lanterns for the numerous trees in the Court, and laid coconut matting on the roadway. Each of the nine houses kept open house and invited all its friends. All had their suppers from the same restaurant, at the same price, and the guests sampled the suppers and the rooms and the houses at will. It was a perfect night ; and the quiet from London sounds, and the unexpectedness of the grove of trees, and their brilliant illumination, and above all perhaps the beautiful green grass underfoot, made an impression upon everyone. It was not to be a late affair, for the band must be back in the Tower betimes. After a short attempt at a rebellious dance, some young people having imagined that was what the matting was there for and the band rather lending itself to the idea, we all joined in ' God Save the Queen,' and the band marched off. Most of the people had another supper.

The green grass was a great source of pride to No. 2. When he first entered upon residence in the Court, the ground was covered with ground-ivy, a haunt of cats, and it looked horrid. He knew something about grass. The ground-ivy was removed, and grass was sown to the great amusement of the inhabitants of the Court, who knew that it would not come up. But it did come up, an unusually beautiful green, and it grew and flourished and had itself cut and rolled. Then it died away in late autumn, to a chorus of ' We always said it would,' to which the reply was ' and I knew it would ; it will be fresh sown every spring.' That was the secret of the beautiful green carpet of the Court. For the beauty of colour in grass, the more soot the better.

Very early in the new life in London, several converging causes brought me into relations with the then Archbishop

of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, on questions of Church Defence. The old Church Defence Society was still in existence, but its most earnest advocate had passed away and its work on its special lines had been for the most part done. The Archbishop wished to expand it into a Central Committee under his direct supervision, and he wished to add to its work and title the most important feature of 'Church Instruction.' I had always been keen in the work of the old Church Defence Association, but my chief interest had always been in Church Instruction, and for many years my inter-Collegiate lectures in Cambridge had been on the Early History of the Church of England. The Archbishop was good enough to entrust me with the duty of examining the leaflets of the old Society and supervising the leaflets of the enlarged Committee, with a view to allowing none to be in circulation which were not, as he put it to me, 'good history, good logic, and good literature.' Sir Lewis Dibdin was a quite admirable colleague in this important matter, as in so many important matters up to the present time.

As the whole of my Cambridge work was to be given up, contrary to Lord Salisbury's suggestion, for the sake of the endless possibilities of work in London, it seemed natural to propose to the Chapter of St. Paul's an annual course of lectures on Church History. The proposal was that we should ask eminent men outside our own body to give lectures on mediaeval or later periods, while we—*faute de mieux* the junior of us in Chapter standing—should deal with the earliest periods. The proposal was warmly taken up. Dr. Creighton, who had been a Cambridge colleague, A. J. Mason of All Hallows Barking, and one or two other men of that character, gave us quite invaluable help. Their lectures were naturally well attended; and the number of people who seemed to care for the lectures on the earliest period greatly surprised the lecturer, unaccustomed to London. The lectures evidently met a felt need, and we were greatly encouraged. We went on with them as long as I stayed there, and five of my little books on the subject are the result of the five courses. When I had settled in at Bristol I continued the practice off and on, and as the result published

three books on a larger scale. Other courses at my Cathedral Church of Bristol there was never time to publish.

Early in the year 1894, after the work of the Central Committee and the lectures at St. Paul's had become accomplished facts, I received a call from two clergymen. They were the Rev. Thomas Moore, the author in conjunction with the Rev. Arthur Brinckman of 'The Englishman's Brief against Roman Claims,' and the Rev. J. Sadler Phillips, who about that time left his curacy of All Saints, Dalston, to take charge of the Mission in Fulham which he developed into the present St. Etheldreda's, still under his charge. These two men were of different schools of thought in the Church, but they were agreed in the view that unhistorical attacks upon the Church of England were being made by Roman Catholic controversialists on a very large scale. They shewed me a few specimens which astonished me; the answer was so complete, and at least in some cases the writer of the attack, if he really knew anything about the matter, must, as it seemed to me, have known that he was contradicting recognised history. There were even falsified quotations from my favourite Bede, and that did really rouse my wrath. Even the old Roman fable of the Nag's Head Tavern, formally withdrawn by Romans of higher repute, was being trotted out again, as indeed I found to be the case years later on in Bristol. The proposal made to me was that I should create some machinery for dealing with this state of things. The practical answer to their proposal was the creation of the Church Historical Society.

The first Annual Report, issued in the early summer of 1895, sets forth the machinery created.

In the course of the year 1894, a provisional Committee considered the advisability of some organisation among students of the English Church, in its several aspects and periods, and its relations with the history of other parts of the Catholic Church. The Committee considered further the advisability of encouraging some of the younger students of Church History to give special attention to those parts of the history of our Church round which modern controversies centre or are likely to centre; so that the character of the Church for historical learning, and knowledge of the past history of present controversies, may

continue to stand high. They had no wish to engage in controversy for controversy's sake, or to foster or create a polemical spirit. Their desire was that the English Church should have scholars fully equipped and armed, ready for any emergency. That the present and the immediate future was a time of emergency they could not doubt.

In October 1894, a meeting was held in the Chapter House, St. Paul's, the Bishop of Peterborough in the Chair. It was attended by men representative of various schools of thought, invited by the provisional Committee. There was a strong consensus of opinion that the formation of a Society for the study of Church History, and its application to modern needs and emergencies was desirable. It was agreed to found the Church Historical Society, with the Bishop of Peterborough as President, the Bishops of Durham (Dr. Westcott), Oxford (Dr. Stubbs), and Salisbury (Dr. Wordsworth), as episcopal referees, and an important Executive Committee to meet each week in London with Canon Browne (now Bishop of Stepney) as Chairman.

The following is the official statement of the object and constitution of the Society.

President.—The Bishop of Peterborough. *Chairman of Committee.*—Canon Browne, Bishop of Stepney. *Hon. Secretary.*—Rev. Sadler Phillips, to whom all communications must be addressed.

Address, by kind permission of the Court of Governors, Sion College, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

The Church Historical Society has for its object to maintain the true historical position of the English Church, by encouraging the study of its history, supplying information to those who wish to be informed, and correcting erroneous statements which appear in the public press and elsewhere.

The Society consists of :

(1) A central Committee in London, which meets at Sion College usually on Monday and deals with questions of history as they arise.

(2) A number of Corresponding Members in each diocese in England and Wales, some of whom are specialists in Church History, while others watch local controversies and keep the Committee informed.¹

(3) A small number of associates who receive the leaflets and other documents prepared by the Committee, and pay an annual

¹ These correspondents sent us press-cuttings from their local papers. We soon found that the Roman controversialists had about half a dozen points, all susceptible of honest reply. These we numbered, and each week each was handed to the individual member of Committee who dealt with that special point. The press-cuttings dwindled down to nothing.

subscription of not less than one guinea or make a donation of not less than £5.

The Committee hope that all parish clergy who are troubled by controversial attacks among their people, or themselves feel difficulties, will communicate with them, with a view to remedial action. The action of the Committee is confined to historical controversies and difficulties.

The output of papers by the Committee assumed considerable dimensions. They were published by the S.P.C.K., and they number about 100, mostly costing two or three pence. On some points considerable books were published. There must be very few points on which they do not supply answers on the Roman controversy. The composition of the original Committee (June 21, 1894) is a fair guarantee of knowledge and honesty: Dr. Creighton, Canon G. F. Browne (Chairman), Canon A. J. Mason, Professor V. H. Stanton, Father Puller, Canon Dixon, Thomas Moore, Arthur Brinckman, Professor W. E. Collins, and Sadler Phillips (Secretary). Dr. Frere joined us soon after.

As the several members of the Committee passed away to other spheres of work, including the original chairman, the composition of the Committee underwent an almost complete change, except so far as the ever faithful Secretary was concerned. There is room and need for its activity and its encouragement to young students still, and there always will be.

Passing from controversial work, always distasteful to me, there was plenty of educational work to be done in London. We in Cambridge had long been intimately concerned with the London Council for University Teaching, on the same lines as our Local Lectures. I found myself among highly esteemed colleagues at the office in the Charterhouse, especially R. D. Roberts and C. W. Kimmins. In course of time I became Chairman of the Council, and I gratefully remember the able help, given so ungrudgingly by such men and women as—to name only a few out of the large number—Professor W. G. Adams, Miss Mary Gurney, Edward Bond, E. T. Cook, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Sir Douglas Galton, Lady Jeune, C. W. Kimmins, Alfred (now Lord)

Milner, Sir James Paget, the Marquis of Ripon, R. D. Roberts, Miss Smith (Oxford, the sister of H. J.), and the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. It was a very strong Council, and it acted promptly and well. Indeed my considerable experience of the usefulness of women on educational committees has left a most favourable impression on my mind.

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching had long been an active and powerful body, in full connection with the Cambridge Syndicate. The addresses given at its annual meetings were collected in 1894 in a volume (Macmillan & Co.) by Dr. R. D. Roberts, who had become the Secretary of the Society. In chronological order, the addresses were given by Lord Goschen, Lord Morley, Sir James Paget, Professor Max Müller, the Duke of Argyll, Bishop Westcott, Canon G. F. Browne, Sir Richard Jebb, and Lord Playfair.

Among the most interesting educational works entrusted to me by the University was the Governorship of St. Paul's School, to which the Council of the Senate was good enough to appoint me just when the great move from the city to Hammersmith was made. The appointment to the Canonry of St. Paul's, which came some years later, did not interfere with the Governorship, although Dean Colet had specially barred the Cathedral Chapter from the management of the estates, leaving them to the Mercers' Company as trustees, both because being merchants they were trained in management, and because being family men they would have an eye to the interests of succeeding generations.

In those days the Charity Commissioners held sway in educational affairs, and a most trying set of people they were to us. To get clear of their interference, Lord Selborne, a prominent Mercer, desired that we should hand over a large portion of our endowment income and thus enable him to pass a Bill releasing us from the control of the Charity Commissioners. This was agreed to at a meeting from which I was absent through illness. In concert with Sir Joshua Fitch a plan was devised by which I could propose at the next meeting to reopen the question. We two

worked the plan successfully, and on the reconsideration we defeated the proposal. A few words of apologetic regret to Lord Selborne after the meeting brought the rejoinder 'You are not half so sorry as I am; come and have a cup of tea.' That was the last time I saw him.

A main line of argument against the proposal was that the income to be retained did not allow for the large developments which some of us foresaw. If large developments were needed, the cost could only be met by charging the schoolboys—other than the 153 Colet scholars—higher fees, or paying the large staff of masters lower stipends, or by both kinds of economy. Now that educational powers have been transferred from the Charity Commissioners they have become a purely beneficent body, and as such have earned my gratitude on more occasions than one. Meanwhile, St. Paul's School retained its large income. It has developed along the lines foreseen, and has been enabled to establish a parallel school for girls, held as high in the educational world as is St. Paul's School itself. As long as Fitch lived, the two successful conspirators rejoiced together.

I cannot mention the Mercers Company without expressing my gratitude to them for a long series of kindnesses, and to their Clerk, Sir John Watney, for a very pleasant friendship. I had been indirectly connected with the Company long before I became a Governor of St. Paul's School, for the Company had an old connection with Catharine Hall, and we preached annual sermons in their chapel. At one time, some two hundred years ago, they had under consideration a plan for uniting St. Paul's School with Catharine Hall, as Merchant Taylors School was united with St. John's Oxford.¹ For some twenty-five years I had been connected with the Drapers Company also, having

¹ A generation earlier Dr. Eachard, the Master of Catharine Hall (1675-97), and the Fellows, put out a plan for settling ten of the best of the thirty scholarships of the college upon 'five eminent schools of the nation, namely, Paul's, Merchant Taylors, Eaton, Ipswich, and Bury, provided that the Governors of the said schools shall be pleased to settle Scholarships of like value upon such Scholars of their own as shall be sent to Catharine Hall. They may settle to the value of 4, 5, or 6 pounds per annum upon each of their Scholars, we having no Scholarships that are greater. We have already determined two to Eaton and two to Merchant Taylors.'

examined their schools at Bancroft's Hospital and at Tottenham, and given general educational advice at the time when their great step was taken in the foundation of the People's Palace and College on the site of Bancroft's Hospital. Their noble gifts to the Agricultural Department of the University of Cambridge have added largely to my sense of gratitude.

It was a very pleasant introduction to the life of the City of London to find myself already at home in the Halls of those two great educational Companies.

Those were days of much ferment in elementary education, a subject on which I had definite ideas. A good deal of public speaking was done in London. Some very specious proposal having been made, in speaking against it I said 'Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird—but one.' The *Globe* quoted that, with the clever comment—'The anser¹ is obvious.' Early in the next century, as a diocesan bishop I pressed in vain the view that we should receive rent for our school buildings from the State and should pay the teachers for all the hours during which denominational teaching was given. If that had been adopted, there would at least have been no passive resisters.

To return to St. Paul's. In October 1895 the Chief Khama was in London, with sub-chiefs and attendants. They had come with political purpose; but they had a very real curiosity to see something of England, and compare England and its wealth with their own land and Khama's endless thousands of cattle. After they had been in England for some time, they had formed a definite wish, and this wish of theirs was communicated to me by the interpreter, an African missionary who was in charge of them. They wished to see the inside of a typical English gentleman's house and home, with English ladies; just a quiet domestic home, of simple character. The missionary-interpreter was anxious that they should see St. Paul's, and in this

¹ *Anser* is the Latin for 'goose.' When I was announced as the suffragan of London, the same journal stated that Canon Browne had accepted the bishopric of Stepney, with the comment—'He is not an ambitious man. He doesn't desire to step'ny higher.'

desire they concurred. He was good enough to say that the whole desire would be fulfilled if I would shew them over St. Paul's, and my wife and daughters would give them luncheon. They were all of them teetotallers; they did not eat fish; nor pig in any form. They liked best roast beef.

They came, the interpreter, Khama and two sub-chiefs, and six others. I took them into St. Paul's by the central west door, faced them east, and stood them still for it to sink in; that is the proper introduction to a church. It took some time. At last they conferred among themselves, chiefly by gesture. Then Khama with a profound air whispered to the interpreter. 'The chief Khama,' he said to me, 'wishes me to tell you that they have seen many vast works of God, but this is the vastest work of man they have seen.'

Scott Holland was giving a one o'clock address under the dome, from the pulpit. As the Africans tip-toed up the south aisle they came in sight and sound of him, and saw people walking about in a desultory way, as though no address was going on. They pointed to the pulpit and stopped; then Khama whispered to his interpreter, who informed me, 'The chief Khama says, why doesn't that missionary in the pulpit tell the people to sit down and attend?'

We went up to the mosaics in the choir, the spiral stone stairs evidently trying some of them a good deal. When we came to the great peacocks, not even the presence of the 'missionary in the pulpit' prevented a great exclamation. But when the lions came in sight Khama was transformed. His eyes blazed. He was back in Africa, and was out to kill. He could scarcely tear himself away. In the whispering gallery we seated them in a row and the little man at the far side began to repeat his story of dimensions. The whisper struck Khama first. He sprang up and turned upon the wall behind him, to guard against a stab from behind. Others seemed cowed by the mystery, looking about them in a puzzled, anxious way, afraid of what should come next. The spirits were present and active. Even after full explanation they were very glad to get away.

The lion and lioness whose appearance so deeply moved Khama are represented in the mosaic as in attendance upon Adam in Paradise. The lioness is licking Adam's toe with

her tongue. In my account of the decorations it is stated that 'the attitude is that of a favourite cat of the artist, who performs this ceremony every morning as he steps out of his bath.'

Khama and his party then began the ascent to the Cross, the top of the dome. One after another gave in as we got higher and higher. At last only Khama and one plump sub-chief and the Canon in Residence remained, plodding slowly upwards. Then came the very narrow little bit, and there the plumpness of the sub-chief stopped him, and he resigned himself, with a dejected air not untempered by relief, to wait there till we came back. Khama went on to the end, taking it all very seriously. The view from the highest point completely overcame him.

On our descent we picked up our several deposits, and Khama inquired my age. He was delighted to find that he and I were the same age, born in 1833, and were the oldest persons of the party. At the bottom he made some careful inquiry of his interpreter, 'Was there any place on the ground outside where we could see the Cross at the top?' I knew of such a place in the churchyard, and we went to it. There he harangued his attendants, pointing upwards, and they listened with respectful attention. 'What is he saying to them?' 'He's pointing out where he has been, and telling them he is the only one among them man enough to get there.'

Then we went to No. 2 Amen Court for luncheon. They went up to the drawing-room and were introduced to the four tall ladies. Compliments passed through the interpreter. When the ladies moved off to the dining-room, Khama took my lawyer son on one side and broke out into English. He held his hand out about the level of his head and said, 'Sisters, ee-long.'

There were two large sirloins. They came and came again for more, till it became a question whether the meat would hold out. Fortunately it did, as did also—but only just—the rice puddings. We gave them lemonade and cold water as the two drinks. Late on in the luncheon I asked the interpreter if they had tasted ginger-beer. He talked to them for some time, and then said they had not tried it, but if it was teetotal, and was recommended by the

ladies, they would try it. A bottle of stone ginger-beer was poured out and handed to Khama in a silver tankard. He stood up to it with a do-or-die gesture, tasted it, rolled his eyes round the whole table, glued himself to it, and took it off at one long pull. It so happened that we had a good deal of it in the house ; they drank it all.

When Khama was saying farewell to Queen Victoria, the Queen asked him what had struck them most. 'The ladies in a gentleman's house,' he said. 'If he and his people could have such an influence as that in their households it would indeed be well for their race.'

The present Archbishop of Warsaw, Nicolas, was brought to St. Paul's in one of my months of residence by my Oriental friend W. J. Birkbeck. Birkbeck asked that the Archbishop might have a stall in the choir, and I placed him next myself, with Birkbeck on the other side, who translated the prayers into Russian as the service went on. They then came in to Amen Court for tea, and the Archbishop, like a great shaggy bear with a huge beard, threw his arms round my neck and so far as all the hair would let him kissed me on both cheeks. He told me—through Birkbeck—that ours was the only Church that prayed 'for the good estate of the Catholic Church throughout the world.' He made inquiry as to the number of times a bishop might marry with us. I told him there was no Canon to prevent his marrying fifty times, on which he offered up a fervent prayer in his native tongue, I suppose that the omen might be averted ; Birkbeck still remembers how my flippant reply shocked the Archbishop. One of our Catharine Hall bishops gave his fourth wife a posy ring when he married her, and she found that it was engraved with 'If I survive, I'll make it five.'¹

Near the end of 1894, my attention was called in an unexpected manner to the system of suffragan bishoprics. The principle of the system is sound, but there are practical difficulties. In my judgment, the advantages are far greater

¹ This was the elder of two John Thomases who were bishops at the same time. They were differentiated by physical defects. The younger John squinted ; the elder was deaf.

than the difficulties. Eleven of our diocesan bishops have previously been suffragans to diocesan bishops. That means that more than one fourth of the diocesan bishops have been selected for consecration by the Church and not by the State, by diocesan bishops not by Prime Ministers. In the ordinary case of diocesan bishoprics the Prime Minister selects two persons, of whom the Sovereign chooses one. In the case of suffragans to diocesans, the diocesan selects two persons and names them to the Minister, who advises the Sovereign as between the two. It must be conceded by one who has himself been named by a diocesan bishop to a Prime Minister for consecration, that a diocesan bishop may make a mistake, as may a Prime Minister; but at least he is an ecclesiastical agent. The usual practice is that the order in which the two names are given by the diocesan bishop is in his judgment the order of merit; in other words, his primary request is that the first name be recommended to the Sovereign by the Minister. It is understood that in one case in Queen Victoria's reign the Sovereign did not approve the primary recommendation, or the Minister did not; the ground being, that the excellent person named was a complete stranger to a diocese which had an unusually large number of suitable clergy, and therefore the second, a purely local man, was preferred. Another explanation was that the diocesan bishop had been incautious, and the first name had appeared in the newspapers before it was mentioned to the Sovereign.

However that may have been, when Dr. Temple wrote to ask me to allow my name to be laid before Her Majesty, he gave a very strong warning about silence, absolute silence, until the Sovereign's will had been made known. I sent a reply to the effect—so far as I remember—that I had no parochial experience, beyond a curacy in Cambridge for eleven months, thirty years before, and a country incumbency for two or three years, during my tenure of which I had a licence of non-residence. I urged that there were many obviously more suitable men in the diocese, any one of whom would be most welcome in the East End; that I should certainly not undertake any work that would

mean giving up my Canonry of St. Paul's ; and that in the East End itself there was an ideal man, whose appointment would give delight, the then Rector of Stepney.¹ A curt reply came—'There is no one I desire in comparison of you.' From such a man that was compelling, and I gave in, though knowing quite well that I was not fitted, by nature or then by grace, to be a bishop.²

The law of silence was completely observed. Not the faintest hint was given in my own family. The Bishop was what he always looked—but not always was to those who knew him—inscrutable. Time went on ; nothing was heard. From Christmas the thing went on till Easter came near. I sent a note to the Bishop which anyone might see, 'shall I be wanted ?' ; for I did not know who else was named, and I had been asked to make an engagement some time ahead which I could not have kept if I was wanted. The note came back with 'nothing known,' or something of that kind, written on it.³ Not a word was spoken on the subject when we met, as we often did.

Soon after this a paragraph appeared in a newspaper to the effect that it would not be surprising if the Bishop of London appointed Canon Browne as successor to Dr. Billing the late Bishop of Bedford. It seemed advisable that I should assure the Bishop of London that I had not given the slightest hint of what was in his mind. The following characteristic reply came :

Fulham Palace, S.W. : *Feb.* 27, 1895.

MY DEAR CANON BROWNE,—Don't suppose that it ever could cross my mind that you were leaky. When I asked you to let me put your name before H.M. I knew with whom I was dealing.

Yours ever, F. LONDON.

At last the Queen left England for the south of France,

¹ Edwyn Hoskyns, afterwards Suffragan Bishop of Burnley, now happily Bishop of Southwell.

² Thirty years before, I had declined the offer of a Colonial Deanery with succession to the Bishopric in a year's time. And when a member of Lord Derby's Government put my name down for an Indian bishopric, I wrote to have it withdrawn.

³ That was one of the many things I learned from Dr. Temple. It is a great saving of time to send back a letter with short notes of reply on its several points, if there is no special reason for question or answer to be kept.

not a word having been said about the East End bishopric, and the Bishop asked me to go and see him. He had sent in the two names long before, indicating his desire as to the selection by the Sovereign. In due course the communication passed from the Home Office to the Sovereign, who in accordance with her practice in regard to suffragan bishoprics put it in a pigeon-hole labelled 'to await the presence of the Minister,' and there it had lain. The Prime Minister, the Earl of Rosebery, had an attack of influenza—it was early in 1895—and was only able to have an audience immediately before the Queen left for the Riviera. At this audience he was to tender advice on the selection of a name, and under pressure of other business and of the beginnings of convalescence it escaped his memory. Dr. Temple thereupon determined to make an appeal, through the Home Office, that under the grave conditions of a prolonged vacancy Her Majesty would receive the Minister's advice by a written communication in place of an audience. The exception was made, and the Consecration was to take place on Sunday, April 21, at St. Paul's, the Bishop of London being chief consecrator by commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was to be on the Continent at the time.¹ Dr. Benson had frankly and definitely blamed the Bishop of London for taking me away from historical studies, and had told me I ought to have persisted in my refusal. Professor Middleton, the Director of South Kensington, had exclaimed with wrath when he saw the appointment, 'What a shame! They've made Browne a bishop! Why, he's a man that can do other things!'

The Queen exercised the power given by the recently passed Amending Act, enabling new names to be given by the Sovereign to Suffragan Sees.² It was time that a change was made in the name of the East End See. In the time of Henry VIII, when the useful persons known as bishops

¹ I wonder if it is too frivolous to mention the effect in my own household when I came back and told them what was to happen. The least reverential of my daughters kneeled down in front of me. She turned up my trouser to the knee, looked up at her sisters, and said with an air of real relief—'They'll do!'

² 'See' is the proper title. I was consecrated to 'the See of Stepney in the diocese of London,' as 'a suffragan of this realm.'

in partibus (infidelium), who used to be brought in to act for English bishops employed in State affairs, had ceased to be supplied from Rome, an Act was passed authorising the appointment of English suffragan bishops to act in the same sort of capacity as the bishops *in partibus*. The Act recited the names of places which might be made the sees of the suffragans. The places were well suited to Henry VIII's time, but several of them had ceased to be suitable in the time of Queen Victoria. The names recited were as follows, in the order of the Act of 1535,—‘the towns of Thetford, Ipswich, Colchester, Dover, Guildford, Southampton, Taunton, Shaftesbury, Molton, Marlborough, Bedford, Leicester, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, Bristol, Penrith, Bridgwater, Nottingham, Grantham, Hull, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and the towns of Penrith and Berwick, St. Germans in Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight.’ Suffragan bishops were consecrated to Ipswich, *Thetford*, and Colchester, in 1536, Berwick, Shrewsbury, *Penrith*, Marlborough, Dover, and Bedford, in 1537, *Bristol* (suffragan), Taunton, Hull, and Shaftesbury, in 1538, *Nottingham* in 1567, Dover in 1569. The holders of the sees printed in italics were moved on to diocesan sees.

At the time of the Reformation, Bonner of London had an active suffragan who served for many years, John Hodgkin, with the title of Bishop of Bedford, one of the titles—like Colchester—descriptive of sees in the then diocese of London. I once ascertained from Bonner's Register that except in I think two cases, Hodgkin held all the ordinations in Bonner's episcopate. When Dr. Jackson determined to resort to the Suffragans' Act for help in dealing with the East End, that same name ‘of Bedford,’ was assigned by the Sovereign to the see, and Walsham How became Bishop of Bedford. A little story will serve to emphasise the unsuitableness of the name. A meeting for the East London Fund was being held at the Mansion House. A stranger happened to look in, and becoming interested he remained to the end. Then he went to the secretary of the meeting to give some help, remarking that what had struck him most was the fact that the Bishop of

London, responsible for the poorest and most crowded parts of the great city, and the Bishop of an agricultural county like Bedford, had spoken in practically identical terms of the nature of the work and responsibilities.¹

The Amending Act (51 & 52 Vict. c. 56) gave authority to the Sovereign to name other towns by Order in Council. The Queen selected 'Stepney,' and gave thereby great pleasure to the East End. It fell to me to become the first Bishop of Stepney. It may be noted that with the exception of Dr. Billing who resigned on account of ill health, all of the modern suffragans of the East End up to the present have become diocesans, Walsham How of Wakefield, Browne of Bristol, Winnington Ingram of London, and Lang (Archbishop) of York.

Among the difficulties which have to be set against the advantages of the suffragan system, the financial difficulty is one of the most serious. It had an important bearing upon my own case.

The income for the East End suffragan before my time had come from the rich City Rectory of St. Andrew Under-shaft; Walsham How had been made Rector, and after him Billing. They paid a senior curate liberally, and were free from regular responsibility for the personal performance of the services. Dr. Billing had not been Rector long enough to be entitled to a retiring pension, and by arrangement with the Bishop of London he continued to hold the benefice, assigning a liberal portion quarterly for his successor as suffragan, which he handed over to the Bishop of London, and the Bishop to me. Dr. Billing was far from old, and while his mind was not what it had been his body was strong and healthy; his life was probably a better life than mine. But after two years or more, it was suddenly announced to us privately that he would probably die in some months' time. This raised a very difficult question. It seemed clear to me that it would be something of a scandal if I

¹ When Dr. Earle was appointed suffragan for the more fashionable parts of London, he was consecrated as Bishop of Marlborough, for personal reasons. 'Colchester' would have served in Henry VIII's time, but Essex had passed away from London—as indeed Bedford had—and the title 'Colchester' was used for an Essex suffragan.

retained the Canonry of St. Paul's with its house and stipend, and also became Rector of St. Andrew Undershaft with its income of more than twice that of the canonry. As I should certainly not resign the canonry, it would mean my not becoming Rector, and that would mean two things, my complete loss of half my income, and the severance of its endowment from the East End see. I put this difficulty in the first instance before Dr. Temple, who had become Archbishop. He said there was no difficulty at all. He had always intended that I should eventually hold both preferments. With a young man it would undoubtedly not do, but for a man of my age and antecedents it would be quite natural. The then Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, expressed the same views. But I was quite unconvinced, and when the offer of Bristol came I took it, partly as a way out of the difficulty. Curiously enough, our calculations were upset. We were agreed that one man stood out conspicuously marked as the next Bishop of Stepney, and that was settled; he would have the rich Rectory. Lord Salisbury made this one marked man my successor as Canon of St. Paul's, and the old situation was recreated, only with a young man in place of an old one. Dr. Billing died, and St. Andrew Undershaft became alienated from the See of Stepney.

In the delightful volume whose title is 'Primate Alexander,' it is recorded that the Archbishop of Armagh, more fully known as the Bishop of Derry—'come to make the young folks merry'—never felt so much at home, as a preacher, in the pulpit of St. Paul's as in that of Westminster Abbey. He only preached once at St. Paul's during my time there, and his coming was heralded by a letter to me with two rather curious questions,—what was the width of the pulpit door? and what was the height of the pulpit desk above the floor of the church? The former question I understood, for there had been a difficulty at Westminster Abbey, by reason of the narrowness of the entrance to the pulpit. I was able to reply that we had no door to the great pulpit, the whole north-eastern side was open. In reply to the second question I gave the height; he replied that it was all right. When he came, I naturally asked the reason of the

question. It was a very interesting reason. If a pulpit desk was more than a certain height above the floor of a church, he was seized with aphasia, he lost the power of utterance.

Dr. Alexander only preached twice before the University of Cambridge. His sermon of 1872 was quite unforgettable. He stayed with the Thompsons at Trinity Lodge. Mrs. Thompson told me that at breakfast on the Sunday morning he asked for a quantity of writing paper and a bundle of quill pens, and when luncheon came he had written his sermon. His text was, 'ivory and apes and peacocks,' the summing up of Solomon's greatness and glory and wisdom. At one moment we were rolling with suppressed merriment, at the next shivering under the concentrated bitterness of sarcastic comment on glory such as this. Our remarkable mimic, Joshua King, sate in front of me, and the contortions which accompanied or marked his unsuccessful efforts at self-control heightened the effect of the preacher's words.

King might well have found a place among Cambridge celebrities. I once witnessed an example of his readiness. A rather favourite scene of his was the wedding of Professor Churchill Babington, one of my predecessors as Disney Professor. The chief point of his reproduction of the scene was the speech of Dr. Bateson in proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom. Dining one night with Professor Latham, King was walking about the room after dinner, looking at the pictures and delivering scraps of lectures upon them in the voices of various Professors. Something possessed him, and he suddenly broke out into Bateson's speech. He got all through the part of it relating to the bride. Then came, exactly in Bateson's most genial and burliest voice and manner, 'Turn we now to the Professor.' As he said it, he moved towards another part of the room, and looked straight into Bateson's face. He had forgotten that Bateson, too, was dining with Latham! The next moment Professor Sedgwick was telling us how many pills he had taken since his last lecture, and then proceeded to give us a scientific address on green-sand, so called because it was not sand and was not green. The transition from Bateson to Sedgwick was instantaneous and perfect.

CHAPTER XVII

Proctor in Convocation—Fees for Letters Patent—Cardinal Vaughan—Relations as Suffragan with Dr. Temple—The Prince of Wales and the East End—His Kindness at Sandringham and Biarritz—The Death of Dr. Benson—Richborough—The Granville Cross—The Board of Works—The Abbey Field at Canterbury—The Cardinal Archbishops of Reims—The 1300th Anniversary of King Ethelbert's Baptism—Visit of Bishops to Richbrough and the Cross—The Diamond Jubilee—Service of Sunday, June 20, 1897—Procession and Service on Tuesday, June 22—The Body Guard and the Beefeaters—The Queen's and the Prince's Thanks—The Visit of the Bishops to Glastonbury.

WHEN Prebendary George Hodson, the gallant brother of Hodson of Hodson's Horse, resigned the office of Proctor in Convocation as the Representative of the Greater Chapter of St. Paul's, the Prebendaries, who had the commanding vote in the Greater Chapter, were good enough to elect me as the Representative, instead of choosing one of themselves. The experience of the Lower House of Convocation was very valuable to me when I had dealings with members of that House as Chairman of important committees of the Upper House. I often reminded myself gratefully of the kindness of the Prebendaries, by no means confined to this one public expression.

The appointment of one of the Prebendaries (Dr. Festing) to a diocesan bishopric raised an interesting question about fees. Lord Salisbury very thoughtfully advised him to resign his Prebend, in order that the Bishop of London might appoint his successor; if he waited till he vacated it by becoming Bishop, Lord Salisbury would have to fill it, and the new Prebendary would have to pay the considerable cost of Letters Patent for an office without emolument. This shewed so much kindness on the part of the Prime

Minister, that some of us organised a deputation to suggest the reduction of the cost of Letters Patent, at least for ecclesiastical offices of small or no emolument. Lord Salisbury was quite on our side in principle ; but he asked us if we knew to what purpose the money was applied. We supposed it was applied to the payment of officials. No, that was not so ; it went to the reduction of the National Debt, and a Bill to cut off a source of reduction of the Debt would scarcely be popular.

In the ' Life of Cardinal Vaughan ' reference is made to a question of precedence in connection with the then Bishop of Stepney. The index describes the Bishop as Dr. Winnington Ingram, but that is an error, the Bishop was myself. The editor of the Life wrote to me as Bishop of Bristol to ask if I had any objection to my letters to the Cardinal being published in the book. He proposed to include an editorial statement to the effect that if the question had to be raised it could hardly have been done more considerately. I of course consented to the publication, and the letters duly appeared with the kindly preface.

Circumstances to which I can only vaguely refer, the names and details being highly confidential, had made it necessary to inquire into my actual position and precedence as Suffragan of London, in relation to Cardinal Vaughan. Two points of interest and importance emerged. First, a Suffragan of London, in the absence of the Bishop of London, has the place and precedence, within the area of his commission, which the Bishop of London would have had, had he been present. That no doubt has nothing to do with London specially ; it is a rule for all dioceses. The second point is evidently universal. No foreign bishop has precedence over any English bishop in England.

Shortly after I had obtained these two statements of principle, the Mansion House meeting for the Hospital Sunday Fund was due. Cardinal Vaughan had sat at the right hand of the Lord Mayor at these meetings. At the meeting of the year before, the chairman had pointedly called attention to this delicate matter, and had spoken to me rather strongly about it. I felt it incumbent upon

me to make preparations for the coming meeting, and I wrote the following letter to His Eminence, our relations having been of a very pleasant character, and my personal liking for him being real.

2 Amen Court, St. Paul's, E.C. : *December 10, '96.*

DEAR CARDINAL VAUGHAN,—I am glad to see from the *Times* that you are out again. As we may meet at the Guildhall next Monday (Hospital Sunday Fund) let me make an explanation on a matter which is personally small but in other respects has importance.

When we met at the People's Palace in the summer, I found it had been arranged that I should receive the Prince and Princess of Wales ; but I had the pleasure of informing your Eminence that we had placed a chair on the platform for you above mine. This led to some enquiry by secular authorities. As the result I was informed by the Archbishop of Canterbury that all bishops appointed to English sees, whether diocesan or suffragan, under Letters Patent of the Crown, have precedence in England in respect of other ecclesiastics ; and the Archbishop told me that I must observe this on public occasions.

I make this explanation in order that you may not regard my future course as fitfully inconsistent with that which I so gladly took on the occasion referred to, and should on all personal grounds so gladly take again.

Your Eminence's very faithfully,

G. F. STEPNEY.

I received the following reply :

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W. : *December 11, '96.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I have an engagement that will hinder my being at the Guildhall on Monday. But I must thank you most cordially for your great delicacy and courtesy in writing to me as you have done on the subject of precedence.

I can assure you that, like yourself, I have no personal feeling in such matters. But apart from this, I cannot but think that the late Archbishop, whom you refer to, must have been thinking of precedence among Bishops, and that he would not have meant to say that the historical and universally recognised rank of a Cardinal is below that of a Bishop.

I am quite sure that your Lordship will appreciate the fact that our Catholic fellowsubjects, who number nearly 10 millions in the British Empire, would feel it keenly were a Cardinal to be received in future with less recognition in England than in other

countries of Christendom. But I do not write to argue the matter, but simply to thank you heartily for your great personal courtesy and kindness.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT CARD VAUGHAN.

The Lord Bishop of Stepney.

My reply was as follows :

December 11, '96.

DEAR CARDINAL VAUGHAN,—Let me thank you earnestly for your kind and welcome letter.

I, too, do not argue the matter ; indeed it would be unseemly in me to do so. There is a very strong feeling on the subject in England, adverse to the view so naturally expressed by your Eminence. Historical associations, especially of the times before the sixteenth century, appeal to my personal sense in an almost abnormal degree. But the feeling to which I have referred is a serious modern fact, and I hear so much of it that I cannot join in the proposition which you so pleasantly suggest.

Your Eminence's very faithfully,

G. F. STEPNEY.

The meeting at the People's Palace to which reference is made in this correspondence, took place on the day after the Prince had won the Derby. At tea, I made some remark to the effect that the exuberance of rejoicing on the course must have been very welcome, and I wished I had been there to see it. The Prince's reply has always seemed to me perfect—' Well, Bishop, at least you would have said there were no objections.' The number of hats thrown into the air which never found their way back to their owners' heads had greatly interested the Princess. It may be as well to add that the Prince told me at Sandringham that the name of his horse, Persimmon, had nothing to do with the fruit of that name which the horse's victory brought into so much prominence. Lord Farquhar, as far as I remember, was to name the colt, out of Perdita by St. Simon. Persimon, or Persimmon, was formed from the names of the dam and the sire.

Dr. Temple's definition of the relations between us as Bishop and Suffragan was very simple and very short.

‘ You are a man of years and experience. You don’t need to consult me. You will act on your own judgment. If it is something of real importance, you will tell me what you have done when next we meet. As to patronage, Dr. Jackson left that to Walsham How ; but when I succeeded I felt equal to it and I took it into my own hands. I shall consult you ; but the action will be mine and mine only.’ That, I think, represents the whole arrangement between us. Ordinary appointments he left to me. I remember his dictum on one appointment. ‘ You’ll have to put a strong man there.’ ‘ What do you mean by a strong man ? ’ I asked. ‘ By a strong man, I mean a man that wherever you put him—*he’ll grow*.’ I can never forget the clinching force of that finish, in his strongest accent.

He was a man of whom one would expect that he would require all men who were working under him or with him to do their duty vigorously as a matter of course. The last thing we could think of would be that it was any part of his business to express appreciation. When our first Christmas came, I said something to him, in a letter, of the happiness of the work with him. He made a most unexpected rejoinder ; unexpected, although time after time at our monthly discussions the tears rolled down his cheeks when I reported occurrences which moved him. He told me in a reply that he ‘ was very glad to hear that I found our work deeply interesting and not without happiness. He was quite sure that the Clergy in all my District and the Laity as well found my work a blessing. And for himself he had never found a man whose help was more valuable, and from whose spirit he had drawn more inspiration. He prayed God to bless our work as we laboured together, and to maintain our mutual friendship beyond this world into the other.’ From such a man, a message well worth having lived for.

Quite early in my Stepney time there came a sudden necessity for action which might have far-reaching effect. There was to be a large evening Confirmation at a rather distant church. On the morning of the day, a lady who had prepared candidates came to tell me that five of her

girls had been refused by the clergy because they had not made confession. I held and still hold a decided view with regard to compulsory confession for all candidates for Confirmation. I telegraphed that the Confirmation would not take place that day. They appealed to the Bishop. He supported me, and the Confirmation did not then take place. It was arranged that the candidates should be confirmed at some other church, probably at some church where Dr. Temple was holding a Confirmation. On March 6, 1896, I had this characteristic note: 'B——¹ wrote to say that W——² was applying to him to admit fifty candidates. He was told in reply that he must not admit them without your leave.' That *was* seeing a thing through to the end. One would do anything for such a man.

I have referred to the visits of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) to the East End. A pleasant example of the careful kindness of the Prince towards us East Enders may be mentioned here.

In a dense part of the East End, it was very important that we should obtain a little house in which to locate a mission. We could not get any information or help from the agent of the ground landlord, and no one would—or under the conditions of the estate could—let us rent a house. Just when we were brought up sharp by this block, a command came to preach at Sandringham. After dinner on the Sunday evening, the Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary of Cambridge) asked me if there was anything which the Prince could do for me. Indeed yes, there was. Thereupon I was taken up to the Prince, who was told that I had something in which I wanted his help. The ground landlord was a racing friend of the Prince, but I did not refer to that fact, the name was enough. The Prince at once promised to see to it. A few days later a letter came from the nobleman in question:

DEAR BISHOP OF STEPNEY,—I shall be glad to help you. I have written to my agent. . . . You can find out everything from him.

¹ The incumbent at whose church Dr. Temple was to hold a Confirmation.

² The appealing incumbent.

All difficulties disappeared as by magic. The agent found me a house, and in two days' time Lord Balcarres, who was managing the proposed mission, had inspected and approved it.

That visit to Sandringham is a very pleasant memory. I was due to preach twice—or three times—at Hove and Brighton for the East London Church Fund on the Sunday, and to take the chair at meetings there in the early afternoon and the evening of the Monday. The Sunday sermons were perforce given up, so far as I was concerned; but by leaving Sandringham very early on the Monday morning the meetings were possible. The Prince appeared to know everything; anyhow he knew this. At a comparatively early period of the Sunday evening, immediately after the Princess left the room, he called me to him and said he heard I had to leave early in the morning for meetings in Brighton, and I ought to have a good night's rest; he would therefore not keep me till the party broke up, and would say good-night to me then. His final words were so unique that I feel bound to report them. He thanked me for my sermon, but said it had one fault. In some perturbation—though a whisper had reached me before luncheon which indicated that the fault was not grievous—I waited for the last word. 'It was too short!' And yet I had used nineteen of the twenty minutes allotted to me. The next time I preached before him he was King, and twelve minutes was allowed. It was at Biarritz. I had the honour of lunching with him after the sermon, but was not told it was too short.

Another kindly act may be mentioned, in connection with Biarritz. They had some candidates ready for Confirmation, but the Bishop of London had no one available, and it was suggested that I should confirm them. My answer was that I had no robes with me, and any woollen things were kept a very long time at the French custom house. The King settled the matter at once. 'Tell your daughters to make up a tidy parcel and send it to Buckingham Palace. My messenger shall bring it.' A very few days after, I met the royal motor on its way from

the station, and there, perched on the top, alone in its glory, was my robe case. Even then there was a *contretemps*. The King liked bishops to preach in black chimere. My daughters had sent red robes !

One episode of the St. Paul's period is still very vivid in my memory. During my October residence, Brown the verger told me on a Sunday afternoon that a man whom he did not know had been to the vestry to report that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, had died suddenly. He had seen the news 'in a club.' It seemed impossible to take any action on such information, and the service and sermon were carried through as usual. The choir boys and men left the choir in procession and I came down the pulpit steps to follow them. At the foot of the steps, Brown put a telegram into my hands. It was true. They had telegraphed from Hawarden to the Canon in Residence. The choir were called back to their places ; we telegraphed up to the Organ Chamber for the Dead March ; I returned to the pulpit and announced the tragic event ; and surely the Dead March was never more impressive.

Out of this came another episode. One of the principal London newspapers, in describing the scene the next morning with remarkable absence of detail, suspicious absence, stated that the preacher had spoken of the very painful circumstances of the Archbishop's death. As nothing of the kind was said, indeed no remark of any kind beyond the reading of the telegram, and as the feeling in the preacher's mind was, 'how happy such a death,' it became necessary to make inquiry. It turned out that the reporter appointed to attend St. Paul's on Sunday afternoons had spent the afternoon at a public-house not far off, instead of attending the service, and hearing what had taken place had the impudence to put words—and exactly the wrong words—into the speaker's mouth. The editor took drastic action.

In my little book 'Augustine and his Companions,'¹ being the substance of historical lectures delivered at St. Paul's, the details of the probable landing place of St.

¹ S.P.C.K., Fourth edition, 1910.

Augustine in the Isle of Thanet were carefully investigated. In particular, the great Roman fortification known as Richborough Castle, containing the port at which Augustine must have entered the mainland, was described. The rectangle enclosed by the immense walls is seven acres. The water-front has not now a wall, but the experts believe that it once had ; it may have been thought to be sufficiently defended by the steep little cliff. The walls are six feet thick, built in courses of six feet from one horizontal row of flat brick to another. In parts they are still from thirty to forty feet high. The lectures which dealt with Thanet and Richborough were delivered in January 1895, in preparation for the 1300th anniversary of the coming of Augustine.

Not long after the lectures were delivered, Richborough Castle came into the market. The Archbishop (Benson) of Canterbury, in whose diocese it is, took up the question of purchase. The money was raised and a Trust was formed for the management of the property. The Archbishop, the Lord Lieutenant (Stanhope), the Lord Chancellor (Herschell), and other great personages were Trustees, and my name was included. We began our work by surrounding our property with barbed wire, with a gate for entrance on payment, in order to stop the reckless mischief that was being done by sightseers. This naturally gave offence to wrongdoers ; but it also made a bad impression upon the authorities of the neighbouring town of Sandwich, who had on a former occasion given me a great deal of help when I was preparing a book on the ancient Norman-French Customals of the Cinque Ports.¹ The Corporation and the Town Clerk claimed free entry for the people of Sandwich. We maintained our position. The then legal restrictions upon the use of barbed wire were put in motion against us, but we maintained that the path along which our wire fence lay was not a ' public thoroughfare ' and so was not

¹ We have at St. Catharine's the only remaining Customal. It is a copy made by Daniel Rough, town clerk of Romney, about the time when Bartholomew de Burghersh, the Warden, called in all the Customals and destroyed them. Pressure of other business prevented the completion of the book. The materials are in the Library at St. Catharine's.

protected by the law. We were proved to be right. At last a summons was issued for a meeting of the Richborough Trust at Lambeth. The Archbishop (Dr. Benson) informed us that he had to bring before us a document which he thought would induce us to take a more genial view of the position of the Sandwich people. If the Chancellor would stand on one chair, he—the Archbishop—would stand on another, and between them they could unroll the document for us to inspect it. It was a very carefully prepared notice, some six foot long or more, in very large letters, in black paint. What it said was this :

‘ Any one found tearing this fence with his trousers will be prosecuted according to law.’

We all took the genial view of this excellent skit upon our proceedings. We agreed to print each spring and to deliver to the Mayor and Town Clerk of Sandwich any number that might be required of free passes for Sandwich people. I have more than once got such a pass from the Town Clerk for a party of people, on my claim as a Trustee for free entry upon my own property.

Another valuable property was placed under the same Trust.

When Earl Granville was Warden of the Cinque Ports, he erected a stone Cross on the site of an ancient oak of vast dimensions, supposed to be the tree under which Ethelbert received Augustine. The place was in early times called Cotmanfeld, which was taken to mean the field of the man of God, now Cottington, half a mile from Ebbs Fleet. In the next field is ‘ Augustine’s Well,’ a pure spring which is said never to fail, rising in a natural well some four feet deep. An interesting and valuable book on St. Martin’s Church at Canterbury describes the monument as an ‘ Iona Cross ’ ; but that would indeed have been an envenomed sarcasm, considering the attitude of the Celtic Church to Augustine’s mission and its outcome ; Lord Granville might as well have represented Augustine with the Celtic tonsure. As a matter of fact, the Cross is a skilful reproduction of the larger of the Crosses at Sandbach in Cheshire, though on a smaller scale, I think too small. The inscription is by Dean Liddell, who

had been Lord Granville's tutor. It strikes a note not quite in accordance with history in the statement that the Christian faith introduced by Augustine spread with marvellous celerity through the whole of England.¹ Earl Granville died in 1891, and some time after that the Cross was placed under the Richborough Trust.

In April 1911 it was suggested that the Trustees should hand over the Roman Castle and the Augustine Cross 'to the Antiquities Department of the Office of Works, who are steadily acquiring the control of a great many ancient monuments.' The very name of the Office of Works had been something of a terror to people with real knowledge of old things; but that was happily a thing of the past, and the Trust was handed over as proposed. As far as Richborough was concerned, its condition—especially on the north side—was such as to call for an active executive, and the Trustees could not play that part.

Another great treasure was acquired by a few friends about the same time as Richborough, the purchase-money being raised by private subscription. This was the Abbey Field at Canterbury, adjoining St. Augustine's College. In the earliest Saxon times there was on this site a remarkable range of buildings lying to the west of the pre-Saxon church of St. Martin, all outside the walls of the city, the Cathedral Church of the Saviour lying to the south-west, within the walls of the city. At the east end in the Abbey Field are the remains of the Church of St. Pancras, the church used by Ethelbert as a pagan temple and given by him to Augustine to be used as a Christian church. Next to this, westward in the field, was Eadbald's Church of St. Mary. Then, still westward, the monks' cemetery, and then the original Saxon Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where Ethelbert and Bertha were buried, and Augustine

¹ 'Quae per totam Angliam mira celeritate diffusa est.' The date of Augustine's interview with Ethelbert *hoc in loco* is given in the inscription as DXCVI. The usual date is 597. It was in 596 that Gregory sent Augustine and his companions, being the fourteenth year of the emperor Maurice, whose reign according to Bede began in the 582nd year from the Incarnation. Augustine turned back from the journey and went to Rome. Gregory sent him off again with a hortatory letter to the monks dated July 23, 596. It is not improbable that they spent the winter in Gaul and came to England in the early spring.

and his more immediate successors. The ground may fairly be regarded, from our point of view, as the most remarkable site in the kingdom. The great Norman Abbey Church was built over the site of the ancient churches of St. Mary and St. Peter and St. Paul, including the cemetery between. Very recently a remarkable discovery has been made in the course of excavations carried out with much care and skill by the authorities of St. Augustine's College. There has been a great octagonal building, circular inside, on the plan of S. Giovanni in Battistero at Rome, of the same width as the great Norman nave, and occupying the space where the eastern part of the Norman nave was afterwards placed. Archbishop Cuthbert had built a baptistery close to the east end of the Cathedral Church of the Saviour, and it may have been that the monks of St. Peter and St. Paul at some later date emulated this enhancement ; but the foundations shew that it must have cut into the east end of their original abbey church, and some larger scheme of alteration must have been responsible for the work now discovered. Further reference to the scheme of alteration is made in a later paragraph.

We put the field into the hands of four trustees, who were to hand it over, after careful excavation, to be held in perpetuity by St. Augustine's College. This has now been done.

It was an interesting coincidence of dates that in 1897 we were to keep the 1300th anniversary of the baptism of Ethelbert, and in 1896 the French Church was to keep the 1400th anniversary of the baptism of Clovis at Reims by St. Remigius. There was a remarkable personal link between the two events. The wife of Clovis, Chlotilde, was a Christian Princess of Burgundy, married to him some years before his conversion. The wife of Ethelbert, Bertha, married to him before his conversion, was a Christian Princess of Paris, her father being the grandson of Clovis.

This double strain of connection appeared to me so interesting, that in 1895, when I was studying the Abbey Church of St. Rémi at Reims, to me more interesting than the Cathedral Church, I called on the Cardinal Archbishop,

Langénieux, and told him something of our plans. He told me of the great pomp they had arranged for the Clovis commemoration, and very cordially invited me to be present. I gladly accepted the invitation, feeling that being only a suffragan bishop I need not consult Canterbury. Unfortunately I received a communication from Reims to the effect that the French Government had put into operation the law that not more than three French bishops could meet for concerted action without the sanction of the civil authority, and the proposed pageant commemoration was stopped. It was on all accounts a grievous disappointment. The Cardinal had very kindly returned my call, at the Lion d'Or, and left his card, '*Le Cardinal Langénieux Archevêque de Reims,*' for '*Monseigneur l'Evêque de Stepney,*' '*avec ses vœux et l'espérance d'une visite en 1896 au berceau de la France Chrétienne,*' with a copy of the historical résumé which he had circulated throughout France.

This was not the only modern example of communication with a Cardinal Archbishop of Reims. A lecture was given early in 1915 at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, on the discoveries mentioned in a preceding paragraph. A collection of money was made at the lecture, and the amount was sent with a message of sympathy to Cardinal Luçon, the Archbishop of Reims. The Cardinal Archbishop in his reply naturally dwelt upon the parallel between the baptism of Ethelbert at Canterbury and the baptism of Clovis at Reims. He then expressed his pleasure at the information sent to him in connection with the recent discoveries in the Abbey Field at Canterbury. Leo IX in 1046 dedicated the Abbey Church of St. Rémi at Reims, and held a synod there. At this synod Abbat Wulfric of Canterbury was present, being on an embassy from Edward the Confessor. Wulfric obtained from the Pope advice and blessing on his proposed work of rebuilding his Abbey Church and translating the bodies of the Saints. He received also the right to wear the mitre, and to take precedence of all Benedictine Abbats, with the natural exception of the Abbat of Monte Cassino.

Alas for the ruined glories of Reims !

At St. Paul's we kept the 1300th anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert on Saturday, June 5, 1897, the eve of Whit-Sunday. The Collect at the early Celebration was as follows :

O God, who through the preaching of Thy blessed servant Augustine didst first bring the English race out of darkness and error into the clear light and true knowledge of Thee, and of Thy Son Jesus Christ ; grant that we may ever hold fast the faith which he taught, and with him may dwell with Thee in life everlasting, through the merits of the same Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Epistle was 1 Cor. vii. 12-16, the Gospel St. Luke x. 16-20. After Evensong a short address was given by the Canon in Residence (the then Bishop of Stepney) and the Clergy and Choir then proceeded to the Sanctuary and sang *Te Deum Laudamus*. On the next day, Whit-Sunday, the Canon in Residence took as the subject of his sermon the many changes made since the time of Gregory and Augustine by the 'unchanging' Church of Rome, and the greater nearness of the Anglican Church than of the Roman to the doctrines of these two founders of the Church of England.¹

Later on in 1897, the bishops attending the Lambeth Conference visited Canterbury, where they stayed for a day or two. A lady lent her large and beautiful house near Canterbury for the occasion, on condition that I would act as master—in her absence—and take charge of a group of American bishops and their wives. One of the ceremonies was a visit to Richborough and the Granville Cross.

The freshness and raciness of the American bishops and their ladies in the two or three days of our domestic life at Canterbury were delightful. Almost everything was set in some new point of view. There is a kinship of nature between the typical story of an American bishop and the typical story of a Scottish fisherman. One of our party told

¹ *The St. Augustine Commemoration*, S.P.C.K., 3d. This was in accordance with the wish of Dr. Benson, who had passed away. Writing to me at Whitsuntide, 1893, when our first course of preparatory lectures had been given, he expressed a wish that when Whitsuntide, 1897, came, we should take, as the subject of a special address, this point—'How diverse the doctrine of Gregory and Augustine is from that of Leo XIII and his representatives.'

us of two notices which he had seen in English churches—
 ‘Come in your working clothes and bring others with you.’
 ‘Before you leave please hang the kneelers.’

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was a very great event at St. Paul’s. I happened to be the Canon in Residence. The preparations for the Service on the Sunday morning before the great procession on the Tuesday were rather complicated. Notes kept coming up to say that some more royalties had arrived or were to arrive, and would attend the Service, till at last I had to provide thirty chairs for a long line of Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales in the middle, facing the gates of the choir, with two chairs behind each of the thirty for persons in attendance. Some of the demands for accommodation of persons in attendance were rather excessive. The largest demand informed me that ‘Prince Albert of Prussia with a suite of nine (9) officers will attend the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul’s Cathedral on Sunday morning. H.R. Highness will arrive at the western entrance at 10.15 A.M.’ I could only allow the usual two chairs.¹ We had carpenters and chairs and scarlet cloth in the Crypt, to do the upholstering required by each additional note.

In the middle of the Saturday morning, a note came asking me to go to Marlborough House. Arrived there, I was told by Sir Francis Knollys that the Prince and Princess were in the next room, and would see me if the point to be explained by Sir Francis required discussion. They were exceedingly busy with the arrival of royal personages. There had been a great storm in the Channel, which had delayed arrivals from the Continent, and now they would have to be receiving new-comers till quite late at night. They would have no time for the quiet thought which they always desired before receiving the Blessed Sacrament. The net question was, should they remain as non-communicating attendants at St. Paul’s, or should they leave when the whole of the royal visitors, Lutherans and Roman Catholics, left the Cathedral Church at the accustomed

¹ The only haughtiness I ever had to reprove in my seven years at St. Paul’s came from a German Ambassador.

break in the Service. I replied that in my judgment the point did not require discussion; I thought they should remain. If they thought otherwise, I should like to talk the matter over with them. Sir Francis went into the next room and came back immediately with the message that my advice was that which they had hoped to receive, and no discussion was needed.

Almost as soon as I got back to Amen Court a messenger came from Marlborough House. The Prince had remembered that the Bishop of London was in residence, and he ought to be consulted; would I consult him. A telegram to Dr. Creighton received the answer 'I entirely approve their staying.' I often think of the charming characteristics indicated by each point in the little story.

Many people must have wondered, in the course of their lives, what in the world led them to do some thing or other of a most unlikely kind, on the doing of which much in fact depended. Here is an example. In concert with Miss Knollys I had had a specially long kneeler made for the Princess. On the Sunday morning, in the endeavour to make sure that all was right for the Prince and Princess, I knelt on this long kneeler, not quite in the middle; it tilted up and I fell. The ordinary kneelers were short, with a support at each end. The carpenter had made this kneeler three times as long, but had left the supports where they would have been if the kneeler had been only a third of the length. There must have been an accident if the kneeler had not—by mere accident, as it were—been tested. As the Princess used it, it had four stout supports, one at each end and two in the middle, and it could not tilt up.

Again in concert with Miss Knollys, it had been settled that the Princess would not require arms to the chair she would use at the Service, so none of the thirty chairs had arms. But just before the Service a note came up from Miss Knollys. The Princess had realised that the Service would last a long time, and it might be better to have arms. We had no arm-chairs available. Men were sent to my house for a pair of Chippendale arm-chairs from the dining-room, and these were upholstered in scarlet on the spot. After

the Service I found two people seated spaciously in them, enjoying the sense of sitting comfortably in specially royal chairs. 'My dinner chairs,' I informed them, and they got up. The chairs now have silver labels on them, under the curved top of the back, with an inscription :

This chair was used by the Princess of Wales at St. Paul's, June 20, 1897.

and the same for the Prince's chair.

Some days before the great Tuesday, the cards of two Colonels were brought to me, and I received the Colonels. They had a sad story to tell. They were two of the officers of The Nearest Guard, Her Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Their indefeasible right was to be nearest to the Person of the Sovereign. They had been told by the Chamberlain's Office that they would be on the steps at the west end of St. Paul's to shew ambassadors etc. to their places ; there would not be room for them otherwise. It was quite evident that something very serious would happen if the Chamberlain's Office continued to put them to any use less honorific than that of being the Nearest Guard of their Sovereign when present at the West Front of St. Paul's. They had come to the Canon in Residence to see if he could do anything for them, evidently not with any superabundant measure of expectation.

It so happened that in order to prevent the possibility of the wheels of the State Carriage grating against the lip of the Manx granite step, I had had prepared by the Board of Works a piece of deal of twelve by six inch section to go under the lip of the step for the whole of its length. I asked the Colonels how long their boots would be with spurs on. After consideration and measurement, we put it at fifteen inches. Then I took them into the churchyard and shewed them what I had arranged. If I kept the block of deal six inches deep, and had it made to project twenty-four inches instead of twelve inches from the riser, could the Body Guard stand on it comfortably without having their toes diverted by the Queen's wheels or their spurs damaged by

the projecting lip of the step? They said yes. Then we found that all forty could be lined on the baulk of deal, occupying the whole front of the step, while the two chief officers would be in the middle with a space between them where the royal carriage would halt. They would in every sense be The Nearest Guard, and they would be a magnificent ornament, a main feature in the decorative effect of the great ceremony. The two Colonels went on their way rejoicing.

But there was a good deal to be done before the plan could be authorised. I made a pencil sketch of the proposed arrangement, and sent it to the Board of Works, through their wonderfully effective representative Mr. Reginald Brett, the present Lord Esher. To my consternation, the acknowledgment of my sketch stated that it had been forwarded to the Chamberlain's Office, the very place where the constitutional difficulty had been created. It seemed a hopeless case; but in two days' time I received my sketch back from Mr. Brett, with the note 'The Prince of Wales approves of your proposal.' The order was given at once, and the long line of the Body Guard was one of the most striking features of the occasion, as all the photographs and paintings shew.

The rehearsal was of supreme interest. I never attended any rehearsal that was so complete a reality. The crowd in the open spaces in the churchyard, and on every gallery and at every window and on every roof, was as great as the several points of view allowed, and the singing of 'O God our help in ages past' was at least as striking in its unexpected spontaneous force as it was on the day itself as a prepared part of the ceremony. We had the State Carriage and its horses, and high was the approval of my baulk of soft deal on the part of those in charge of the carriage. One interesting little bit of information came out about the horses. Two of them required very special attention on the part of their individual grooms, as they stood through the rather long ceremony. The special need in the one case was a pin; for that horse would lie down for sheer laziness unless it was reminded from time to time. The special need in the other case was a bag of sugar; for that horse

wouldn't stand still unless it was fed with sugar all the time. And these stimulating and soothing processes had to be carried on without detection.

Curiously enough, one weak point in the arrangements escaped notice at the rehearsal. When the dumb-show of the Service at the steps of the Cathedral Church was concluded, the State Carriage and the other carriages moved off in an orderly manner and the procession continued its rehearsal. But when the real ceremony came, and the moment arrived for the Queen's carriage to begin to move, lo and behold! there were some seventeen carriages of royalties that could not move till the Service was over and had to move before the Queen's carriage could get round from the steps. Only the ready wit of Archbishop Temple saved the situation. 'Three cheers for the Queen!' he cried out, an audacious interpolation. The mighty crowd saw to it that the moments of pause were well covered by the response to the cry.

Of course 'Bobs' on his white horse was one of the most delightful individual sights. Haig Brown, of whom honorific mention is made in my proctorial chapter, immortalised 'long Ames' who led the Household Cavalry, a Charterhouse boy, at the next prize-giving at Charterhouse, in his wonted manner by a pun. 'The school has not had any great successes this year; but all the world now knows that at least we have high aims.' It was on the day itself, not at the rehearsal, that a wit in the crowd called out to a dragoon officer as short as Ames was long, as he rode past the south transept steps, 'Come out o' that there 'elmet! I sees yer little legs a danglin' down.'

One happy outcome of the rescue of the Body Guard from the attempted mishandling by the Chamberlain's Office was an invitation to dine with them on the night of the Diamond Jubilee. They did me special honour, putting me in the chair on the right of the Captain, the chair which except on that day was occupied on each anniversary by a royal duke; the royal dukes were of course all dining with the Queen. The Captain told me that on the previous occasion the royal duke in the chair had given them with graphic gestures a receipt for a famous salad. It ended, I

remember, in these words—‘ Then you pour cream over it, and with that salad you could eat your grandmother, cold.’

Very often in after years I used to hear a voice proceeding from a helmet at the side of a door at a levée, ‘ You did well for us at St. Paul’s ’ ; and when I have on later occasions dined with the Body Guard I have been taken to a certain picture in which their first captain appears, by reason of some supposed connection with him. And I treasure a beautiful copy of a charming book ‘ The Nearest Guard,’ presented to me at the dinner on June 22, 1897, by Colonel Aubone Fife, Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant.

One request was rather puzzling. The Lord Chamberlain asked me to find a place where Mr. Laurits Tuxen, of Copenhagen, could make a sketch for his picture of the ceremony, commanded by the Queen. I happened to know of a little nook well up in the west front, where he could be got through a window and placed for the occasion. But, remembering an experience in the Forum at Rome, I stipulated that he and his food must be there at a very early hour, before my business began, and I should not release him till all the business was completely over. It answered particularly well. He got the whole surroundings accurately sketched before any part of the procession began to appear.

Two gracious acts completed our happiness. The Queen sent to each member of the Chapter a portrait of herself, ‘ in the dress she wore at St. Paul’s.’ And the Prince sent the following letter to the Bishop of London, through Sir Francis Knollys, regarding the Sunday Service :

The Prince of Wales desires me to let you know that he never saw anything better managed or any Service better done or more impressive than the one at St. Paul’s this morning, and he is anxious to congratulate you and all those who were concerned in the arrangements on their being so successful. He has been present at many similar ceremonies abroad, but none of them ever equalled that which took place to-day.

It is not well, on the whole, to tell tales out of school. If tales are to be told out of school, they should end well. The little tale which I am about to tell ends in the other great decoration of the west steps of St. Paul’s, the

picturesque body of the Beefeaters (*buffetiers*), Her Majesty's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard.

While the Dean and Chapter were the responsible persons, and all main arrangements must be made by them in concert, it was evident that all manner of comparatively small affairs would have to be settled off-hand, without time or need to consult the whole Chapter. As Canon in Residence I proposed that the Dean and the Canon in Residence should be an emergency committee, to deal with things as they arose. This was adopted by the Chapter. One morning the Dean came into the vestry for Morning Prayer, when another Canon and I were there, and told us he had had a visitor that morning with a proposal which he had peremptorily negatived. General Milman, in command at the Tower, had proposed to bring the Beefeaters to the west front, on the initiative of the Chamberlain's Office. The Dean had resented the proposal. One authority and another was taking from us the space we wanted for our own friends, and he would have no more of it. He had sent the General away with a definite no! That was too much for the Canon in Residence. He told the Dean that this was entirely a matter for the emergency committee; that the two members of that committee had equal powers; and that as soon as the Service was over he should telegraph to General Milman that thirty or forty of the Beefeaters would be most welcome and should have a prominent place at the west front. The dear old Dean was very angry. No one had ever heard of a Canon over-riding his Dean. The other Canon begged I wouldn't do it. But I did, presumably to the Dean's eternal wrath.¹ Next morning he came rather earlier to the vestry, and found the same two Canons present. 'I've had a call from that nice fellow Milman, and we've arranged to have the Beefeaters at the west front; they'll make an excellent show in their quaint dress.' The junior Canon contented himself with looking at the other Canon. The little tale is delightfully characteristic of Dean Gregory, one of my

¹ To make safe, I sent a similar telegram to the Lord Chamberlain, marked confidential; I got a reply of 'thanks for satisfactory telegram.'

staunchest friends of many years' standing, indeed ever since my first term at Glenalmond forty years before, and one of the very kindest-hearted of men—when there was no question of nonconformity or of radical politics.

The visit of the bishops attending the Lambeth Conference of 1897 to Glastonbury was one of the greatest spectacles of that year of great doings. The conception of the idea was due to the fertile brain and large insight of Dr. Kennion, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in whose diocese Glastonbury lies. It was fitting that he, who had been a Colonial bishop (Adelaide), should be the host of the bishops gathered from all parts of the world. It was fitting, also, that the bishops from all parts of the world should have vividly brought before them the fact that while they were gathered in that year instead of 1898 because it was the 1300th anniversary of the coming of Augustine to found the Church of the English, there was an active Christian Church in this island long before Augustine came.

Neither Wells nor Glastonbury is a very accessible place or a place with large accommodation for crowds of visitors. The arrangements, which proved to be admirably perfect, must have severely tried even the great powers of Dr. Kennion. A fellow Yorkshireman may with native modesty say that it needed a Yorkshire head.

The central feature of the arrangement was a service in the open air, in the Abbey ruins, at which all of the bishops of the Lambeth Conference who could come should be present; with many hundreds of clergy from far and near; the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple) and the Bishop of Bath and Wells the leading personages. The high lay officials and the great men of the neighbourhood were to have their due places; and choir men and choir boys without number were to be included. Besides all these, there would of course be throngs of visitors from all parts. The resources of the railway companies and of public and private owners of carriages and horses—motor-cars being few and far between in those dark days—were strained to the utmost. But all went like clockwork in better order than clockwork often is.

The marshalling of the vast procession, and the grouping of the masses within the spacious ruins, were masterpieces of skill, and the subordinate marshals carried out the details with the utmost intelligence. The local newspaper, the *Central Somerset Gazette*, gave (August 7, 1897) a graphic description of the procession from St. John's Church to the Abbey ruins ; but one of the most picturesque accounts was given, curiously enough, in the *Methodist Recorder* (August 12).

The procession was arranged as follows :

The ecclesiastical portion was preceded by a cross-bearer, supported by two acolytes in red cassocks. The order was then as follows :—Eight companies of thirty-two clergy each, each company headed by a banner ; then three banners with 150 clergy following ; the choirs of Wells Cathedral, Bath Abbey, St. John's and St. Benedict's Churches, Glastonbury ; the Band of the Royal Marine Artillery ; the Rev. E. M. Lance and Archdeacon Ainslie, the head marshals ; dignitaries from other dioceses ; the clergy of the Wells Chapter ; a group of banners carried by acolytes in red cassocks ; Bishop Herzog ; the hundred and ten Bishops in order of seniority ; the preacher (Bishop of Stepney) and Canon Murray, his chaplain ; the Bishop of Bath and Wells and his chaplain, and Dr. Gibson, Vicar of Leeds, carrying the Bishop's staff ; the Archbishop of Canterbury and chaplains, and Prebendary Brymer carrying the Archbishop's cross, His Grace's train being borne by his two sons in scarlet cassocks and surplices ; chaplains of the other Bishops ; a group of banners ; 250 more clergy divided by banners into companies of thirty-two. The rear of the procession was brought up by the students of St. Boniface's Missionary College, Warminster.

At an early stage in the arrangements, Dr. Kennion had laid upon the then Bishop of Stepney the burdensome responsibility of giving the address. On the day before the appointed day I received and accepted Lord Salisbury's proposal that I should be the Bishop of the re-separated see of Bristol. In accepting the proposal I begged that the Prime Minister would announce it next morning, as I should be seeing very large numbers of bishops and clergy at Glastonbury, and it would save a great many letters. This was done, and there were endless congratulations and responding thanks by word of mouth, to the great saving of letters, though some of the letters I should have loved to receive.

The day was hot, with a terrible direct blaze of an overmastering sun. The Archbishop set out bareheaded. As I was very near him in the procession and had been on terms of unusual nearness as his suffragan, I was asked to remonstrate with him. I entreated him to put on his cap. 'No, I won't! My skull's thicker than yours!' was all I got for my pains, and all I expected to get.

Taking a modest view of the pomp of a suffragan, I had not brought a chaplain. But I found wandering in Glastonbury an old and valued friend, Canon Murray of Chislehurst, with his niece Lady Eleanor. They had assumed that there would be abundance of places, and there were none. So he became my chaplain,¹ and his niece had her place as a chaplain's lady.

When the time came for the address, the preacher went to the improvised pulpit. He can never forget the sight. Some six thousand people, about a thousand of them in robes and surplices, filling the whole space of the ancient nave, with many parts of its walls quite broken down and crowds of people outside the boundaries. The first thought naturally was, the hopeless inadequacy of any effort that could conceivably be made to reach their ears. The Archbishop had said before we started from St. John's, 'We shan't hear you; but we shall read you.' The second thought was, then don't make an effort. The people were all standing, expecting a prayer or the invocation, the men with their hats and caps as little off their heads as possible, by reason of the blazing sun. But there was no text; it was an address, not a sermon. By way of indicating this the speaker looked diagonally to the farthest corner of the great audience, and said in a rather conversational voice, 'Will you all sit down and put on your hats.' Those ten monosyllables reached to the farthest corner; the people there sat down instantly. For the next half hour or more the speaker kept his head in that direction and at that angle, and spoke in that voice. It was said that the people heard

¹ Only the Archbishop, the Bishop of the diocese, and the preacher, had chaplains with them in the procession. The other chaplains walked in a body behind.

the address without difficulty.¹ There must have been some curiously favourable acoustic properties in the ruins. The *Methodist Recorder* remarked, with special approval on account of some chapel experiences, that 'the address was very human, even to its personal references and its touches of humour, and was marked with cheers and laughter several times.' The local papers recorded four occasions for this, which may be given as an indication of the character of what might, if the statement were left vague, be supposed to have been unseemly. When the speaker was urging the imperative call of foreign mission work, and spoke of having heard in the Guardroom at Lambeth on the previous Friday the impassioned address of the Archbishop, 'the voice of the trumpet, exceeding loud and strong, proclaiming the paramount call to the foreign mission field,—There spake the true successor, there the real inheritor, of Cuthbert and of Augustine,' 'a burst of applause broke forth.' There was applause again, of a graver character, when the utterance came, 'The Church of England was always, from the earliest times, the Church of the English, *Ecclesia Anglicana*; never Roman Catholic, never *Romana*.' And when the speaker had to mention Aldhelm's great Abbey of Malmesbury—'which I heard only half an hour ago is now to be under my charge; I little thought of this when I penned those words,' there was a sympathetic general cheer of welcome. And when the speaker gravely explained that 'the most credulous people are the sceptics,' there was a quiet roll of pleased laughter.

When all was done, the Archbishop, remembering what he had said before we started, said—'I shan't read you; I heard you.'

In publishing the address delivered at Glastonbury,² I called attention, in a note, to a statement in the address in connection with the well-known phenomenon of the

¹ On this point it may possibly be permitted to commit to the obscurity of a note a too unguarded statement by the writer of an article in the *Guardian* of August 11. 'The history and lessons of the unexampled scene were admirably summarised in an address by the Bishop of Stepney—shortly, with the applause of all, to be Bishop of Bristol—in a clear voice which achieved the rare distinction of being audible to a vast congregation under the open sky.'

² *Glastonbury*, Church Historical Society, No. xxx. S.P.C.K., 3d.

Glastonbury Thorn, flowering at Christmas. That statement declared 'my own instinctive belief that even before the Christian time there was at Avalon a sacred tree.'

Mr. (now Sir) J. G. Frazer, a research Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, had made us familiar with the idea of sacred trees and the cult of the Golden Bough. On the Mound of the Kings at Meigle, in Perthshire, the old Migdele, the royal seat of the Pictish kings, there has stood¹ from time immemorial a great slab of stone, with a nobly decorated cross in relief on one side, and on the other side a large number of the strange things which are the unique features of the Sculptured Stones of the Pictish parts of Caledonia. It has this curious connection with Glastonbury, that it is called by the people of Meigle 'Vannora's Stone,' that is, Guinevere's stone. After Arthur's death, his nephew—who in mother-right, as was the Pictish custom, had become king of the Picts as the son of a Pictish princess—is said to have carried off Guinevere as a prisoner and shut her up in Dynbaer, that is Dunbar, and afterwards kept her at Meigle where she died. That is what they say.

On this stone there is a centaur, with a carpenter's axe in each hand, and tucked under the arm is a realistic bough of a tree, which projects far behind. At Glamis, near at hand, is another centaur, again with a carpenter's axe in each hand, but no spoil of bough. At Aberlemno, in that same neighbourhood, is yet another centaur, again shewn with axe, and tucked under the arm is a conventional bough of a tree. I cannot resist the conviction that these creatures represent a successful raid of Picts on horseback into the country of the sacred tree, for the purpose of carrying off a bough. This sacred tree I believe to have been the Thorn of the Isle of Apples, Avalon. If some one will provide me with another remarkable tree in this island, marked as far back as legend goes with reverential cult, I shall be glad to consider its claims, as against those of our Glastonbury Thorn, to the proud position of the Sacred Tree of this land in pre-Christian ages.

¹ It has now been placed under cover in the Church House close by, with a large collection of similarly wonderful sculptured stones.

CHAPTER XVIII

Election, Confirmation, Homage, and Enthronement—Church and State; their Several Functions—Bishops in Parliament—At the Coronation of Edward VII—Ritual Questions—Incense—Criticism of a Bishop—Heterogeneous Composition of the See of Bristol—The Old Palace and the New—The Greek Church.

THE election by the Dean and Chapter of Bristol was duly made. It was no forced election, for the most important member of the Chapter, from the diocesan point of view, had informed the bishop nominate that many prayers had been said, in church and in private, that the Bishop of Stepney might be the first bishop of the old bishopric under its restored conditions. The question of the Confirmation at Bow Church then naturally arose. I had attended one or two Confirmations of Bishops there, and had not been favourably impressed by the manner in which the business was conducted. I therefore sent notice that I should pay the statutory fees, but did not need any legal advice, and should myself conduct the proceedings. This notice I sent to the newspapers. We had a seemly, dignified, not unspiritual ceremony. When objectors were called, a man rose from his seat, came half-way down the middle aisle of Bow Church at the east end of which I awaited him; then halted, turned round, and peacefully retired. I confess to just a sufficient amount of anxiety to make me much admire that man's back.

The Homage is naturally to the new bishop a ceremony of deep interest. The bishop was received in a small chamber with a dangerously polished floor. In the middle sat the Queen in a great chair, Princess Beatrice behind. The small procession entered and made bows. The bishop

knelt before the Queen, his hands put forward palms together. The Queen's hands were folded outside his, and he repeated after the Secretary of State the following words :

I, George Forrest Browne, Doctor in Divinity, late Bishop Suffragan of Stepney, having been elected Bishop of Bristol, and such election having been duly confirmed, do hereby declare that your Majesty is the only Supreme Governor of this your Realm in Spiritual and Ecclesiastical Things as well as in Temporal : and that no Foreign Prelate or Potentate has any jurisdiction within this Realm : and I acknowledge that I hold the said Bishopric, as well the Spiritualities as the Temporalities thereof, only of Your Majesty. And for the same Temporalities I do my homage presently to Your Majesty. So help me God.
God Save Queen Victoria.

At the end of the Homage, while the bishop was still on his knees, the Queen held out her hand. The bishop squeezed it affectionately, rose, and went to the side of the chamber to retire with the officials. It occurred to him that though he had not been instructed that to kiss hands was a part of the ceremony—which in fact it was not—that must have been what the Queen meant, so he returned to the throne, made a low bow, and said 'May I kiss hands, Ma'am ?' 'Yes ! Yes !' So he did. Almost before the door was closed there rang out a hearty laugh. The bishop went upstairs to remove his robes. Some one ran rapidly up the stairs and came in rather breathless. It was the Clerk of the Closet. 'The Queen hopes you don't think she was cross. She was not a bit cross. Those are her words and I was to repeat them.' The Queen afterwards told one who told it to the bishop, that no one in her long experience had recovered himself in that way.

The 'Spiritualities' are the fees for licences, some of which are dispensations, for letters dimissory, for institutions, for consecrations or reconciliations, for visitations, and such like, and, before the change in the Ecclesiastical Courts, for wills, and cases in the Courts ; in fact, as Mr. Willis Bund, himself a lawyer, puts it, fees for everything for which an ecclesiastical lawyer could invent fees. These used to go to the bishop, who paid his officials from this fund. Now, not a farthing comes to the bishop, all goes to

the ecclesiastical officials. That is the whole meaning of 'Spiritualities' in this connection, 'Ecclesiastical Fees.' An excellent illustration of this is found in the mediaeval office of 'Guardian of the Spiritualities.' When a see became vacant, the Temporalities fell to the king during the vacancy, that is, the rents of the manors and other secular income; but the Spiritualities fell to the Archbishop and were collected by an ecclesiastic appointed by him. That is the clear-cut line between the two kinds of income. As to the general statement, which seems to cover all in the same category, 'I hold the said Bishopric . . . only of Your Majesty,' the same phrase was used in the oath of the pre-Reformation English bishops. Further, with reference to the mention of a foreign prelate or potentate, they were made to forswear everything in any engagements into which they had been forced by the Popes which stood in the way of the completeness of their obedience to the king.¹

The enthronement in the Cathedral Church of Bristol, on St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, was a noble ceremony, well described in the *Guardian* of November 3, 1897. Not wishing to keep the mixed congregation too long, I preferred not to preach. The clergy present retired with me to the Chapter House immediately after the enthronement, and the Dean read an address of cordial welcome. I made a reply which may be given here. It was not profuse in promises, but I think the promises, such as they are, were kept.

Mr. Dean, Mr. Archdeacon, and clergy of the diocese of Bristol, I desire to express my heartfelt thanks for the kindness of your welcome. It would be affectation on my part if I professed not to know the cordiality with which my appointment to this see was received by the public at the time of its announcement; and it would be ingratitude if I did not refer here to the private assurances in the same sense which have reached me from men of diverse schools of thought. I see alike in the public prints and in the private letters an expectation of very much more than I can ever do, an estimate of a man very far above anything I can ever hope to reach. But instead of despairing of my inadequacy, I take the ideal which you have formed as a

¹ Those who are curious in these matters will find further details in a concise form in my little paper on the 'Election, Confirmation, and Homage of Bishops,' Church Historical Society, No. 1x, S.P.C.K., 3d.

standing incentive to seek ever for that Divine help which alone can give me the wings to rise towards that which you desire and hope.

I have the special happiness of being free from the call usual when a new Bishop comes, to make mournful reference to one whose place in the Church Militant here on earth has been vacated by death. My predecessor lives in a ripe age, full of active and beneficent readiness to place at our disposal his accumulated stores of experience. Long may that happy relation continue!

On the other hand, you will allow me to associate myself with your sorrow that one who, with such generous expenditure of work and money, with such inspiring assurance of hope, looked forward to and brought nearer this day, is not with us in mortal form, that we might see his joy in an accomplished task.¹ We can share, in the spiritual world, in that which here we cannot see.

The occasion of the ceremony to-day is, I think, unique in the history of the Church of England, and it seems to me to call for special treatment. It takes us back in thought much further than the union, two generations ago, of the sees of Bristol and Gloucester. It takes us back much further than the formation, three and a half centuries ago, of those sees. The first Bishop of Bristol received as his Bishop's seat, in 1542, this famous city, which up to that time had formed part of the ancient diocese of Worcester. He became, for this part of his diocese, the heir and representative of a long line of Bishops, stretching back through eight and a half centuries to the year 680. In that year the territory of the Hwiccas, roughly speaking Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, was made a bishopric by the Greek Theodore, having up to that time formed part of the vast diocese whose central seat was at Lichfield, a diocese conterminous with the great kingdom of Mercia. And thus the first Bishop of Bristol was heir to the line of early Mercian Bishops, culminating in the saintly Chad, trained at Lindisfarne. To the city of Bristol there was added, in 1542, the county of Dorset. Here again was an ancient line of descent, a line quite different from the other. Dorset was a member of the great kingdom of Wessex. It was made a separate see, the see of Sherborne, in 705, when Aldhelm, the poet and scholar, the Abbat of our own Malmesbury, was made Bishop. The district had up to that time formed part of the vast diocese of Winchester, conterminous with the growing kingdom of Wessex. And thus, through the line of Bishops of Salisbury, in which the Sherborne line was merged, the first Bishop of Bristol was the heir and representative, for the county of Dorset, of the first Bishops of the newly Christianised kingdom of Wessex, the Gallican Agilbert, trained in Ireland, and Birinus,

¹ The late Archdeacon Norris.

a prelate from Lombardy. In place of Dorset, which reverted to Salisbury two generations ago, I have the deaneries of North Wilts. Here, again, is an ancient descent, tracing up to the Bishops of Ramsbury, merged at the Conquest in Sarum and Salisbury. The bishopric of Ramsbury was divided off from Winchester in 909, when Athelstan became its first Bishop. Through the long line of Bishops of Salisbury, of Ramsbury, and of Winchester, I, too, go straight back to Agilbert and Birinus.

This is not a mere matter of archæology. It is the very basis of my position here. I take my Bishop's seat among you as the heir, and to you the representative, of Saint Chad of Mercia and of Birinus of Wessex, who sat in their Bishops' seats 1250 years ago. I can count my Episcopal ancestry name by name on either side. I take my Bishop's seat among you as the only person competent to exercise Episcopal jurisdiction, to perform Episcopal functions, in the city of Bristol and in the deaneries of North Wilts, in accordance with the principles of the Holy Catholic Church and the immemorial constitution of this realm. It is in that character, in that authority, that I shall always know, and you will always know, that my Episcopal acts are done.

Episcopal jurisdiction is one thing, personal relations are another. I hope always to cultivate pleasant personal relations with those who on one ground and another dissent from the Church of England, that great national Church of thirteen centuries of life; whether those who give their allegiance to a foreign Church, or those who on grounds less fundamental are not of our fold. There are happily some works of piety and of charity and of citizenship in which we can combine. I shall be actively on the watch for such, not losing an opportunity of agreement on the ground that we differ, and not imagining that we are ceasing to differ because we can in some things agree.

And while we cultivate pleasant relations with those who are without, we have a task in some ways more difficult—to be at harmony within. I trust in God that my office may be so filled that all who are worthily doing the work of Christ in tending the souls of the people may learn that sure sympathy is theirs from me if they give me the opportunity of shewing it, and that I at least feel that real unity in moderate diversity is not a duty only but a strength.

Finally, I would from the bottom of my heart, urge you all to bear constantly in mind the pledge of the last paragraph of your address, the pledge of the earnest prayers and the loyal co-operation of those who, to use your own words, look up to me as their father in God.

The clear line of demarcation between the function of the Church and the function of the State is illustrated in an

interesting manner by the process of resigning a diocesan bishopric. The bishop has to apply to the archbishop for permission to execute a deed of canonical resignation. The bishop being a member of the House of Lords, and having done homage to the Sovereign for the temporalities of the see, the permission to resign must be given by the Sovereign as well as by the archbishop. That is the first point. Permission having been obtained from the Head of the Church, and from the Head of the State to whom the archbishop has submitted the bishop's request, the bishop resigns his see to the archbishop in a formal document, and the archbishop accepts it. That terminates the relation between the archbishop and the bishop. That is the second point. The Convocation of Canterbury sat the day after the archbishop accepted my resignation, and I declined to attend, as being no longer a bishop under obedience to the archbishop. But the Sovereign had not accepted the resignation so far as he was concerned. The archbishop's acceptance had been submitted to him, so that he was free to act ; but he could only act by sanctioning an Order in Council declaring the bishopric vacant. Until that should be done, I was still Bishop of Bristol so far as the Sovereign was concerned. I was still a member of the House of Lords, and I sat night after night as such, on the very days when Convocation was sitting and I was not there. And, I was still receiving the income of the see, for which I had done homage. That completed the third point. The Sovereign's Order in Council terminated the State position, as the archbishop's acceptance of the resignation had terminated the Church position.

In these days of parental obedience, a little side issue may be mentioned here. The bishop's daughters had long desired their father's resignation, on the ground that he might possibly stay on till he had become old enough to have lost the desire to leave when he began to fail. They asked what were the grounds on which resignation was allowed. Their father told them that either the bishop himself must certify to physical incapacity or his nearest friends must certify to mental incapacity. 'Ah!' they

filially said, 'it's no good going on the physical tack ; we'll certify the other thing to-morrow.'

It may be added that there is a phrase in the Act governing episcopal resignations which allows a slightly less drastic statement of reason than either of the above ; it made possible the particular resignation here spoken of. The Order in Council accepted that phrase and declared the bishopric vacant on the ground of incapacitation by age 'from the due performance of the duties' of the office. The 'due performance' appeals to a very high ideal, and opens a door for retirement when neither physical nor mental incapacity can be baldly asserted. Finally, the Sovereign directly recognises the function of the bishop in relation to the archbishop and of the archbishop in relation to the bishop—'His Majesty is satisfied that the said Bishop has canonically resigned.'

In view of the whole position, as fully recognised by the Crown, it may fairly be asked by what constitutional right does King or Parliament cancel the oath of spiritual obedience which the Welsh bishops have taken to the archbishop, or deprive the archbishop of his unquestionable power to summon the Welsh bishops to their wonted place in the Convocation of the province of Canterbury. The function of the State is confined to their position as members actual or potential of the House of Lords and as having done homage to the King for their temporalities.

It was just a little trying at first sight to find myself in a Henry VIII bishopric. My natural taste would have been something not later than A.D. 700, and the earlier in the six hundreds the better. But in the House of Lords even 1542 is a quite ancient title. Some years ago I found that only twenty-one of the English lay peers sat by a title earlier than mine, though of course more than that held earlier baronies. Only one lay title dates before A.D. 1200 as against twenty-one spiritual titles, eleven of which, besides the Welsh four, date before 700. And in our titles there is never the doubt, which there often has been in lay titles, as to paternity. The Picts made safe by taking always the son of a royal princess to be king, let the father be who

he might, known or not known ; *Pater est quem nuptiae demonstrant* sufficed for him.

When preparations were being made for the Coronation of King Edward VII in 1901, and a Court of Claims had been constituted, it occurred to me that a new question of some constitutional importance had to be settled. When Queen Victoria was crowned, all the diocesan bishops were members of the House of Lords, and all attended the Coronation as of right. But since that time seven new bishoprics had been created, and Bristol and Gloucester had been re-separated, making eight additional diocesan bishops. The number of bishops sitting in the House of Lords had remained unaltered. The net result was that eight of the diocesan bishops were waiting their turn to take their seats. My own view was that all diocesan bishops who had done homage to the Queen for their temporalities had a right to be present at the Coronation of her successor, and personally to renew their homage then and there along with the other diocesan bishops. It did not seem to me clear that we could appear before the Court of Claims. I raised the question in the July Convocation. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, after consideration, advised me to apply to the Clerk of the Council for guidance in the matter. The following letter was sent accordingly :

The Palace, Bristol : July 9, 1901.

SIR,—Eight of the diocesan Bishops are waiting their turn to enter the House of Lords, which they can only do as vacancies occur among those now in the House.

The terms of the Commission constituting the Court of Claims appear to me not to include the question of the presence of these eight at the Coronation. They have all done homage for their temporalities and will I suppose with the rest of the peers do homage after the Coronation.

I am advised by a high authority to ask you to be so good as to inform me how I can put our claim to be present as diocesan Bishops before the proper authority.

I enclose a list of the Bishops at present affected.

Yours faithfully,

G. F. BRISTOL

The Clerk of the Privy Council.

Diocesan bishops now (July 9, 1901) without a seat in the House of Lords.

1. Peterborough.	} 1897.	5. Bangor, 1899.	} 1900.
2. St. Davids.		6. Liverpool.	
3. Bristol.		7. Exeter.	
4. Wakefield.		8. Oxford, 1901.	

The reply was that the circumstances to which reference had been made would not be lost sight of.

At the same time the following note was sent to the bishop who had been placed on the Committee on Claims :

July 9, 1901.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—In reply to the question which I asked in Convocation, the Archbishop now informs me that I should ask the Clerk of the Council how to put before the proper authorities the claim of the eight bishops to be present at the Coronation. This I have done ; but you will still, I hope, watch our case on your Committee on Claims, though I do not think that the terms of the Commission include us. Do not reply.

Yours sincerely,

G. F. BRISTOL.

Two days after, the bishop informed me that the claim was considered by the Committee on the 10th. They seemed at once to agree that it was unquestionably right, and a note to that effect was made, to be submitted to the higher authorities. The higher authorities confirmed the view of the Committee and it was made operative.

The question asked in Convocation had called public attention to the subject. Such notices of it by the Press as came before me were sympathetic. Constitutionally, the validation of the claim goes deeper than is at first sight evident.

When the nomination to Bristol was announced, a small 'Church' paper, on the Puritan side, published in London, stated that the bishop nominated was a Ritualist. This misdescription led to a call upon the editor, with a request for the evidence on which the statement was made. The 'evidence' was produced at once. My name was on their list with a mark which meant that it had appeared among



1906

ON THE NESS

the names attached to a petition to the bishops. The petition was against any change in the so-called Ornaments Rubric. 'Why was that ritualistic?' 'Because it meant the vestments.' The retort was not difficult—'So the Ornaments Rubric allows or enjoins the vestments.'

And so I believe it does, in itself. That its authority has been taken away from it by another declaration, as is asserted, I believe to be historically not true, notwithstanding the opinion of Lord Selborne and his colleagues. But I could not think it right in my public capacity to set my private judgment against the considered judgment of such eminent lawyers, one at least of them being a stalwart Churchman.

It seemed to me that the matter of primary importance for me, as Bishop of the re-severed See, even before the creation of modern diocesan machinery, was to ascertain the condition of the diocese in regard to the views of the clergy on points of faith and practice. I accordingly drew up two lists of questions, one for the one school of thought, the other for the other. There were more varieties among the Anglican clergy than among the Evangelical, and I invited twelve of them and six of the others to meet me, one at a time. The list of questions was put before each, with a statement in writing to the effect that the clergyman might make any use he pleased of anything that took place at the interview, but the bishop could not make any use of what the clergyman might tell him, without express permission. The interviews were most instructive and helpful to the bishop, and they were evidently encouraging to many of the eighteen clergy. I can never forget one scene, when I had gone to meet one of the clergy in his own vestry. My questions were all asked and answered, and I began to say good-bye. 'But, my Lord,' my friend said, 'there is one question you have neglected to ask.' 'What is that?' He pointed to a row of pegs, on one of which hung a black gown, on which he laid his hand. 'Oh,' I said, 'the black gown. It is the proper dress for a theological lecture. I always wore it, and a pair of bands, in lecturing in the pulpit under the dome at

St. Paul's ; and I shall do the same at the Cathedral Church here. I shall not question the propriety of the black gown in your pulpit. To change from the surplice seems to me an unnecessary piece of ritual ; that is all.' I think that incumbent, probably the most determined of his school, always after that rather liked the bishop, to whom he was always naturally most courteous.

Having thus learned the state of the diocese, so far as the clergy were concerned, I drew up a statement of my view as to the proper course on all the questions of practice usually in dispute. To have gone through all this inquiry, with its complete variety, was very useful when the Upper House of Convocation entered upon the question of the revision of the rubrics. The clergy of the diocese were informed that while I should not interfere with the use of vestments in churches which had the use in Dr. Ellicott's time, I could not sanction their introduction where they had not been in use. One incumbent, who was a very young man, presented to a benefice in the patronage of his family, had asked to be allowed to introduce them, and had been refused, had promised not to disobey, but did after some time introduce the vestments unknown to me. My course was to inform him that as he had cut himself off from obedience to his diocesan I must cut him off from diocesan life ; have his name removed from the list of clergy summoned to visitations ; decline to have lists of candidates for Confirmation signed by him ; the candidates must be presented by the clergy of the church in which they were to be confirmed. At the same time, if either in parochial life, or in his own or his family life, any need for consultation with me should emerge, he would find me completely at his service. It was a real pleasure to me to be consulted by him on more than one occasion.

But it seemed right to inform the diocese that in my judgment it is a fit and proper thing that in celebrating the divine mystery of the Supper of the Lord the ministrant should wear some special robe ; and that I should do all in my power to procure a declaration that a priest should not be proceeded against for wearing or for not wearing

a special vesture at celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. The best method appeared to me to be, that the authorities of the Church should let the Ornaments Rubric and all the endless arguments about it alone, and should frame an independent rubric to the above effect. This got itself accomplished before I ceased to be Bishop of Bristol.

The bishopric had an example of disobedience in its own Chief Pastor. I did not wear the cope when celebrating the Holy Eucharist in my own Cathedral Church. It had been my purpose to do so, but the Dean begged me not ; and as I was not very keen about it, and was very keen not as Bishop to have any unpleasantness with a Dean, I let it alone. There was a higher motive than that. The clergy of Bristol were rather markedly in two camps.¹ I was in the position of a transition bishop. Unity had to be created. Apart from a canon which in very many places besides Bristol had long been obsolete, a sacrifice of opinion—not a keen opinion—seemed more than merely worth while. I feel sure that the sacrifice put the bishop into a stronger position for action towards wholesome peace than the opposite course could have done.

There is at Bristol a very handsome cope and mitre. My predecessor, Dr. Ellicott, received them at the hands of a mayor who was not a member of the Church of England, in a public presentation, and said that he would wear them on the canonical occasions in his Cathedral Church. The rest of the story he told me himself. 'I put them on, both cope and mitre. I looked at myself in the vestry glass with the mitre on. I said to myself—"If ever I look such a fool as that again, it will be my own fault." So I carried the mitre in my hand, as if it were a college cap, and I never used it or the cope again.'

Another matter into which careful inquiry was made was the Athanasian Creed. Those parts of the noble Hymn which are Creed are unsurpassable in power and efficiency,

¹ When, some time later, I was dividing the Rural Deanery of Bristol itself into four Rural Deaneries, I found that of the sixty-one incumbents in Bristol thirty might be called Anglicans, thirty Evangelicals, and one an Anglican holding a Simeonite benefice. That was a remarkably even balance. I can honestly say I did my very best to maintain it.

and it is the only one of 'the three Creeds' which directly teaches the moral responsibility of man to God, the essential need of rightness of life as well as of correctness of belief. But I had an insuperable objection to the damnatory clauses, as containing that which cannot 'be clearly proved from Holy Scripture,' on a point vitally touching eternal life. I was glad to find that there was very little neglect of the rubric directing the use of the Creed. To pave the way, I issued to the diocese a paper containing the Athanasian Creed, the damnatory parts printed in smaller type, and headings being inserted in the body of the Creed, 'The doctrine of the Trinity,' 'The transition,' 'The doctrine of the Incarnation.' The ultimate aim of my desire was that the present anomalous use of the document should cease, and it should be restored to its proper place and sung as an alternative or an addition to Benedictus.

When the revision of the rubrics was taken in hand by the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, the chairmanships of committees gradually fell into my hands, and I had the pleasure of finding it my duty, in accordance with a vote of the House in committee, to print a resolution restoring the Hymn to its original and proper place as a substitute for a Canticle. It is only since 1662 that it has been used 'in place of' the Apostles' Creed, instead of 'before' the Apostles' Creed. It was further agreed that for use as a Canticle the damnatory clauses should not be included, and that the document should be retained elsewhere in the Book of Common Prayer in its complete unmodified form. I always expected to have to abandon the first of these points, and the second would then fall out.

To my great grief my last act as a member of the Upper House and chairman of the committee was to cancel all this and replace it by a rubric enjoining its use, without excisions, in place of the Apostles' Creed, once instead of thirteen times in each year.¹ Into the causes of this *volte-face* I do not enter. Not even that has made me feel other than most thankful for the wonderful forbearance and kindness shewn

¹ There is a useful parallel in one of Captain Marryat's novels.

to me throughout the long years of the preparation of our Report on the Letters of Business.

Another point of great practical importance was the question of the Communion of the Sick. Two converging causes had raised this question into a position of urgency. The first cause was the greatly increased demand for Communion by the Sick, the other was the greatly increased number of priests who could not conscientiously celebrate if the night's fast had been broken. It had always seemed to me possible to regard the communicating of regular invalids who were within fair distance of the church as merely an extending of the area of administration. The priest could carry the consecrated Elements to them and return to the church with such of the Elements as remained. The diocese was informed that I could grant permission for this in cases where application on good grounds was made. On the whole, few applied for such permission. There remained the case of emergency, when a fatal accident, or some sudden change in the course of an illness, perhaps late in the afternoon, brought death very close at hand. Must the dying Christian pass away without the Sacrament, if the parish priest could not celebrate when not fasting? The answers to a visitation question did not shew real urgency for dealing with this branch of the question, but in some dioceses there is urgency. It was again a great pleasure to be instructed by the Committee of the whole Upper House of Canterbury to record a resolution frankly dealing with the whole question in a large manner.

One further question had to be dealt with, the great length of time spent in administering the consecrated Bread and Wine to exceptionally large numbers of communicants. Here again the cause of the difficulty was in itself a thing to be thankful for. The only possible attitude was that physical impossibility could not be overcome. If, for example, there were celebrations on some great day at six, seven, and eight o'clock, and the number of communicants at seven was so great that the service could not be over till long after eight, the evident remedy was to resort to one of the several possible methods of shortening the time of

administration. All I asked was that I should know what method it was desired to adopt. Here again the instructions received years after from the Committee of the whole House were most acceptable.

One large question stood apart from all of these, the question, namely, of the use of incense. This was no question of how to carry out or modify the explanatory directions given in the form of rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer. There were in the diocese of Bristol six cases of the ceremonial use of incense. My position was that I did not know of any ground for believing that I could sanction such use in the public services of the Church ; while on the other hand I did not know of any ground for believing that I could forbid the burning of fragrant purifiers in a church when no public service was in course. The practical difficulty was to say at what point does a public service, say of Holy Communion, or of Morning Prayer, begin. My view was that the public worship may be said to begin when the celebrant or officiant comes out of the vestry and enters the church, and the interpretation of rule which I propounded was that the burning of incense should cease at that point. The rule itself was that incense should not be used after the public service had begun. I was not over-careful to require acceptance of my interpretation, partly because it was double-barrelled, and dealt with processional use. All but one of the six adopted the rule—under kindly protest—and took their own interpretation.

Some external controversy was caused by a statement of mine to the effect that in a large number of churches in Roman Catholic countries on the Continent, incense is practically not used from one year's end to another. Considering the conditions which restrict the use of incense at a Roman Catholic celebration, it is obvious that this must be so. The late Lord Stanmore (Sir Arthur Gordon) had a great deal of information on this point. For example, a prominent Archbishop in Spain told him that in his archdiocese there were hundreds of churches—*des centaines*—where incense was never used.

It seems to me not improbable that the question of the

use of incense will come into greater prominence when the reply to the Letters of Business has been formulated. The reply itself cannot—as far as I can see—touch the question. As a slight contribution to the discussion when it arises, my letter to the incense-burners of the diocese of Bristol may be given here.

October 4, 1899.

MY DEAR VICAR,—When the Archbishop of the Province gave his decision about incense and processional lights, I informed you that I accepted the decision and thus made it operative for the diocese of Bristol, and that I would make a further communication to you on the subject.

My own view may be stated as follows.

I believe that we are accustomed to exaggerate the extent of the use of incense in the Church of England before the Reformation, and the frequency of the use in churches where it was used ; and in some cases the character of the use. If we look to Spain of to-day, as having less than any other Church changed since pre-Reformation days, we are told that there are hundreds of churches where incense is never used. I know of similar cases both in South and North Italy.

Next, I am of opinion that it was quite open to the Church of England at the Reformation either to continue without superstition such use of incense as there was, or to discontinue it without loss of catholicity.

Lastly, I believe that the Church of England did intentionally discontinue the use. In my judgment, the attempt made at Lambeth to prove the contrary completely failed. My own reading makes me believe that all such attempts are bound to fail. I cannot find, for instance, that the most advanced Puritans brought against the Church the allegation of the use of incense ; and I feel sure that if they could have found support for such a charge their writings would have been full of it.

That being premised, it appears to me that the first sentence of the paragraph in which the Archbishop gives his decision has materially altered the position of the clergy who have used incense. I refer to the words ‘we are far from saying that incense in itself is an unsuitable or undesirable accompaniment to Divine worship.’ This distinctly relieves you of charges which in my opinion you have not deserved, and it is now much less difficult for you to discontinue the practice with dignity and a good conscience. Lest I should be understood by you to mean more than I do mean, I must add that I personally do not like the use of incense, of which I had no experience till 1895 when it became my duty as a suffragan of the Bishop of London

to accept invitations to Churches of all types in his diocese. But my personal feeling has nothing to do with my episcopal action.

I now request you, and in order so far as I can to relieve your conscience I require you, to discontinue 'the use of incense in the public worship and as a part of that worship' and to discontinue—if you have the use—'the carrying of lights in procession' during the public worship. I name Advent Sunday of this present year as the day before which I desire to see the discontinuance take effect.

I cannot make this request and requisition without assuring you that I am conscious of the severity of the trial I am imposing upon you, but am clear that I am not asking of you anything which will loosen your hold upon the Holy Catholic Church.

Yours in all Christian faithfulness,

G. F. BRISTOL.

On the whole question of Revision of the Book of Common Prayer my opinion was simply stated before the Royal Commission on Discipline. The Chairman asked me, when my evidence was completed, if there was any general line which I could indicate as expressive of my views of what should be done. The answer was to this effect—'The nearer you can come to the First Prayer Book of Edward VI the better.'

Turning to the City of Bristol, and looking at the laity as well as the clergy, it was evident that extreme people, on either side, were not satisfied with my suggestions. It had not been expected that they would be. For some quite considerable time the bishop had to face a great deal which would have seriously tried a man differently constituted; constituted as he was, it encouraged strength. Two steps, taken publicly, had a good effect. I announced, in the diocesan magazine, that a statement made publicly by an important layman was to his own knowledge contrary to fact. The challenge was not taken up. It was allowed to go by default. To another layman, who had stated in public that the bishop was himself responsible for illegal practices at a certain church, I offered myself—in a letter in the newspaper—for prosecution, undertaking not to raise any technical plea in defence. My friend's answer quite

settled that matter. He did not accept my offer, because, 'as the courts were then constituted, he would be cast in costs.' The thing died down after those demonstrations. I am convinced that a diocesan bishop does well when he declines to act up to the early mediaeval reputation of the English bishops—*Episcopi Anglicani semper pavidī*.

On one point I felt strongly. The clergy and the laity of the diocese were very welcome to discuss and criticise—and if they pleased, condemn—my actions or words. But I was not willing that clergy should be brought in from other dioceses to take part in such discussion and it might be condemnation. I selected an important evangelical clergyman and an important clergyman of the opposite school, and forbade them to take part in any service in the diocese. It would be rather amusing to tell who they were. The effect was good. The principle is, I feel sure, sound.

The comic paper of Bristol, the *Maggie*, had expressed its view of what the new bishop had to expect. He was represented as having the coat torn off his back, two men at each tail. One tail was being torn off by a clergyman and a layman, Mr. Ormiston and Mr. Inskip; the other by two clergymen, labelled 'St. Simon's' and 'Holy Nativity.' The unfortunate bishop was in an attitude of despair, his hands clenched in agony high above his head. His placid wife was shewn the picture and was asked if it was a good likeness. 'Not bad,' was the reply, 'but his fists would not have been *there*!'

One conviction has been driven into my mind by experience. It is this—the personal feelings of a bishop should not be allowed to prevent an obvious improvement in the way of alteration of boundary of his diocese. When the dioceses of Bristol and Gloucester were put together under one bishop, the composition of the diocese of Bristol was radically altered. In the reign of Henry VIII, when the bishopric of Bristol was founded on the property of St. Augustine's Abbey in Bristol, the bishopric was made to consist of (1) the city of Bristol, (2) the parts of the archdeaconry of Bristol (then an archdeaconry of the diocese of Worcester) which lay in the southern parts of the county

of Gloucester, and (3) the county of Dorset, taken away from the unduly large diocese of Salisbury. The county of Dorset was a long way off the city of Bristol, when men travelled on horseback or by carriage, and the Bishop of Bristol visited the Dorset part of his diocese once in three years, confirming at the principal towns. The bishopric being very poorly endowed, by reason of successive alienations of property, the bishops were frequently moved on to other sees, in some cases before the end of three years, and thus there came to be arrears of confirmations. Dr. Joseph Butler, of Analogy fame, who was Bishop of Bristol for twelve years, worked off the arrears, confirming about 9000 persons in one year. There is an entry in the Wareham registers to the effect that in Wareham Church, which holds about 650 people, he confirmed on one day 1100 children, 'besides some 300 that was not counted.' Probably they were passed into the church a hundred at a time, and the churchwardens passed the latest of them in hurriedly, without accurate counting.

In 1836, when the bishopric of Ripon was to be formed, there was not to be any addition to the number of bishops in the House of Lords, and to ensure that, some two bishoprics must be united ; this would have the other useful effect of providing income for Ripon. In the first year of the Ecclesiastical Commission, it was recommended by a committee of inquiry that Bristol and Llandaff should be the two. The committee remarked that the fact of the Severn Channel lying between the two might be thought to be a difficulty, but they were advised that it was not. In the end, Bristol and Gloucester were the two selected for combination.

The two together would have made an unwieldy diocese. The county of Dorset was given back to Salisbury, and in its stead about eighty parishes of North Wilts, lying contiguous to Gloucestershire, were conveyed to the diocese of Bristol. This gave to the combined dioceses 500 benefices.

In 1896 sufficient money had been collected in Bristol to re-endow it as a separate see. A bill was prepared for disuniting it from Gloucester. The city of Bristol was

bounded on its southern and south-eastern parts by the county of Somerset and the diocese of Bath and Wells. It was proposed to add to the diocese of Bristol such parts of the diocese of Bath and Wells as were close at hand, and a considerable territory on the south side of the Avon ; but the latter part of that proposal was rejected. A result of its rejection is that when a merchant has made his money he ceases to live in Bristol itself and crosses the Suspension Bridge to a house in Leigh Woods, crossing the bridge each day to his counting house. His money is made in Bristol, but he lives a few yards outside the city and diocese of Bristol, and his residential interests are in the diocese of Bath and Wells. The Bishop of Bristol is out of his diocese when he crosses the Clifton Suspension Bridge, and he is out of his diocese in two or three minutes when he takes a train for its North Wilts part. Indeed not all of the city itself is in his diocese ; for the populous parts of Brislington, all of it in the diocese of Bath and Wells, are contained in the municipal area of the city of Bristol.

The addition of some of the neighbouring Somersetshire parishes having been rejected, there remained only 500 parishes for the two dioceses. These were to be divided in the proportion of three to two, Gloucester to have 300 and Bristol 200, Gloucester being in great part agricultural and the diocese of Bristol having in it the city of Bristol with its great demands for church extension. Just before the Bill was brought into the House of Commons, the then Bishop of Gloucester suddenly withdrew his sanction to the northern part of the large deanery of Hawkesbury passing to Bristol, and it was too late to look for compensation elsewhere. The Bill had to be proceeded with, and the result was an allotment of 324 parishes to Gloucester and 176 to Bristol, a ridiculous misproportion. Ecclesiastically, the change was violent, for the whole of the Hawkesbury deanery had from time immemorial been part of the archdeaconry of Bristol in the see of Worcester, and one of the first acts of the newly appointed Bishop of Bristol was to tear asunder the archdeaconry of Bristol and hand a part of it over to a Gloucester archdeaconry. The 176 parishes

left to Bristol, sixty of them being collected together in the area of the city, formed a diocese almost ridiculously small when compared with most of the other dioceses of England or any of the contiguous dioceses.

The then Bishop of Gloucester very soon saw the mistake that he had made. He begged me to pass a Bill for correcting it, and restoring to my archdeaconry of Bristol the parishes violently torn away from it. I passed the Bill through the Lords in three successive years, but the Unionist Government would not help me in the Commons. If the country knew what I then learned, we should hear more demand for Reform of the Commons than for Reform of the Lords. Then Dr. Ellicott resigned Gloucester, and when the next year came the new Bishop did not consent to the Bill. The whole thing was a grievous blunder.

With an eye to the future I may say what was the opinion of the statesman who had charge of the main Bill in 1896. He told me that a belt of Wilts, commonly known as 'no man's land,' lying south of the Wansdyke which is now roughly the southern boundary of the part of Wilts included in the diocese of Bristol, should have been transferred from Salisbury to Bristol. In pre-motor times that district was very inaccessible from Salisbury, as the Leigh Woods parts were from Wells, and the Bishop of Bristol could visit them easily from the Great Western Railway.

There are two special cases of similar character which it is not worth while to mention. Enough has been said to shew that alterations of the boundaries of a diocese should neither be arranged nor vetoed by any one bishop. The net result of several mistakes is this :—Of the four dioceses which form a compact block, Bristol has about 180 benefices, between sixty and seventy of which are in Bristol itself, within a walk so to speak of the Bishop's residence ; Gloucester has 318 ; Bath and Wells has 499 benefices with 528 churches ; Salisbury has 490 benefices with 576 churches. Some much larger view should have been taken when the restoration of the diocese of Bristol was being arranged. The average number of benefices in the four dioceses named is 370, more than twice the number in the diocese of Bristol.

The old palace of the bishops of Bristol having been burned down in the Bristol Riots of 1831, in the time of Bishop Gray, the building of a new palace by Bishop Browne called forth two very pointed stanzas from a local poet. Unfortunately I cannot recall the two stanzas, but the following lines contain the main points :

For Bishop Gray they burned it down,
They build it up for Bishop Browne,
And may he live for many a day
Till Bishop brown is Bishop grey.

The initials of the poet being those of a very kind and highly valued friend among the clergy of Bristol, J. H. Clay, I took them to be his. Having lost my copy, I wrote to ask him for a copy, now several years ago. He replied that they were not his; he had never tried his hand at verse in English; but my request had stirred him to try a stanza on the subject of my advancing years. The images of his verse came naturally to one nurtured on the hills of Westmorland.

When autumn paints with gold the fern,
And flocks must face the rushing burn,
Then, grey or white, hold thou the fold,
Autumnal brown, intrinsic gold.

Robert Gray, the Bishop of Bristol at the time of the Riots, died in 1834, and was succeeded by Joseph Allen. To make way for the combination of the sees of Gloucester and Bristol, Allen was moved to Ely in June 1836, and in October of that year the sees were united by Order in Council, and James Henry Monk, who had been Bishop of Gloucester since 1830, became Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. He was a wealthy man, and he built a new palace at Stapleton, near Bristol, which is said to have cost in all £18,000. Towards that sum the fine on the city for the burning of the old palace produced £6000. After a time the Gloucester people clamoured for the bishop to be resident in Gloucester. Stapleton was sold to the Merchant Venturers, for £12,000 I am told, and became their great Colston's School. The money was spent on the creation of the present

Palace of Gloucester. When the Bristol people had raised an endowment of £2300 a year, which with £500 a year to come from the endowment of Gloucester would give £2800 a year, the question was raised where had the £6000 fine gone? Evidently to the Palace at Gloucester. A supplementary Bill provided that another £200 a year should pass from Gloucester to Bristol. Dr. Ellicott disapproved of that additional £200 a year, which represented the lost £6000, and during the seven and a half years which passed before he ceased to be Bishop of Gloucester, Bristol did not receive it.

The law enacted that a new bishopric must have an income of £3500 a year; but if there was provided an adequate house of residence, the minimum might be £3000. A Bristol merchant's house in Berkeley Square was given by Mr. Henry Daniel, and some £5000 or £6000 was collected for converting it into a suitable residence for a bishop, with chapel and all else. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners then certified the Sovereign that there was provided an adequate house and £3000 a year, and I was appointed. With general consent I decided that the house and its surroundings would not be suitable, and it was sold for £2750. The new house, with its chapel and chapel fittings, cost about £14,000, not including the considerable cost of making the grounds.¹ I had to mortgage the benefice for £4000, paying about £200 a year, and had to find the money for making the grounds and much else, the old Bishopric Committee being very helpful with the continuance of subscriptions. Thus instead of an adequate house and £3000 a year, there was an adequate house and £2600 a year. The then Bishop of London, my old Cambridge friend Dr. Creighton, was the Bishop on the Estates Committee of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I told him that if they

¹ The site, fronting onto Redland Green, was given by my kind friend Mr. W. H. Greville Edwards. I had selected it as being very accessible by tramway and as far as possible removed from the Cathedral Church. I had had experience, certainly not at St. Paul's, of the inconvenience of a bishop's palace being so near that the chapter did not know to the last minute whether the bishop was coming to the service or not. One of the advantages of the house in Berkeley Square, as stated to me, was that the bishop 'could pop in to the service any time.' I was determined not to be near enough for popping in.

had been directors of a company they would have been in the dock. He asked me whether I did not feel that the restoration of the bishopric had waited long enough, and they were bound to see it carried through without waiting longer. I assented to that proposition, with the reserve that in order to carry it out they had certified the Sovereign of what was not at the time the fact.

Some years after this, Sir Edward Payson Wills told me he would give me £5000 to clear off the remainder of the mortgage and to repay the annual payments I had made. He prefixed the figure 1 to the £5000, so as to include £10,000 for general diocesan purposes. It was only then that I got out of debt. When I told a lady in the neighbourhood of this noble gift, her remark was—‘Pity he didn’t put the 1 at the other end.’

The pleasure of the garden and the success of its flowers and fruit were a recompense for the sums necessarily spent upon it. A stone is to be placed in the wall by the present bishop with the following inscription, written by Canon G. R. Browne of Christ Church, Oxford, and Iron Acton, a great gardener :

HUNC HORTUM
INCULTUM OLIM TANDEM SUBACTUM
LABORUM DELENIMENTO
NEC SOLI SIBI IPSI DELECTAMENTO
INSISTENS GRAVIORIBUS IUCUNDIORA ACCIPIENS
CONFORMAVIT CONSEVIT CURAVIT
G. F. B. EPISCOPUS
MDCCCXCVII—MCMXIV
QUORUM MEMOR HUNC LAPIDEM
GRATUS POSUIT
G. N. EPISCOPUS
MCMXV

An interesting letter from the Greek Bishop Joanniki of Archangel was delivered to me on my arrival in Bristol by one of the assistant curates of All Saints’, Clifton, who was for certain parts of the year the Chaplain of the Anglican Church at Archangel. I had published in May 1897 a lecture delivered at St. Stephen’s Church, South Kensington (the little publication had already reached a third edition

in 1898) under the title 'What is the Catholic Church in England?' In this lecture I had analysed a very interesting 'Exposition de la doctrine de l'Église Catholique Orthodoxe,' by Wladimir Guettée, a learned Roman Priest who had joined the Orthodox Church of Russia. I had followed Guettée step by step through his dealing with all the main doctrines of Christianity, on each of which he stated first the belief of the Orthodox Church of his adoption, and then described the attitude of the Roman Church, the Anglican Church, and the Protestants. In one case after another he pointed out that Rome is in error, sometimes in monstrous error, and the Anglican Church is nearer to the Orthodox Church than Rome is. The lecture, as published by the Church Historical Society (S.P.C.K. No. xxviii) just after I had ceased to be Chairman on my translation to Bristol, had attracted a good deal of attention and was naturally welcome to the Orthodox Greeks among us.

It may be well to add that Guettée is by no means a partisan of the Anglican Church. He is very severe, here and there; that fact makes his testimony in our favour more valuable. On some points, as is only natural, he misunderstands us. For instance, he says both of Matrimony and of Holy Orders that because we deny that they are sacraments we do not allow that they are of divine origin. What we deny is that they are generally necessary to salvation, which is obvious. Our Homily carefully says 'Neither Orders nor any other Sacrament be *such* Sacraments as Baptism and Communion be,' which again is obvious.

Bishop Joanniki's letter was written in Russian, a language—indeed a script—with which I am not acquainted. The following translation is by a competent scholar.

Most Holy Ruler and gracious Chief Pastor and Beloved Brother in Christ.

Having heard of your appointment to the Bishopric of Bristol, I take advantage of this happy occurrence to offer your Holiness my congratulations on your nomination to this new field of labour, in which I wish you to find a good spiritual ground for sowing the Word of God.

The news of your arrival in Bristol reached me through the

Reverend Priest in charge of the Anglican Church in Archangel, the Rev. Wellington Renton Pascoe, priest of your diocese, and I feel compelled to offer my good wishes to your Holiness as a fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord.

Allow me to add a request to those good wishes. Next spring a priest will be appointed as usual for the services of the Anglican Church in our town. I would therefore beg your Holiness to appoint again to that post the Rev. Father Pascoe, as every one here has formed an excellent opinion of his religious fervour, his conscientiousness and affability, and in general of a life fully in accordance with his office. He has earned particular esteem for his earnest zeal for the union of our Churches, for which we all entreat our Saviour. Oh, when will our religious strife come to an end, and all Christians form one fold under one Shepherd !

May our Lord hear the prayers of millions of His believing ones, and may He restore to His Church her primitive entire integrity.

I ask for your Holiness's prayers, and remain, with deepest respect and brotherly love in Christ,

Your Holiness's humble servant,

(Signed) JOANNIKI.

The reply to this letter was as follows :

To the most holy Father in God, my Brother beloved in Christ, the Bishop Joanniki of Archangel.

Your esteemed greeting was presented to me by the Priest Pascoe on my arrival in this city of Bristol, which is the chief place in my diocese and the seat of my episcopal throne.

I address to your lordship expressions of high regard and happy omen like unto those which you, my Brother, have graciously addressed unto me, and like aspirations after such outward declaration of the brotherly love which we feel inwardly as may testify to the world the fulness of the Catholicity of the Anglican Church and the fulness of the acknowledgment thereof by the ancient and renowned Churches of the East. For verily, Brother greatly beloved, the Catholic Church of Christ needs in these latter days to present a combined front against the development of claims which do not bear the clear light of history. These false claims are at once a denial of genuine Catholicity and a derogation from the government and guidance of the Church on earth by the Eternal Son of God and the Holy Spirit which proceedeth from the Father and is sent to us by and through the Son.

I commend unto your Holiness the Priest Pascoe, of whose blameless life and godly conversation I am well assured by those who know his daily course. May the Lord and Father of us all requite unto you your kindness to him.

Given at Bristol this ninth day of May in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ninety eight, in the fourth year of our Consecration and the first year of our Translation.

✠ G. F. BRISTOL.

A year later than this, another interesting communication with the Eastern Church came about.

Under the management of Dr. John Wordsworth, a Theodore Memorial Press, partly subscribed for by friends in England, was sent to the Patriarch of Constantinople, Constantine V. It was a Printing Press of modern pattern, well fitted with modern type, etc.

The Patriarch in his reply asked for a book on Archbishop Theodore, and it was suggested that I should send him my little book 'Theodore and Wilfrith' as an evidence of the interest taken in the Eastern Church by some of the English bishops. The book was presented to the Patriarch by Mr. Dowling,¹ the Chaplain of the Crimean Memorial Church at Constantinople, who sent me in return the Patriarch's card, printed in beautiful Greek capitals, with a message in cursive Greek, difficult to read, εὐχαριστῶν τῷ θεοφιλεστάτῳ ἐπισκόπῳ Bristol ἐπὶ τῇ ἀποστολῇ τοῦ βιβλίου τοῦ ἀφορῶντος εἰς τὸν Theodore and Wilfrith. The Patriarch asked a Greek lawyer of Constantinople, M. G. Theotokas, to review the book in the Patriarchal newspaper the *Ecclesiastike Aletheia*. The review appeared in the April number (15 Aprilion 1900).² It was a complete description of the contents of the book, carefully emphasising the independent action of Archbishop Theodore and its effect upon the general attitude of the Anglican Church towards Rome.

Two paragraphs from Archdeacon Dowling's letter may

¹ Now Archdeacon in Syria, at Haifa, Mount Carmel.

² Θεόδωρος καὶ Οὐίλφριδ ὑπὸ τοῦ Σεβαστιωτάτου G. F. Browne, διδάκτορος τῆς Θεολογίας καὶ τοῦ Δικαίου, ἐν Λονδίνῳ 1897, σελ. 303 εἰς 8ον.

be quoted at a time when we may hope that Constantinople may become a Christian city.

Constantine Vth is a delightful man, and most anxious to be of service to his Church. But as he remarks 'We are under a shadow,' and the Sultan is difficult to deal with. His Holiness told me yesterday that he is looking out for a suitable candidate for Holy Orders to send to Oxford for training.

CHAPTER XIX

The Abbey Church of Malmesbury—King Athelstan—Round Skulls—Protection of Ancient Monuments—Cathedral and Parish Churches—Relations of Bristol with Wales—Welsh Service at St. Paul's—Bangor and Deiniol—The Royal Yacht—The Lambeth Conference—Plodging to Holy Isle—Philanthropy in Bristol—Helpfulness and Friendliness—Archdeacon Robeson—Church Extension—University of Bristol—Lord Roberts—The Charitable Trusts Act, 1914—Presentations and Farewells.

A DELIGHTFULLY interesting piece of work was the making safe of the beautiful Abbey Church of Malmesbury, with its Norman nave and its unique porch. It was only just taken in hand in time; indeed when I had the report on its condition, every high wind frightened me terribly.

In dealing with an ancient building, it is desirable to begin by feeling the authorities of Societies whose business it is to watch the actions of custodians of such buildings. I have not myself always agreed with the views taken by these bodies; indeed I remember that when I was a Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, and the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough were being severely handled by the Society in the matter of the West Front of the Cathedral Church, I went over the points on the spot with that very remarkable man Irving, the Clerk of the Works, and left my card on the Dean assuring him of the support of one of the two Vice-Presidents. To make safe at Malmesbury I got my old and valued friend, Mr. (now Sir) W. H. St. John Hope, the assistant secretary of the Society, to look into the whole matter, especially the ruined bays at the west end; and we privately agreed upon a bold course, to be proposed to the Restoration Committee. I then got the secretary of another of the Societies to visit the place, and

got his assent to the plan that Hope and I had formed. It was then sure that if the Committee took the same view we could go straight on with the work. The Committee did take the same view. There was a great yawning gap where the second pillar of the south arcade of the nave had gone, with the whole of the three western pillars of the north arcade and all the corresponding part of the north aisle. The original west front had projecting from it eastward about half of each of the three storeys of the south arcade, ground floor, so to speak, triforium, and clerestory. From the west end of the existing church, which consists of six of the original nine bays of the nave, there were projecting westward the corresponding pieces of the second bay. Our plan was to build a new and massive column, exactly to scale with the columns of the church, and turn a half arch on each side of it, west and east, to join on to the two projecting halves ; the same for the triforium stage, and the same for the clerestory stage. There they are now, left quite plain, no carving of capitals, etc., forming the most perfect buttress both for the west front of the church and for the west front of the existing parish church. A very strong buttress must in any case have been built for each, and very unsightly they would have been. My principle was, not to spend a sixpence on work that would have to be pulled down when further work was undertaken. If the present active vicar, Canon McMillan, should ever see his way to rebuilding the ruined bays and removing the present west wall and gallery of the parish church, he will find that all the work we did at the beginning of the present century is clean to the good, and furnishes a perfect example of how the rest of the work should be carried out.

This principle of only doing work that will be permanently to the good, should govern the counsels of those who are creating new parishes. The first piece of actual new building should be a portion of what will eventually be an adequate parochial hall and will originally serve as the mission building for services. Of course a temporary partition will have to be built, to be taken down when the full plan for the parochial hall is carried out ; but if it is

properly done, the bricks of the temporary wall will all be worked into the completion of the plan.

My precautionary method of securing beforehand the adhesion of the authorities of watchful societies had in one case a curious sequel. In 1913 I was a member of a Select Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, appointed to advise on a proposal of the Government to amalgamate the several Acts concerned in the protection of Ancient Monuments. There were six members of each House, three and three in each case so far as imperial politics were concerned. When it came to a question of the treatment of Cathedral and Parish Churches, the six commoners were all for drastic change. All ecclesiastical buildings in use as places of worship must be under the Board of Works. All the Lords but one took the opposite view, while allowing—and some of us insisting—that more care must be taken in dealing with these ancient fabrics than has, in many cases in the recent past, been taken by the lawful custodians.

The party of drastic change had their witnesses. One of them was the second of the two gentlemen whom I consulted before touching the Abbey Church of Malmesbury. His general line was that very bad things had been done at many old churches, which is quite true, and that on the whole there should be more careful public control in repairs and restorations of churches, which again is quite true. His friends on the Committee asked him if his Society had ever been consulted by parochial clergy as to what should be done and what should not be done. Yes, they had, not infrequently. Then, as I had taken a rather active part in the discussions, and had spoken from considerable experience of church work, besides having been the Cambridge Professor of Art and Archæology, one of the party asked slyly, ‘Ever been consulted by a Bishop?’ ‘Never.’ The answer evidently gladdened some of my fellow members.

When my turn came to put questions, I asked ¹ ‘Do you know a place called Malmesbury?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘There is an ancient church there?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Were you consulted as to its restoration?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Was your advice taken?’

¹ The report of the evidence is not in full accordance with the facts as to what happened.

‘Yes.’ ‘Who consulted you?’ ‘The Bishop.’ It was rather dramatic.

Malmesbury has an attractive history and is a very attractive place. It stands on a pear-shaped hill, encircled by waters except at the stalk of the pear, the stalk being so narrow that the general effect of the town is circular. This is the shape and position of the old town of Bristol also, where the Avon and the Frome are the encircling waters, meeting at the eye of the pear. At Malmesbury the waters are the same river Avon and the collection of streams that form the Newnton brook. Both are early Saxon positions and were, before that, British positions of strength.

King Athelstan was on one occasion rescued from a difficult situation by the men of Malmesbury, when Athelstan called on St. Aldhelm for help. The king was a great admirer of Aldhelm of Malmesbury, from whom he was divided by two centuries; he regarded him both as a saint and as a kinsman. I have given reasons, in a book on St. Aldhelm,¹ for supposing that the battle in which the men of Malmesbury rescued Athelstan was in fact the great fight at the mysterious place Brunanburgh. Athelstan gave to them an estate of considerable size, in the direction of Norton and Foxley, to be held by them as commoners under two conditions. The original charter is still in force. The conditions were, (1) that all commoners must live within the walls of Malmesbury; (2) that a commoner must either have been the son of a commoner or have married the daughter of a commoner. These two conditions have naturally tended to conserve the physical conditions of the men of Athelstan’s time, Brunanburgh being fought in the year 937. To this day the real Malmesbury people have skulls as round as those of the builders of Stonehenge. I was on one occasion giving a lecture at Malmesbury on the old times, and I mentioned this characteristic.² It fell to

¹ *St. Aldhelm, his Life and Times*, S.P.C.K., 1903.

² A bishop in confirming lays his open hand on the head of a boy, and cannot help noticing the extent to which the hand fits the head. Some time ago I was confirming at a village near Malmesbury, and after the confirmation I asked the Rector who the two north-country boys were. He asked how I knew about north-country boys. Because all the boys had British skulls but two, and they had long heads. They were the sons of a gardener who had come from Yorkshire.

the lot of a surviving member of the old Council of Malmesbury, now replaced by a Mayor and Corporation, to thank the lecturer. His thanks took this delightfully old English form—‘We doesn’t know nothin’ about the shape of wer skools, but we reckons to have as mooch in ’em as other folk!’

Another very fine piece of English comes from Athelstan’s gift of common land. The late Professor Earle thought it one of the finest pieces of English he had heard. Common-right is lost if a commoner receives poor’s relief. An old commoner, not able to look after himself, lost his daughter. There was no one else to attend to him. The late vicar, Mr. Tucker, who told me the story, tried to persuade the old man to go to the workhouse, where he would be taken great care of. The old man raised himself in his bed, and slowly and painfully said, ‘King Arthelstan hath kept I all my life. King Arthelstan shall keep I till I die.’

Athelstan is so completely a living person, that if you meet a man on the annual day and ask him where he is going, he will reply ‘I’m going to dine with King Athelstan.’

Besides St. Aldhelm, St. Cuthbert was a great Saint in the eyes of Athelstan and the royal house of Wessex. The robes which Athelstan took up from Wessex, to clothe the body of Cuthbert, when he made his expedition against the Scots, are still at Durham. They are dated by the worsted-work words let into the texture of the stole, which is woven of narrow gold tape, ‘Aelflaed fieri precepit pio episcopo Frithestano,’ ‘Aelflaed caused to be made for the pious bishop Frithestan.’ Aelflaed was the second queen of Edward the Elder, King Alfred’s son and successor. Edward married his third wife Elgiva in 916. Frithestan became Bishop of Winchester in 909 and died in 933. Thus the only time during which they were queen and bishop together was from 909 to 916 at latest. Athelstan’s journey northwards coincided with the death of Frithestan, whose robes appear to have fallen into the hands of the king. Athelstan’s charter of the gifts bestowed on St. Cuthbert on this occasion is given in Raine’s ‘St. Cuthbert,’ pp. 50–2.

The County of Wilts would be dissatisfied if I allowed it to be supposed that their speech is so little cryptic as would appear from the two examples given above.

A few years ago, one of His Majesty's judges was unable to follow the statement of a witness for the defence in a trial for manslaughter at Salisbury. One of the barristers on circuit, with local knowledge, came to the rescue. This is what the witness poured forth in speaking for his friend, his plea being self-defence. The only key that need here be given is that 'ut' means 'hit.'

'Me lard, marn's a innercent marn. Like this. E ut e. If e adn't ut e, e'd a ut e. If e'd a ut e, stead of e utn e, e'd a kild e, stead of e kiln e.'

Nor is the Wilts reasoning always so clear as the above passage on the contents of skulls. A man with a good hat, starting on an archæological excursion, remarked to a man with a bad hat, in my hearing, 'If it rains, I shall change hats with you; I don't want to have mine spoiled.'

In writing of Malmesbury I made mention of the Select Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on the Protection of Ancient Monuments. The subject is of so much importance, and touches so closely the interests of the National Church, that something more must be said about it.

After long discussion and much taking of evidence, it was proposed on the Select Committee that ecclesiastical buildings in use as places of worship should be put under the charge of the Board of Works. Ten of the twelve members of the Select Committee were present, and they voted five and five. The Chairman, the Earl of Plymouth, declared the resolution not carried. Half an hour after, another commoner entered the room, and they proposed that Cathedral Churches should be put under the charge of the Board of Works. That was carried by six to five. When the resulting Bill came before the House of Lords, Lord Beauchamp announced that the Government preferred to leave ecclesiastical buildings out of their Bill altogether, leaving it to the authorities of the Church to propose measures for the protection of ecclesiastical buildings. Lord Sheffield, who had throughout supported this policy, remarked in the

course of the debate that he thought the House ought to hear some statement from the Episcopal Bench as to their willingness to do something in the matter, and not to let it drop. I thereupon read to the House the paper which Lord Sheffield and I had drawn up in committee and had wished the Select Committee to adopt. Having read it, I remarked that I believed that expressed the opinion of the Bench of Bishops. The House was satisfied.

Time passed on, and nothing was done. At last the resignation of my bishopric and of my seat in the Lords came near. To clear my conscience I proposed to move resolutions in the February Convocation, to carry out the principles of the paper which I had read to the House. His Grace replied that there was a Committee in existence, considering the whole question of Faculties, and it would be better to wait until they had reported. The two objections which I felt to that course were, first, that the point on which the Government had not adopted the Report of the Select Committee was the Cathedral Churches, and as they are asserted to be—and must for present purposes be taken as being—outside the whole system of Faculties, the main point of my resolution was beyond the purview of the existing Committee, of whose appointment I had not heard, nor did I know of whom it was composed. The second objection was that my personal promise had been given, and I must do something to redeem it before I ceased to be a member of the House of Lords. I therefore must bring the resolutions before the Upper House, so as to have them on the minutes, and having made my statement of the general position, be satisfied with the entry of the resolution in the minutes of Convocation. This was done.

The main points of the resolutions were as follows.

The thousands of parish churches are, to say the least, among the most important, as they are—again to say the least—among the most interesting, of our Ancient Monuments. Their fabric cannot be touched without a Faculty, granted in full detail by the Bishop's Court presided over by the Chancellor, who is the Judge of the Court. The application for a Faculty must come in due form, approved

by the Vestry. The Chancellor can require further information, if he thinks it necessary. He is a lawyer, learned in the laws of Church and State governing such matters. But much more than legal forms and their correctness is concerned in such applications. Questions of history, art, archæology, and architecture, often of considerable complexity, perpetually emerge, often in a very unexpected manner. Our Chancellors are a highly qualified body of men, but archæology and art and architecture are not any ordinary part of their training. Thus my first proposal was that in every diocese there should be an advisory committee, to be at the disposal of the Chancellor.

Another point was that more publicity should be given to the fact and the details of an application for a Faculty to deal with a parish church. Another, and this a very important point, that the Bishop's Court must have a certificate at the end that the works carried out have not in any respect exceeded the terms of the Faculty. Finally, the ridiculous present legal position must be altered, in accordance with which when something has been lawlessly introduced into a church it cannot be taken out again without a legal process of doubtful result.

So much for parish churches and Faculties for dealing with them.

Now as to Cathedral Churches. These are in ordinary cases in the hands of the Dean and Chapter. They are outside the ordinary Court of the Bishop, they are outside the system of Faculties. Thus they are outside the reference of any Committee appointed to consider the whole system of Faculties. And, they are the most magnificent of our national monuments, the most conspicuous, the most before the eyes of the people. The people are naturally very sensitive about them.

The Cathedral Churches are not so completely free from superior control as they are assumed to be. The Visitor can unquestionably put to the custodians of a Cathedral Church any question that he pleases about their dealing with the fabric or the movables, and can no doubt as Visitor give instructions. In my own Cathedral Church of Bristol,

small, but in perfect order, as simple, as decent, and as beautiful, as any in the land,¹ so that I can speak freely, the Bishop has large powers if he wished to use them or found serious occasion to do so. His letters patent, re-enforced by statute power as Henry VIII was so careful to see done, give to the Bishop 'all manner of jurisdiction, power, and authority, ordinarial and episcopal, within the said Cathedral Church, and within the said diocese,' which any bishop can have. Henry and Cranmer knew clearly what they meant, and in using such wide words of the bishop's dominant position, they declared that in their judgment it was well that the bishop's position should be dominant. The Cathedral Church of Bristol is throughout the Church of the Bishop; it is never the Church of the Dean and Canons, never the Church of the Dean.

But however that may be, and without any regard to the silly jealousies which have existed here and there, it is in my judgment essential that some step should be taken to allay the anxiety which is felt in archæological circles, and in a much larger area than that, in connection with the uncontrolled custody of the Cathedral Churches. My proposal was that either in each of the two Provinces or in the Church of England as a whole, there should be a competent Committee of Reference to whom all plans for dealing with the fabric or the internal arrangements of a Cathedral Church should be submitted, for advice thereupon.

Having had these proposals entered upon the minutes of the Upper House of Convocation, I have done all that in me lies to carry out my promise to the House of Lords, of which I am no longer a member. The Committee on Faculties has since reported at length.

Bristol has close relations with Wales. As we have seen, it was proposed in 1835 to unite the dioceses of Bristol and Llandaff. In my visits to the Welsh-speaking dioceses of Wales I was Esgob Brusté, so pronounced, no doubt spelled Bristé or Brysté. I had, by a curious chance, to give the

¹ A great deal of admirable work has been done during Dean Pigou's long tenure of the Deanery. Of recent years Canon Talbot has been very keen in the improvement of details.

'long blessing' in Welsh once a year at St. Paul's. The annual Welsh service there fell on the last day of my February residence, and as the whole thing was Welsh the Benediction must be Welsh. As a Chapter, we did not allow other people to give the Blessing at St. Paul's. The Canon in Residence was in charge at the Welsh service. It remained that the Canon in Residence should learn to deliver the Blessing in Welsh. One or two lessons from the Welsh clergyman-secretary who attended to the details sufficed, and it was a great pleasure to roll out the sonorous syllables to all those thousands of Welshmen. A little story may be introduced here. Whether it tends most to illustrating the lengths to which Welsh courtesy will go, or to illustrating a less favourable characteristic of that charming Brythonic race, my readers will judge for themselves.

A certain well-known and enthusiastic Welsh layman read the First Lesson. He walked in the great procession with another Welsh layman. He came to me in the vestry after the service and said, 'I walked out with so-and-so, and he remarked to me "I never knew Canon Browne was a Welshman."' The next year his companion in the procession was quite a different person. My friend came to me in the vestry after the service and said, 'I walked out with so-and-so, and he remarked to me "I never knew Canon Browne was a Welshman."' The third year, again a different companion, and again, 'I walked out with so-and-so, and he remarked to me "I never knew Canon Browne was a Welshman."'

While it did not take long to teach the Welsh Benediction, Robert Burn once told me of a much shorter time it once took him to teach a Welshman English. He was lost somewhere in the region of Bettws-y-Coed. He asked a man the way to that place. The man didn't know English. Another, and another, all the same. When the fourth man had said his dim Sassenach, Burn put his fist in his face and said, 'If you don't tell me the way, I'll knock you down.' The miracle was wrought. 'Straight on for about a mile, then the first turn to the right.'

On various accounts I was the one English bishop present

at the enthronement of the Bishop of Bangor. Lord Penrhyn very kindly housed me for the occasion. It was a critical time in the Bethesda slate quarries. As we drove through Bethesda, he told me how the miners heard, at the worst part of the strike, that Queen Victoria wanted a slate bed for a billiard table. The miners of their own accord went to work, got the required piece of slate, prepared it and sent it off, and then went off work again.

When the Bishop of Bangor appeared at the west door of the Cathedral Church on the occasion of his enthronement, he was of course accompanied by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, who is the official of the Archbishop in the enthronement of a diocesan bishop of the province. The Bishop knocked at the door. The old Dean opened the door to admit the Bishop, and spake thus: 'Welcome, my Lord Bishop, to the place where the blessed Deiniol lived and laboured, a century before Augustine of Canterbury'—here a sideways bow to the Archdeacon of Canterbury (Bishop of Dover)—'was ever heard of.'

At the Proclamation of King Edward VII in Bristol, there was very slight precedent for the manner of the ceremony. Some sixty-five years had passed since my experience of a Proclamation, and very few were in better case of remembering details. Published accounts were not full. I felt clear that the Chief of the State and the Chief of the Church should in accordance with old custom take a leading part. A sort of triumphal car was arranged, which preceded the procession. The Lord Mayor came next, with the Duke of Beaufort (High Steward) on his right hand, the Bishop on his left. Behind came the Sheriff, who proceeded to the car at each point where it stopped and from the car read the Proclamation. There was a steeping rain the whole time, and all were drenched, the Bishop's lawn sleeves shewing the drenching more than the Lord Mayor's robes. At the Proclamation of King George V the weather was splendid. The Duke told the Bishop that the High Steward should not have precedence of the Bishop; his being a Duke ought not to be considered. So the Bishop walked on the right hand of the Lord Mayor and the High

Steward on his left hand. The Duke was suffering agonies from the sole of one foot, but his magnificent figure marched on unflinching at its full height.

The visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra on the occasion of the opening of the Avonmouth Docks was a very great event. The organisation was excellent. The Bishop dined on the Royal yacht the first night, the Lord Mayor, Sir E. B. James, on the second. The Lord Lieutenant (Earl of Ducie) went in with the Queen, and sat on the left; the Bishop with Lady Salisbury, and sat on the right. During dinner, the Queen asked the Bishop to sign her menu card. He did so, and said he had hoped the Queen was going to say she would sign his card; no notice was taken of that. Lord Ducie said, 'Make him sign in runes, Ma'am.' The Queen, 'You are to sign in runes, Bishop.' He did so. Lord Ducie, 'Make him sign in Ogams, Ma'am.' The Queen, 'You are to sign in Ogams, Bishop; I don't know what they are.' He signed in Ogams. The Queen, 'I think something was said about signing *your* card, Bishop.' A new pencil was fetched from the boudoir; my card was signed and given to me with the pencil.¹

After dinner, the Madrigal Company came from Bristol and sang delightfully on deck. The Sheriff, my very kind friend Colonel Cary Batten, told me the Lord Mayor had asked him to see that the President of the Madrigal Company, Mr. Edward Harvey, the very most retiring of men, who had financed the whole thing, was presented; but he was not there! So the conductor, Mr. Rootham, was presented and thanked, as he well deserved. Then they all sat down. Hid away modestly in the middle of them was Edward Harvey! The Sheriff went to the Controller, and asked to have him presented. It was quite impossible. The episode was ended. None of them dare suggest another presentation. It was hopeless. The King came and said some pleasant personal things to me.

¹ My two little granddaughters, then aged eight and four, who had—and have—unbounded worship for Queen Alexandra, came and asked me to write on the card that it, with the pencil, was to come to them. 'Uncle Bertie's older than daddy, and if he marries and has children it'll go to them if you don't say it's to come to us.' They have Scottish blood in them.

I mentioned Edward Harvey. No notice was taken. A few minutes after, a general move brought me next the King. I mentioned Edward Harvey. No notice was taken. Some minutes later I took heart of grace, approached the King, and told him of our difficulty. 'Bring him here, Bishop, and I will shake hands with him and thank him.' I went home that night feeling that my un-courtierlike persistence had indeed been right royally met.

The stories of King Edward's kindness are endless. A charming young girl, who was a great admirer of his, shewed me her collection of photographs of the King, and told me she should always hope to have the most recent one signed by him. She had to undergo an operation for appendicitis, and she took a screen into her bedroom, pinned onto it this photograph, and set it where she would see it when she first opened her eyes. Her mother wrote and told me her first words were, 'I wonder if he felt as I do.' The letter was so touching that I took care that the King should see it. A delightful response came, which gave her wings for a rapid recovery. She asked me what she should do about the letter of response. I advised a grateful little note, enclosing the special photograph. It came back with a note that the glazed surface would not take the pen, but the King had written his name on a piece of paper which could be attached. And so the seemingly quite hopeless wish was accomplished, some six months after it was expressed.

That dinner on the Royal yacht had an interesting outcome in the Lambeth Conference, which was in session at the time. The proceedings at the Conference are confidential; but the *Guardian* told just this one little anecdote, so it is no breach of confidence to tell it here. The Queen had asked what I had to do at the Conference next day. The answer was—to introduce a Report and Resolutions on Marriage questions. This led to some interestingly frank conversation, at the end of which the Queen said, 'Speak out, Bishop, speak out!' At the Conference next day, at the conclusion of my remarks in introducing the Report, I said that I had sat next a great lady at dinner the evening

before, and had told her what our business was. Naturally I lowered my voice a little as I said, 'The great lady charged me——' A voice called out 'Speak up!' I remarked that it was the first time I had been told to speak stronger, and proceeded, 'The great lady's charge to me was—Speak out!' The whole assembly was stirred, some by the comical quaintness of the coincidence, more by the true lead given by 'the great lady.'

As mention has been made in previous chapters of visits of the bishops attending the Lambeth Conferences of 1888 and 1897, a few words should be given to a visit paid in 1908. This time it was the early Northumbrian Church that played the host. The rebuilt nave of the Abbey Church of Hexham was to be opened, with an address by the Bishop of Bristol, and a pilgrimage was to be paid to Holy Isle. The date had been long arranged to suit the tide, so that such of the pilgrims as walked could get across to Lindisfarne fairly dry-shod. But the wise men had blundered. When the thousand pilgrims reached the taking-off place on the shore of the mainland, there was a wide expanse of sea to be crossed, and the great array of ramshackle vehicles could accommodate at most only eight hundred. Some three hundred faced the sea on foot, and plodged—as the graphic local name for ploughing through the water on its soft sand bottom has it. More than one of the breaks had accidents on the journey and deposited their loads in some two or three feet of water. Ladies, whether intentionally plodging or dismissed from breaks, were up to their waist, with petticoats floating in a circle round them. Our break was overloaded with chance passengers and we had to sit anyhow. When the driver unpacked my part of his load he set a plump young woman on the shore and said to her 'You never forget, my lass, as you've rode on a bishop's knee.' The return journey was much the same. The present writer and another bishop gallantly plunged into the water to lighten their break when it stuck in the sand and push it on. Their effort succeeded. The driver got his horses into a splashing canter, and knowing his only chance was to keep going at full speed, left the two bishops to plodge

it the rest of the way. The Lord of the Manor gave us an excellent luncheon. He and his men had been sitting on the tent pegs for hours during the night, to prevent the great marquee being blown away by a storm of wind which had happily abated before the plodging began. We had an excellent address from the Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Lowther Clarke. Each of the Colonial bishops received two pieces of silk, printed from blocks reproducing the ornamentation of the robes found on the body of St. Cuthbert, which had been made for me by Sir Thomas Wardle of Leek, with a printed paper which explains itself.

A MEMORIAL OF HOLY ISLE,

August 10, 1908,

with the Bishop of Bristol's kind regards.

Among the robes found on the body of St. Cuthbert, when the tomb was opened in the year 1827, were two silk robes of great magnificence. One of these was of stout silk, ornamented with circular medallions two feet across, containing a vase symbolical of an island laden with fruits, within a circular border of fruits. The sea, covered with ripples, had eider ducks and large fishes, and at the lower margin of the silk were pairs of solan geese. The colour of the fruits throughout was gold, the stalks red. The sea was purple and the fishes red. The other robe was of thin silk. Its medallions were less artistic. They had a very rich border of incurved octagons fifteen inches across, enclosing a man on horseback with hawk and hound. The lower margin of the silk contained a row of rabbits. These magnificent robes were the work of the Arab weavers of Sicily. They were presumably made between 1085 and 1104, in readiness for the translation of the Saint's body to the new Cathedral Church of Durham. It is specially interesting to note, in connection with the patterns, that the robes must have been made to order. St. Cuthbert and the Farne Islands are connected in legend and in fact with eider ducks, solan geese, porpoises, and rabbits. While the octagon medallions are still complete, the upper part of the vase or island in the circular medallion is completely decayed, and some rough work as unlike the original as possible has been inserted on the block from which the modern silk is printed. The size is that of the original.

G. F. BRISTOL.

It is impossible even to touch upon the endless philanthropic works which are actively carried on in Bristol. I have had no experience like it, anywhere. Most things seem to have been first started in Bristol.

The quaint sayings of some of the children and grown-ups in that beautiful society the League of the Brave Poor Things brought always a whiff of freshness. I once bought a coal-glove there, after a little talk with the constructor of the glove. She talked, I was told, of little else than her interview for days, graphically speaking of the bishop as 'im with the tight legs.' It was the other end that struck the three people who first spoke to me at the Stepney station, the first time I went down to see the place where my new work was to be done, feeling very queer about my bishop's hat. Three factory girls, in feathers, a distinction which, as those who know the rules are aware, accounts for their speaking to an unknown man, were standing at the top of the stairs in the station. With a well-acted air of having just been struck dumb, one of them in a tone of sympathetic admiration exclaimed—'Oh my *boy* wot a lovely 'at !'

I once had to couple the name of Mr. Pett Ridge with the toast of Literature at a Printers' Pension dinner, and spoke of the directness of East End speech, completely regardless of grammar or feelings. In his reply he told us of an experience of his only the day before ; no doubt it has been published since. The scene was a crowded tramcar ; six girls hanging on the leathers ; next him a thin boy of about twelve ; opposite the boy a very fat woman, who said—'Boy ! wy don't you get up and let one of those girls sit down !' 'Wy don' *yougitup* an' let the *olelotsidown* !'

It is impossible to enter upon the endless kindnesses and helps of all sorts that enabled the bishop to fill his time with useful and happy work for city and diocese through seventeen years. The Church Congress of 1903 was a striking example of the way in which the clergy and laity of Bristol could do a really big thing. None of us, I think, will forget the men's meeting then. It had such

an effect on the men themselves that they resolved to have one every year as an anniversary reminder. How it has gone on growing is a matter of history, a matter for thankfulness. The working men of Bristol have a character of their own. If they take a thing up, it goes.

And there is one outstanding feature which it would indeed be wrong to omit, whatever else has to be omitted either for want of space, or because it touches too nearly some personal point, or because it is too recent. The hearty co-operation of men of various religious communions, when questions of general importance were before the public, has been a marked feature in the experiences of these years ; culminating in the private personal fact that two or three of the most encouraging of the farewell letters I received came from those who minister in communions other than that of the National Church. From one such came the very strongest of all the appeals to me to remain at my post however old, my kind correspondent pointing out that age itself has inherent power for good.

It is impossible, again, to mention the names of those who have given me the help that has been perpetually needed. They are very numerous, lay and clerical, men and women—and often children. But it is equally impossible to abstain from naming the man who was everything to me when I first went, houseless and friendless and strange, to the episcopal city. I have always wished that the choice of a man to set on its feet the newly separated diocese had fallen upon one who became my dearest and most helpful of friends, Hemming Robeson, the Archdeacon of Bristol. His recumbent effigy in Tewkesbury Abbey Church, which owes so much to his incumbency, is among the most beautiful of modern monuments of that character.

A marked feature in the opening years of the City of Bristol under the new ecclesiastical arrangement had been the building of new Churches, Mission Buildings, Parish Halls, and the acquisition of sites. The details are far too numerous to be touched. The support given was most encouraging to the new bishop. There had been a very successful effort of Church Extension under Dr. Ellicott.

From the first beginnings of Dr. Ellicott's Church Extension down to the last detail of the work under his successor, the whole of the complicated machinery was worked with unerring judgment and skill by one and the same man, J. G. Alford, Minor Canon of the Cathedral Church, then Honorary Canon, then Canon Residentiary, and still Personal Chaplain to this his grateful friend. The amount contributed for this purpose in my time, in money and in sites, was over £80,000. It should be remembered that before my arrival Bristol had provided £70,000 for the re-endowment of the bishopric and about £8000 for a residence. I used to feel as I walked about the streets of the generous city that I was very dear at the price.

It was naturally a great interest and pleasure to take some part in the foundation of the University of Bristol. The first large move was the acquisition of a grand site at the top of Park Street. An appeal was drafted, and I was staying at Blagdon with Lord Winterstoke when the appeal reached him. He asked me what he ought to give. I suggested ten thousand. A few days after, he asked me in the House of Lords how we were getting on. I suggested that he would not let us lose the site for want of another ten thousand. He agreed. A little later he asked again, and at three bids of five thousand each he rose to another fifteen thousand. His cousin, Mr. H. O. Wills, was good enough to discuss with me the question of giving a hundred thousand, through a period of some months. He eventually decided against it; but the day after his refusal he informed me that he would give it, and he did. The noble gifts made by his sons George and Henry are matters of public knowledge. When the whole history of the foundation of the University comes to be written, Bristol will know something of the debt it owes to Mr. Lewis Fry, Mr. H. N. Abbot, and Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

It is a real pleasure to remember the steady help given by Bristol to the proposals of Lord Roberts. The bishop was always ready to do all that could be done in furtherance of his policy. We gave him a noble send off in the Colston Hall for his crusade against the wilful ignorance and the obstinacy which are costing us now so dear, as the nation

is not inclined to forget. Lord Roberts had been much at Clifton in his early days, and he always seemed to be at home among us. He told me two things about himself, which I have not seen mentioned. He had only the use of one eye, the left; he shot from the left shoulder on that account. This came out when we were discussing the 'master eye.' The other was to me a very remarkable thing. His principle was to take what first occurred to him when he awoke at six in the morning as the best course for the day, no matter how differently he had intended to act. He instanced to me the march from Cabul and the march on Pretoria. In each case he had made other arrangements over-night, and countermanded them when he awoke, although they had already been in operation for an hour or two. I boil with wrath when I remember how I have heard Lord Roberts pooh-poohed from the Government Bench in the House of Lords, as were other peers who took the line of desiring to 'be ready' and felt sure we were not ready.

As my ecclesiastical life in England began with obtaining an Act of Parliament, it closed in like fashion.

I had for many years been in communication with the select vestries of Bristol, on the subject of the application of such parts of their endowment as were ecclesiastical, as contrasted with secular charities. There was a natural shrinking from premature action, indeed from any action, towards seeking powers for a wider application of church funds, in cases where the population of city parishes had become so small that the church property more than met the needs of the parish. The vestry of St. Mary Redcliffe had acted with special liberality at a moment when help for the formation of two new parishes was urgently needed. The vestry of St. John Baptist had obtained leave from the Charity Commission to establish a Mission in Bristol east, which developed with wonderful rapidity into a populous parish finely equipped with buildings; the individual members of the vestry had taken deep interest in the work; thousands of pounds had been forthcoming from one of its members. St. Nicholas and St. Ewen were following suit when I left.



1911

BY LESLIE WARD

It had always been my wish to have the possibility of applying benefactions of select vestries to districts outside their own boundaries made clear by lawful enactment. The Charity Commission had been most helpful in allowing the experiment to be tried. But the vestries were very shy of the Charity Commissioners, owing to action of theirs in the time when educational endowments were in their charge. This shyness it took long to dissipate; but at last all the vestries with church property met me and shewed willingness to apply for powers. A Bill was drafted and we went in a fully representative body to the Commission and discussed and settled every part of it. Then came a blow. The examiners of Bills reported that it could not be brought in as a Public Bill; that is, the cost of a Private Bill must be met. Then came a question—why not strike out the word ‘Bristol’ from the Bill? It would be a great boon to many towns and many charities to have like powers, and the Bill would be brought in as a Public Bill by the Parliamentary representative of the Commissioners in the Commons. Of course we thankfully agreed.

But there was nearly an accident. We had drafted the Bill to include applications of a borough charity to parishes within ‘or adjacent to’ the borough. A great man gave notice in the Lords to omit the words ‘or adjacent to.’ He was not aware of the Bristol origin of the Bill. He thought that borough money ought not to go to country parishes. I ventured to write and explain how the alteration would affect Bristol, whose interests had years ago been in his capable hands. Great men do not readily change their declared course of action; so I put my request on the ground that it was my last act in the House of Lords as Bishop of Bristol. And on that personal ground the great man graciously let the words stand. The Bill, exactly as drafted by us, received the Royal Assent on August 10, 1914, three months after I had ceased to be Bishop of Bristol. It is the ‘Charitable Trusts Act, 1914,’ 4 & 5 Geo. 5, ch. 56.

It would be very ungrateful on my part to omit mention of four great kindnesses which were shewn to me on my leaving Bristol. Two of these kindnesses, it is true, were

done on my eightieth birthday, but by that time it was known that the end was very near. I wish, for the sake of those who made delightful speeches on three of these occasions, it were possible for me to record the beautiful things they said; but it is evidently impossible for me to do what any other person, writing of these occasions, would naturally do.

On the afternoon of December 4, 1913, the Chapel of the Palace was full of personal friends for the unveiling and dedicating of an east window of painted glass which they had given, with a brass tablet bearing the inscription :

THE EAST WINDOW OF THIS CHAPEL WAS FILLED WITH STAINED GLASS BY FRIENDS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE FORREST BROWNE, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., BISHOP OF BRISTOL, TO MARK THE COMPLETION OF HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR, 4 DEC. 1913.

The two figures in the window are St. Aldhelm and the Venerable Bede. I had published a book on each of the two.

The Archdeacon of Bristol, Dr. Tetley, delivered a beautiful address in unveiling the window and the tablet and making the presentation. It was a palmary example of his singular and most effective skill in speech. The little devotional service was conducted by our very helpful Canon Missioner, W. Everingham, to whom the idea of the presentation, and its execution, were due.

The dedication of the Chapel twelve years before—it is intentionally not consecrated—should be mentioned at this point, before passing on to the other kindnesses of farewells. It took place on the Friday in Whitsun week, 1901, when the candidates for Ordination on Trinity Sunday were in the house.

The architect had asked for an inscription of about twelve letters, to be carved on the stone heading of the door into the Chapel, about six letters on either side. This was a very difficult request. After consideration I decided upon something so far as I know new—EX AEDE : IN AEDES. Of the two views, that the inhabitants of the house should look forward to each visit to the Chapel as their help, or that they should do their daily work in the strength of each past visit to the Chapel, the latter seemed to me the

more important, and the Latin language would have required nine letters on one side (*ex aedibus*) to express the other.

The whole of the woodwork, which is beautiful in its simplicity, was done by Bristol wood-carvers, and was paid for by friends of the bishop. The woodwork at the east end was given by Sir E. S. Hill, then Member for Bristol. The Bishop's canopy stall and desk were given by Mr. C. J. Monk, formerly Chancellor of the diocese. Six of the stalls were given by Canon E. P. Cole, six by Sir E. P. Wills, three by Mr. W. K. Wait, three by Mr. P. D. Prankerd, two by the Rev. H. A. Daniel, one by Canon and Mrs. Tetley, one by Canon John Way, and one by Sir E. B. James. Canon Cole also gave the cost of carving the six cartouches at the west end with the arms, names, and dates, of six of the former bishops¹ of Bristol. This carving sets the type which future bishops will follow, each for himself, for the cartouches in the seventeen remaining stalls. The Rev. F. Brownson gave the Altar Cross, wrought by himself, and the altar desk and the cruets; the white altar cloth was worked by the bishop's mother thirty years before. The Altar Vessels and Alms-dish, of some antiquity, were provided by the bishop. The sanctuary carpet was the gift of Canon and Mrs. Everingham. All of these were severally set apart for the service of the Chapel, and the names of the donors were recited. Then the Bishop pronounced the formula of dedication—'By virtue of our sacred office in the Church of God, we do now dedicate to the service of God this chapel, in memory of St. Birinus, St. Chad, and St. Aldhelm, the apostles of the several parts of this diocese; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Evensong then followed, the officiants being the three candidates for priesthood who had most distinguished themselves in the examination, namely the Rev. G. M. Bell, curate of St. Agnes; the Rev. W. G. Bower, curate of St. Michael and All Angels, Bedminster; and the Rev. E. B. Heberden, curate of St. Mark's, New Swindon.

¹ The six are: Paul Bushe, the first diocesan Bishop of Bristol (there had been a Suffragan Bishop of Bristol); Lake and Sir Jonathan Trelawney, two of the Seven Bishops in the Tower; Smallridge, a good churchman in a time of bad churchmanship; Secker, afterwards Archbishop; and Joseph Butler, twelve years bishop here.

After the unveiling and dedication of the window in the Chapel on December 4, 1913, we proceeded to the Victoria Rooms, where the clergy of the diocese and their ladies were collected in surprisingly large numbers. The purpose of the gathering was to make a presentation to the bishop from the clergy of the diocese. The Archdeacon of North Wilts, Ravenscroft Stewart, made a very touching speech, which deeply affected himself and those who heard it, especially the bishop. The Senior Rural Dean of Bristol, my helpful friend Canon Hemming, spoke for the clergy of Bristol and its neighbourhood; and Canon Masters, of Stanton Fitzwarren, with his deep love for the habitation of the House of God and his rare skill in its decoration and the carved work thereof, spoke for the clergy of North Wilts. The gift was a silver *épergne*—not that there is such a French word—on a large scale and of much beauty, the reproduction of an Irish piece of 1766. The inscription is:

GEORGIO FORREST BROWNE
EPISC. BRIST.
D.D.
CLERICI SUI
ANNOS LXXX NATO
PRID. NON. DEC. MCMXIII
REVERENTIAE ET AMORIS PIGNUS

Along with the *épergne* an Album was presented, beautifully ornamented and bound, with the names of the donors.

The bishop's grateful reply took the general line that a man is what he is made by his surroundings; that a good audience makes a good speech; that the clergy of the diocese made the bishop twice the bishop and twice the man he would have been without their support and stimulus. He had been praised for hard work; but then he loved hard work. He had been praised for bearing lightly the burdens and the worries of a diocese; but then the happinesses of that diocese far outweighed any drawbacks.

The third occasion was not public. A letter came by post from Mr. Jere Osborne and Mr. Fenton Miles, with a cheque 'from a few friends.' I have always been poor.

The fourth occasion was the presentation to the bishop

of a portrait of himself, painted by A. S. Cope, R.A., with a cheque from the balance of the portrait fund. This was from the lay people of the diocese ; and the Lord Mayor, himself a leading Nonconformist, announced that his brother Nonconformists had asked the committee to accept contributions from them as an expression of cordiality and Christian feeling. The portrait has attracted some notice in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year (1915). It is a fine example of very careful and skilful painting of head and face, and the artist has grappled successfully with the difficult tone of a purple coat and cassock. The Lord Mayor, Alderman Swaish, is an excellent public speaker, and he almost excelled himself on this occasion. The Sheriff, Mr. A. Cottam Castle, vied successfully with the Lord Mayor ; and Sir Audley Neeld, speaking for North Wilts, very greatly pleased the bishop by the personal touches in his speech. Sir E. B. James, the Chairman of the Committee, an old and tried friend, made the presentation in a speech as charming as those that had preceded, and read the illuminated address. It is a work of high art, comparable with the best mediaeval work, enclosed in an oaken casket which is itself a work of high art. In fairness to the laymen it may be permitted to quote in a note the paragraph in which they expressed their feeling about the lay side of the bishop's work.¹ They had in a previous paragraph made large recognition of the other side of the work.

The attendance was very large, and there was a painful feeling of long farewell. It seemed necessary to strike a light note in reply, and get the people to laugh a good deal.

¹ 'But your lordship has not only performed with conspicuous energy and ability the duties of your office as Bishop of Bristol, exacting on your time and strength as those duties must have been, but the native vigour of your mind and body sought additional outlets in the support of public movements for the general good. Trained in the administration of local government, you appreciated and were appreciated by those who controlled the public affairs of the great commercial city and the parts of the adjoining counties of which your diocese was composed ; a leading educationist, you placed at the disposal of the nascent University of Bristol long and wide experience gained in the Senate of the ancient University of Cambridge ; a former Professor of Archæology, you took a lively and illuminating interest in the past of Bristol and the West Country ; and with the broad outlook of a liberal and judicial historian, you shewed yourself ever anxious to promote the cause common to all Christian associations.'

This succeeded. An example or two may be quoted in the third person of the newspapers. The bishop confessed that except for the great pleasantness of the artist, the experience of being painted had been very trying. The weather was intolerably hot. The chair of execution was exceedingly uncomfortable, with a brass knob under one shoulder blade that set some nerve or muscle aching unbearably. He had to look as uncharacteristic as possible, gazing ponderingly on the ground for an hour at a time, two hours a day. When it was finished he said to the artist, 'It is a strained and pained old man, and that is not characteristic.'—'Not strained, only thoughtful.'—'More uncharacteristic still!' A daughter assured the bishop that she *had* seen him look like that—at a meeting. She added, with the superior air of a daughter, 'After all, father, it's as well you should go down to posterity looking as if you *could* think sometimes.' He made reference to a remark often made to him about worries, especially worrying letters; he might prevent worrying interviews, but people could get at him with worrying letters. His reply was that if a public man could not face worries he should retire into private life. Besides, a wise man dispels mere worry, day or night, by taking on a bright smile, as though he were saying something very kind to some one he is very fond of: a helpful device. As to letters, he usually stopped reading a letter when it came to a point where, if it had been an interview, he would have stopped the speaker; and in his reply he stated how far he had read. That had saved him much. When destroying papers on leaving Bristol, he came upon a box on which was written the name of a certain gentleman. This was a crank to whom he had given every chance to behave like a reasonable person, all in vain. He then established this box, and into it he put all letters and postcards addressed in that man's hand, the letters unopened, the cards unread. There were thirty letters and sixteen postcards in the box when he thankfully burned it. Some three or four years after he came to Bristol, he had to make public remark upon the habit of sending anonymous letters. That had the effect of stopping all offenders but one, who kept on sending

badly typed letters, corrected in tell-tale ink, signed in all manner of ways, 'An aggrieved parishioner,' 'A young Curate,' 'A disgusted citizen.' He knew all the time who it was, and at last he determined to stop it. A rather bad example came, and he answered it as if it had been signed. That stopped it.

By interspersing such devices, one of the most trying hours of the bishop's life was got through without a breakdown.

It may perhaps be permitted to record the parting words of a bishop, written in the week following the completion of his resignation.

2 Campden House Road, Kensington, W.

May the late bishop claim the hospitality of the Bristol Diocesan Magazine for some words of gratitude to the diocese whose kindness has lightened the anxiety and enhanced the charm of being its bishop.

The first word must come from the first thought—how very much more might have been done, so far as the bishop has himself been concerned, in these sixteen and a half years, and how very much better that which has been done should have been done. And the next word from the next thought—how very much less could have been done, would have been done, had there not been the wise advice, the keen co-operation, the vigorous work, of those whom the bishop found in prominent place when he came, and of those who have developed into prominence since. They too have, humanly speaking, derived great part of their ability to help from the keenness and loyalty of those with whom they in their turn have been specially connected. And so it is through all the graduated scale of diocesan work, diocesan life. No man or boy, no woman or girl, is without a place in the quickening of the vitality of the whole. Each little bit of good work done, however humble, acts as a tonic on some one else; it swells the whole bulk of well-doing, which by successive concentrations acts directly upon the bishop with enabling force.

A bishop cannot know individually all the hundreds of thousands of human beings of whom he is given charge. But he knows of their work from those who do know them. He hears of their prayers for him. He prays for them. There is spiritual knowledge where there is not personal knowledge; there is spiritual communion between those who in the flesh do not meet. And, completest bond, they all know that their heavenly Father knows them all. In a sense much deeper than a personal sense, a

diocese can be one. It has been the bishop's prayer that the diocese in which he has been privileged to work should be in this deeper sense one. It has been his hope that more and more the sense of spiritual one-ness has been growing up among those who in outward things, and in their view of the meaning of outward things, as also in their apprehension of one and another of the many sides of religious truth, more or less evidently shew diversity. For the inspiration and the growth of the sense of one-ness, the trust of all alike must be in the unseen unceasing work of the Holy Spirit of God.

In the bishop's mind, this growing sense of unity in diversity has not been confined to the area of those who are in open communion with the Church of England. It has found its indications in the demeanour of many of the non-conforming members of the National Church who have as their birth-right a share in its ministrations, and are as closely concerned as we are in the maintenance and in the reality of the national profession of obedience to our Lord and Master.

The bishop, looking back upon his past sphere of work, consoles himself in parting from it with such fulfilment of hopes as he believes that he can see. But he would not be human, he would ill deserve to have had the privilege which has been his, if he did not find active pleasure, and great comfort and cause for thankfulness, in the affectionate messages of regard which have come to him from so many quarters and in so many forms. There had seemed to him to be some ground for believing that at least in many parts of the diocese there had grown up a kindly feeling towards him. But its expression has as much exceeded his imaginings as it has outpassed any deserts that can conceivably have been his.

G. F. BROWNE

May 20, 1914.

INDEX

- ABBOT, H. N., 409
 Abel, Sir F., 149
 Aberdeen and Orkney, Bishop of, 84, 87
 Aberlemno, 363
 Aclea, 200
 Acts of Parliament, 117, 411
 Adams, Coker, 57; J. C., 132, 286
 Administration, The words of, 377
 Aifric, Loch, 72
 Agostino da Montefeltro, 188, 190
 Airay family, The, 10
 Albert, Prince, I, 45; Archbishop, 37
 Albert Edward, Prince, *see* Edward VII
 Albert Victor, Prince, his degree, 285-288
 Alcfrith, King, 215
 Alcuin of York, 31, 38
 Aldhelm, St., 362, 367, 413
 Alexander, Archbishop, 336, 337
 Alexandra, Queen, 288, 289, 344, 352-354, 403-405; the Lambeth Conference, 404, 405
 Alford, Canon J. G., 409
 Alfred, King, 314
 Allbutt, Professor Clifford, 40
 Almond River, 49, 56, 62, 63, 66
 Alpine Club, The, 40, 93; President of, 96, 98, 235; Jubilee of, 98, 235; accidents, 40, 96, 97, 98
 Alverstone, Lord, 150
 Ambiguities, Fishing, 77
 Amen Court, 319
 Amiatinus, Codex, 182-185
Ancien Passage, The, 95
 Ancient Monuments Protection Acts, 397
 Anglian Art, Origin of, 198
 Anonymous letters, 416, 417
 Antrobus, Sir E., 209, 211
 Anziani, Dr., 183
 Arabic inscription, 203
 Archangel, Greek Bishop of, 387-390
 Archbishops and Bishops, Receptions of, Cambridge, 279-285; Canterbury, 351; Glastonbury, 359-363; Lindisfarne, 405
 Argyll and the Isles, Bishop of, 82, 83
 Argyll, Duke of, 261
 Arian Crosses, 216
 Arrowsmith, J. W., 409
 Ashbourne, Lord, 268
 Ashley Rectory, 114-117
 Athanasian Creed, The, 376
 Athelstan, King, 208, 395, 396
 Atkinson, Dr. E., 122, 125, 191, 206
 Augustine, St., commemoration, 345, 351; the Granville Cross, 347
 Austen Leigh, A., 146
 Austin, Alfred, 213, 268
 BACON, Francis, 12
 Balfour, A. J., 256, 286
 Ballathie, 62-65
 Balston, Archdeacon, 219
 Bangor, 402
 Barry, Bishop Alfred, 59, 88, 285
 Bateson, Dr., 122, 128, 132, 165, 169, 221-223, 337
 Bath, Inscription at, 208
 Batten, Colonel Cary, 403
 Bayeux Tapestry, 131
 Beauchamp, Earl, 397
 Beaufort, Duke of, 69, 402
 Bede, The Venerable, 36, 37, 227; his Cross, 214
 Beefeaters, The, 358
 Bell, G. M., 413
 Bell Lecturer, 90
 Beltane Fires, 64
 Bend Or's Derby, 180, 181
 Bennett of Bournemouth, 270, 271

- Benson, Archbishop, 42, 230, 321, 333; his death, 345
 Beresford Hope, A. J. B., 117, 268, 300
 Bernicia, 35, 36
 Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, 49, 63
 Betty Hastings, Lady, 43
 Beverley, 208
 Bewcastle Cross, 216
 Biarritz, 248, 344
 Billing, Bishop, 335, 336
 Birinus, 367, 413
 Birkett family, The, 10
 Biscop, 198
 Bishopric, suffragan, 331; diocesan, 360; resignation of, 369
 Bishops of London, Lists of, 319
 Bishopthorpe, 16, 17, 119
 Boar, A wild, 25
 Boat Race, The, 156
 Body Guard, The, 354, 356
 Bologna, 216
 Boniface, 185
 Bonney, T. G., 103, 105, 121, 167
 Bournemouth in 1861, 270, 271
 Bouverie, E. P., 161
 Bower, W. G., 413
 Boxing, 28
 Braan River, 63
 Braddan, Kirk, 202, 213
 Bradshaw, Henry, 92, 101, 205, 228-231; his death, 231; Society, 231
 Bramham Moor hounds, 22
 Bramwell, Mr. Justice, 148; Sir Frederick, 149
 Brandl, Professor, 216
 Brave Poor Things, 407
 Braybrooke, Lord, *see* Neville
 Brechin, Bishop of, 83, 84, 284
 Brescia, 215
 Brett, Mr. Justice, 148
 Bright, Dr. William, 54, 55, 59, 60, 88
 Brinckman, Arthur, 324
 Bristol, offer of Bishopric, 360; election, confirmation, and homage, 364-366; enthronement and address, 366-368; charge of ritualism, 372; vestments, 373, 374; not wearing the cope, 375; Athanasian Creed, 376; Communion of the Sick, 377; the Words of Administration, 377; incense, 378-380; discipline, 380, 381; heterogeneous composition of bishopric, 381-384; Bill for re-adjustment, 384; the old palace and the new, 385-387; Sir Edward Wills, 387; making the palace grounds, 387; Bishop Joanniki, 387-390; Church Congress at, 407; Church Extension, 409; farewells, 412-417; resignation, 369
 Bristol, University of, 409; honorary degree, 309
 British Association, Bath, 103; Bristol, 106; Dundee, 108, 109; York, 107
 Brough Stone, The, 203-207, 217
 Browne, Bishop Harold, 61, 115; Canon G. R., 387; Colonel G. H. S., 48*n.*; C. E. C., 48*n.*
 Brownson, F., 413
 Bruce Stone, The, 49
 Bryce, Viscount, 254
 Buckland, Frank, 69
 Burchardt, 185
 Burn, Robert, 132, 159, 401
 Burton and Speke, 103
 Bute, Marquis of, 60
 Butler, Dr. H. M., 42, 295, 300
 Byzantine Art, 199
- CABINET Minister's fine, A, 147, 148
 Cadmon, 216
 Caedmon, his cross, 213; his song, 213; his poem, 215
 Calverley, 308
 Cambridge County Council, 257-259
 Cambridge politics, borough, 245-247; county, 247; University, 251, 259-264
 Camogask, 236
 Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, 99, 176, 176*n.*, 301
 Canterbury, The Abbey Field, 348
 Caputh, 82
 Carlton Club, Cambridge, 267-270
 Carmen, doggerel, 35-40
 Cassiodorus, 184, 185
 Castle, Cottam, Sheriff, 415
 Catharine Hall, 42-44; fellowship, 45, 46, 90; mastership, 90, 117; proctorship, 138; proposed union with King's, 228-230; Mercers Company, 326; scholarships from public schools, 326*n.*
 Catharine Parr, Queen, 10, 23
 Cathedral Churches, 397-400
 Cavendish Laboratory, 121
 Cayley, Professor, 134, 286
 Ceolfrid, Abbat, 182, 183
 Chad, St., 367, 413
 Chancellor of the University, election of, 296-299
 Chapel, Palace, dedication of, 412; gifts to, 413, 414

- Charitable Trusts Act, 411
 Charity Commissioners, 325, 410, 411
 Charlemagne, 38
 Charles Martel, 236
 Charles, Prince, lawsuit, 11
 Chartists at York, 2
 Chataqua, 131
 Chawner, W., 143
 Cheke, Sir Thomas, 8
 Chichester, Dean of, 56
 Chinnery Haldane, Bishop, 82
 Choral wedding, 91
 Church Congress, Bristol, 407; Carlisle, 273-276
 Churchill, Lord Randolph, 268, 269
 Church Historical Society, 322-324
 Church Instruction and Defence, 321
 Church Reform, Petitions for, 271-273
 Cinque Ports, Custumal of, 346n.
 Clark, E. C., 207; J. W., 191, 192; W. G., 121, 122
 Clay, J. H., 385
 Clock Tower, Westminster, 253
 Clough, Miss, 126
 Clovis, Commemoration of, 349
 Cockburn, Sir A., 160, 165, 173, 180
 Cohen, Arthur, 150
 Colchester-Wemyss, F. C., 76
 Cole, Canon E. P., 413
 Coleridge, Lord, 136, 137
 College contributions, 164, 165
 Collins, Bishop W. E., 324
 Colosseum, The, 188
 Comines, Philippe de, 236, 237
 Como, 187
 Commission, Cambridge University, ch. ix.
 Communion of the Sick, 377
 Confirmation, compulsory confession before, 343
 Constantinople, Patriarch of, 390, 391
 Continental Chaplaincies, 270
 Contributions of Colleges, 164, 165
 Convocation, Proctor in, 338; Committees of Upper House, 338, 376
 Cookson, Dr., 133, 289n.
 Cooper, Dr., 157
 Cope, A. S., 415, 416
 Cope, The, 375
Cornhill Magazine, 68, 109
 Coronation of Queen Victoria, 1; of Edward VII, 371
 Corriemony, 71
 Corrie, Dr., 44, 173
 Corssen, Dr. P., 185
 Cottam Castle, Sheriff, 415
 Council of the Senate, election to 132; its composition, 132
 Country Grammar Schools, 47
 County and kinship claims, 42, 46
 County Council, Cambridgeshire, 257-259
 Coutts Trotter, 122, 132, 166
 Craven, Countess of, 23
 Creighton, Bishop, 321, 336
 Cricket, 44, 52n.
 Cruden, 84-87
 Cuddesdon, 58
 Cunningham, Archdeacon, 188
 Currant tart, cup in, 46
 Curzon, Earl, 98
 Cuthbert, St., his robes, 396, 406; his cross, 242
 DANGERS of Public Ceremonies, 289n 290
 Daniel, Rev. H. A., 386, 413
 Darling, Mr. Justice, 151
 Davidson, H., 161; Sir W. E., 98
 Davies, Miss Emily, 126
 Day, Mr. Justice, 150
 Deans of St. Paul's, Lists of, 319
 Debating Prizes, 279
 Deiniol, St., 402
 Deira, 35, 36
 De Mauley, Lord, 77
 Denman, George, 251
 Derby, The, 180, 181
 De Rossi, G. B., 182, 183
 Devonshire, seventh Duke of, 107, 285, 296, 304
 Devonshire, eighth Duke of, 296-299, 304
 Diamond Jubilee, The, 352-359
 Dibdin, Sir L. T., 321
 Dickson, John, 89
 Dillon, Viscount, 209, 212
 Discipline, 51-53, 380, 381
 Disney Professorship, 190-193, 230
 Dixon, Canon, 16, 17
 Doctors of Divinity, Letters, Science, their robes, 293, 294
 Dodgson, C. L., 57
 Dowcus, Bishop of, 208
 Drapers Company, 326
 Drayton, 'Poly-Olbion,' 24, 25
 'Dream of the Holy Rood,' 216
 Drummondites, 80
 Ducie, Earl of, 107
 Duckworth, Canon, 85
 Dufferin, Marquis of, 107
 Du Maurier, 110
 Durham, Honorary Degree, 307
 Dutchman, The Flying, 19

- ECCLESIASTICAL Courts, 13-15
 Egbert, Bishop and Archbishop of York, 37
 Edward VII, 248, 341, 344, 352, 353, 402, 403, 404; his degree, 288, 289
 Elections, Cambridge, 245, 247, 251; York, 250; Yorkshire, 250
 Election, Confirmation, and Homage, 364-366
 Elementary Education, 327
 Elgin, Earl of, 89
 Engadine, The, 232-236
 English Episcopalians, 80-87
 Entrance Scholarships, 170-172
 Episcopal Church in Scotland, 57, 61, 83-87
 Established Church of Scotland, 83-87
 Ethelbert Commemoration, 349, 351
 Everest, Mount, 99
 Everingham, Canon, 412, 413
- FACULTIES, 398-400
 Farewell to Bristol, 417
 Farewells, 411-417
 Farmer-poet, 63, 64
 Farming, 25
 Fawcett, Henry, 127, 172, 173, 178, 231, 232
 Fawkes, Guy, 5-9
 Fees for D.D. Degree, remission of, 305
 Fees for Letters Patent, 339
 Fellowship offered, 45, 90; again offered, 90; accepted, 90; again proposed, 229, 230
 Ferguson, Chancellor, 206
 Ferrers, Dr., 132, 170, 171, 205
 Festing, Bishop, 338
 First Prayer Book of Edward VI, 380
 Fishing stories, 74-77
 Fitch, Sir Joshua, 321
 FitzGerald, Sir R. U. P., 247, 259, 268
 Florence, 188
 Fly-fishers' dinner, The, 73-77
 Flying Dutchman, The, 19
 Forrest family, The, 10-12, 202
 Forster, W. E., 261
 Forum, Roman, 186
 Foster, M., 169
 Fox, George Lane, 22
 Franks, A. W., 209
 Fraser, Sir J. G., 363
 Frere, Dr., 324
 Fry, Rt. Hon. Lewis, 409
 'Fur, Feather and Fin,' 68
- GALLA Placidia, 185
 Geikie, Sir Archibald, 75
 George V, 402
 Gilpin family, The, 10
 Girtton College, beginnings at Hitchin, 126
 Glamis, 363
 Glastonbury, Archbishops and Bishops at, 359-363
 Glazebrook, R. T., 279
 Gladstone, W. E., 49, 50, 88, 120
 Glen Quoich, 82
 Glenalmond, *see* Trinity College
 Glow-worm, A, 97
 Golden Bough, The, 363
 Goodwin, Bishop Harvey, 81, 206
 Gore, Bishop, 176, 177
 Gorst, Sir J. E., 268, 299
 Gowland, Professor, 212
 Granville, Earl, 347
 Greek Church, 387-390
 Greek, Compulsory, 243
 Gregory, Dean, 88, 302
 Gregory the Great, Pope, 35, 36
 Greville Edwards, W. H., 386*n*.
 Grey, Sir Edward, 99
 Grouse disease, 108
 Guettée, Wladimir, 388
 Gunpowder Plot, 7-9
 Gunson, W. M., 132
 Guy Fawkes, 5-9
- HAIG BROWN, 139, 356
 Hannah, Dr. John, 50, 54-56, 59, 60, 174, 231
 Harcourt, Archbishop Vernon, 16; Sir William, 119, 166
 Hardwick, Archdeacon, 45
 Hardwicke, Earl of, 249
 Hardy, Mr. Gathorne, 68
 Harrogate water, 15
 Harvey, Edward, 403
 Hastings, Lady Betty, 43
 Hauxwell, 199, 200
 Hay, Saving the, 26
 Headlam, W. G., 283
 Heads of Houses, Court of, 142, 143, 173
 Heberden, E. B., 413
 Hemming, G. W., 166, 170; Canon, 414
 Henry, Sir E., 151
 Hexham, Abbey Church, 405
 Hickes, Bishop George, 60
 Hill, Alex, 131, 188
 Hipponax, 119
 Hodges, C. C., 214
 Hodson, Prebendary, 338

- Holmes, Arthur, 132, 221
 Holy Isle, Visit of Bishops to, 405, 406
 Holy Rood,' 'Dream of the, 215
 Home Reading, 131
 Honorary Degrees, Cambridge, 305; Durham, 306; Oxford, 308; Bristol, 309; speeches, 305, 307, 308
 Hope, Sir W. St. John, 392
 Hope-Scott, J. R., 49
 Hort, Dr., 123, 183, 185
Hospitium Saltatorium, 289
 Howorth, Sir Henry, 33
 Huddleston, Baron, 146, 148, 149
 Hudson, Charles, 40, 105; George, 20
 Hughes, Professor, 188
 Humphry, Sir George, 46, 122, 144, 188, 255, 259
- ICE problems, 66, 73, 103
 Ice, subterranean, 103
 Icy Saints, The, 71
 Idleness, 43
 Ignatius, Father, 59, 60
 Ince, Dr., 308
 Incense, 378-380
 Iona, 240; the Abbey Church, 83
- JACKSON, Henry, 122, 134, 263
 Jacobite papers, 69
 James I, lawsuits, 11, 12
 James, M. R., 207, 283; Sir E. B., 415
 James the Deacon, 199
 Jebb, Sir R. C., 256, 304
 Jermyn, Bishop, 284
 Joanniki, Bishop, 387-390
 Jubilee of the Alpine Club, 98, 235; of Glenalmond, 88
 Jury, A village, 27
- KAISER, The, 126, 213
 Kanchenjanga, 98
 Karne, Andrew, 33
 Keiller's marmalade, 109
 Kelly, Minor Canon, 224, 317
 Kemp, Mr., 150, 151
 Kendal, Barony of, 10-12
 Kennion, Bishop, 359-362
 Keynes, Dr. J. N., 130
 Khama, The Chief, 327-330
 Kimmins, C. W., 324
 King, Joshua, 337
 King's College, proposed union with St. Catharine's, 228-230
- Kinnaird, Lord (Fox) and Lady (Fanny), 77, 79
 Kinship and county claims, 42, 46, 47
 Kirkdale Church, 239, 240n.
 Kitchener, Lord, 30n., 98
 Knavesmire, 2, 19
 Kynaston (Snow), Dr., 307
- LAMB, Master of Corpus, 17
 Lambeth Conference, visit to Cambridge, 279-285; to Canterbury, 351; to Glastonbury, 359-363; to Lindisfarne, 405; Queen Alexandra, 404
 Lang, Archbishop, 335
 Langénieux, Cardinal, 349, 350
 Larmor, Sir Joseph, 256
 Latham, Henry, 162, 172; Professor P. W., 337
 Latimer, Lord, 23
 Laurenziana, Biblioteca, 183, 184
 Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 151-153
 Leach, A. F., 35
 Lead Statues, 31-33
 Leeds Cross, The, 193-196
 Legal Proceedings, 134-136
 Leighton, Lord, 9
 Leopold, King, 237
 Letters Patent, Fees for, 338, 339
 Liberal-Unionist Party, 259-261
 Lightfoot, Bishop, 41, 81, 128, 132, 161, 208, 231-234, 237-240
 Lindisfarne, Gospels, 185; visit of Bishops to, 405
 Liveing, Dr., 128, 162, 169, 261, 273
 Local Examinations, Secretaryship, 125; Oxford, 126; bombardment, 126; Local Lectures, Secretaryship, 128; Oxford, 128; farewell Minute of the Syndicate, 303
 Loch Melfort, 81
 London Diocesan Home Mission, 316
 London, Teaching University, 293
 Lothian, Marquis of, 89
 Lowther, Sir John, 249
 Luard, Dr., 205
 Luçon, Cardinal, 350
 Lyne, Joseph Leicester, 59, 60
- MACALISTER, A., 188
 MacColl, Malcolm, 59
 Mackay, Rev. Adam, 84
 Maclaren, Ian, 63
 Macleod, Dr. Donald, 82
 Madman, A, 28-30
 Magdalene College, 42

- Magnusson, Eiríkr, 195
 Malmesbury, Abbey Church, 362,
 392-395; town and people, 395-
 397; King Athelstan, 208, 395,
 396; round skulls, 395, 396
 Mam Soul, 72, 73
 Manning, Cardinal, 49, 151, 152
 Markby, Thomas, 126
 Marquis fee, 10
 Marston Moor, 22-24
 Mason, Canon A. J., 321
 Masters, Canon, 414
 Mathews, Charles Edward, 100; his
 epitaph, 101
 Matterhorn accident, 40, 105
 Meigle, 176*n.*, 363
 Melbourne Hall, 32
 Menzies, Robert and Fletcher, 156
 Mercer, Graeme and Catharine, 66
 Mercers Company, 326
 Meteors, 70, 71
 Methven Castle, 49
 Middlethorpe, 16-19
 Middleton, J. H., 186, 187, 295,
 333
 Miles, Fenton, 414
 Minto, Earl of, 98
 Mitchison, Rev. R. S. and Mrs., 86*n.*,
 87
 Mitton or Myton, 24
 Moderator of the Assembly, 84, 85
 Monk, C. J., 413
 Monkton, Nun, ch. ii.
 Monosyllables, articles and sermons
 in, 314-316
 Moore, Thomas, 322
 Morgan, Dr. H. A., 141, 159, 231
 Morley, Viscount, 49, 89, 99
 Morshead, Fred, 93, 94
 Morton, Bishop, 8
 Mosaics of St. Paul's, 318
 Mont Blanc, 94
 Murphy, Sergeant, 150
 Musgrave, Archbishop, 16
 Myton or Mitton, 24

 NEELD, Sir Audley, 415
 Neville, Latimer, Lord Braybrooke,
 255, 268, 289, 296, 297
 Newnham College, beginnings under
 Miss Clough, 126; garden party
 at, 288; presentation by, 305
 Newton, Alfred, 112
 Nickson, Bishop, 243
 Nicoll, farmer-poet, 63, 64
 Niebuhr, 169
 Non-jurors, 60
 Nun Monkton, ch. ii; Priory, 23, 26

 OAKLEY, Sir Evelyn, 292
 Ogams, 193-197, 403
 Oidilwald, King, 239, 240*n.*
 Okes, Dr., 119, 120
 Onlaf, King, 196
 Ordination, 57; examinations for,
 276
 'O. S.', 129
 Osborne, Jere, 414
 Ouse River, ch. ii.
 Oxford, Honorary Degree, 308;
 speeches, 308

 PAGEANTS, 34
 Paget, Francis, 15; Sir George, 16,
 157, 255, 299
 Palace, Bristol, the old and the new,
 385-387; dedication of Chapel,
 412, 413; of chapel window, 412
Pall Mall Gazette, 110-112
 Palmer, Professor, 253; Sir R., *see*
 Selborne
 Palmerston, Lord, 288
 Pandects, 182-186
 Parish Churches, 397-399
 Parkinson, Dr., 132
 Party Leadership, 134, 261-264
 Paton, J. B., 131
 Patton, George, 50; Mrs. Malcolm,
 88
 Paulinus, 24, 35, 199
 Peacocks, 30
 Peile, John, 132, 180, 304
 People's Palace, 326, 327
 Perowne, Edward, 132, 168, 169, 224-
 226
 Perrin, Peter, 94
 Persimmon, 341
 Perth Bridge, 64
 Pett Ridge, 407
 Phear, Dr., 169; Sir John, 45
 Phillips, J. Sadler, 322
 Philpott, Dr., 45, 161-163
 Pictish Sculptured Stones, 363
 Pigou, Dean, 400*n.*
 Pio Nono, 7
 Piscatorial verses and ambiguities, 76,
 77
 Pitfour, 56, 67
 Poachers, 27
 Police, Cambridge, 157
 Ponsonby, Canon Maurice, 78
 Poor men, 177
 Porclas, 235
 Porter, Dr. James, 149, 161, 304
 Port Erroll, 85
 Portrait, presentation of, 415-417
 Potter, Bishop, 284

Powell, James, 318
 Poynter, E. J., 295
 Pranker, P. D., 413
 Preachers before the University, 174, 175
 Prescott, Archdeacon, 125, 204
 Presentation of plate, 304, 305, 414
 Press, The, 112, 113
 Primus, The, 83, 84
 Prince Consort Prize, 294
 Prize Essays, 294, 295
 Prize Fellowships, 173, 177, 178
 Proclamation of the King, 402
 Proctor in Convocation, 338
 Proctors, York, 13-15; Cambridge, ch. viii.
 Proctorship, The, ch. viii.
 Professorial Fellowships, 170
 Prothero, G. W., 154, 231
 Puller, Father, 324
 Purple and Brown, 76

QUEEN'S College, Oxford, 43

RAIKES, H. C., 251, 254, 255, 256
 Ravenna, 199, 215
 Rawlinson, Mr., 150
 Rawnsley, Canon, 213, 214
 Rayleigh, Lord, 161, 164, 176, 252, 286
 Reading Prizes, 277, 278
 Red House, 23, 33
 Redcliffe Vestry, 410
 Reformed Churches, Union of, 85, 87
 Reims, Cardinal Archbishops of, 349, 350
Reporter, The University, 121-124
 Representation, University, 251-257, 266
 Reyner, G. F., 223
 Rheged, 34
 Richborough Castle, 346
 Richmond fee, 11
 Richmond, Sir W. B., 318
 Robberds, Bishop, 83, 84
 Roberts, Dr. R. D., 130, 131, 324, 325
 Roberts, Earl, 356, 409, 410
 Robeson, Hemming, 408
 Rokeby, 25
 Roman Catholic patrons, 116
 Romano-Britons, 34
 Romauntsch studies, 231-236
 Rome, Visit to, 186-188
 Romer, Mr. Justice, 172
 Rossi, de, 182, 183

Rougemont, de, 106
 Rouse Ball, W. W., 127
 Royal Institution, 196
 Royal Yacht, The, 403-415
 Royston, Lord, 247
 Rule of life, 15
 Runes, 193-196, 203, 215, 240, 403
 Rupert, Prince, 23, 24
 Russell, Lord John, 288
 Russell of Killowen, Lord, 100
 Ruthwell Cross, The, 216

SACRED Tree, The, 363
 Sacrilege, The fate of, 26
 St. Abbondio in Como, 187
 St. Aldhelm, 362, 367
 St. Augustine Commemoration, 351; College, 348
 St. Birinus, 367, 413
 St. Catharine's College, *see* Catharine Hall
 St. Chad, 367, 413
 St. Cuthbert, his cross, 242; his robes, 396, 406
 St. Deiniol, 402
 S. Fabricatus, 209
 S. Gregorio, 187
 St. Ignatius, Sunderland, 240
 St. John Baptist Vestry, 410
 S. Maria in Cosmedin, 187
 S. Maria in Trastevere, 187
 St. Mary Redcliffe Vestry, 410
 S. Maximian, ivory chair, 199, 215
 St. Nicholas Vestry, 410
 St. Paul's, Canonry of, 300; Treasurership, 317; reredos, 312; altar hangings, 317; candelabra, 317; mosaics, 318; lists of Bishops, 319; lists of Deans, 319; Amen Court, 319, 320; the Chief Khama, 327-330; Dr. Benson's death, 345; Augustine Commemoration, 351; Ethelbert Commemoration, 351; the Diamond Jubilee, 352-359; Welsh Services at, 400
 St. Paul's School, Governorship of, 325
 St. Peter and St. Paul, Canterbury, 348, 350
 Salisbury, Marquis of, 286, 287, 300, 301, 338, 362
 Salmon in the Ouse, 32; in Scotland, ch. iv.
 Sandringham, 343, 344
 Sandwich, 346, 347
 Sandys, Sir John, 282, 286, 305
 Sayce, Professor, 204, 208
 School of York, 34-40

- Scott Holland, Canon, 328
 Scott, Sir Walter, 23-25
 Scottish Disabilities, 57, 61
 Scrope, Archbishop, execution of, 18
 Sedgwick, Dr. Adam, 17, 122, 337
 Selborne, Earl of, 174, 175, 325
 Selwyn, William, 70, 243, 289
 Sermons and speeches, advice, 313-315
 Sheffield, Lord, 397, 398
 Shilleto, epigram, 118
 Shilligan burn, 63, 64
 Shockie burn, 63, 64
 Sidgwick, H., 133, 134
 Sigurd Fafnesbane, 194, 195
 Sinclair, Archdeacon W. M., 317
 Slingsbys, The, 23, 25, 33
 Sma' Glen, The, 93
 Smith, Mr. George, 110-112
 Smythe of Methven, 88
 Snakes, 30
 Snow, Herbert, 307
 Speke, death of, 103
 Spelman on Sacrilege, 26
 Spence Watson, Dr., 89
 Spontaneous enthusiasm, 90
 Spratt, A. W., 142
 Stanley, Dean, 81; Sir H. M., 144
 Stanton, Dr., 128, 263, 264
 Statesmen, 10
 Statues, Leaden, 31-33
 Stephen, Leslie, 102
 Stephens, George, 207
 Stepney, Suffragan bishopric of, 330-336
 Stewart, Ravenscroft, Archdeacon, 414
 Stokes, Sir G. G., 132, 161, 164, 255, 286
 Stonehenge, 209-214
 Strid, The, 107
 Stuart, James, 128, 151, 152, 226, 227, 251
 Stubbs, Bishop, 301-303
 Subpœna, A, 135
 Suffragan Sees, 333-336
 Supernumerary Fellows and Scholars, 178
 Swainson, Dr., 17, 180
 Swaish, Lord Mayor, 415
 Swale River, 24
 Sycomania, 102
 Sykes, Sir Mark, 249
 TAIT, Archbishop, 116
 Talbot, Canon R. T., 400*n*.
 'Tales of a Grandfather,' 48
 Taliessin, 34
 Taylor, Dr. Charles, 128; Isaac, 204; Sedley, 122
 Teck, Duchess of, Princess Mary, 343
 Teinds Court, 65
 Tempest Anderson, 40
 Temple, Bishop and Archbishop, his umbrella, 312; examining chaplain, 313; stories of him, 124*n*. 316; his suffragan, 331-333, 341-343; Diamond Jubilee, 356; Glas-tonbury, 361
 Tetley, Archdeacon, 412, 413
 Thackeray, W. M., 110
 Theodore and Wilfrith, 390
 Thirlwall Prize, 295
 Thompson, Dr., 129, 169, 217-221
 Thomson, Archbishop, 15, 230; Sir J. J., 256
 Tommy Richardson, 41, 218
 Tostig, Earl, 240*n*.
 Treasury Minute, A, 162
 Trench, Dr., 59
 Trinity College, Glenalmond, 48, 49; mastership at, 50-60; jubilee, 87-90
 Trotter, Coutts, 122, 132, 166
 Troutbeck, 10-12
 Tuckett, F. F., 110
 Tulliebelton, 62-65
 Tuxen, Laurits, 357
 Twiss, Dr. Travers, 116
 Tyndall, John, 104
 UNION of Colleges proposed, 229, 230
 University Colleges, grants to, 291-293
 — Elections, 251-253
 — for Women, A, 309, 310
 — Representation, 251-257, 266
 — Teaching, Royal Commission on, 293; London Council for, 325
 VAN NOST, John, 33
 Vaughan, Cardinal, correspondence with, 339-341
 Vestments, 373, 374
 Vestries, Select, their liberality, Redcliffe, 410; St. John Baptist, 410; St. Nicholas, 410: Act to extend their area of operation, 411
 Victoria, Queen, Coronation, 1; the Chief Khama, 330; Diamond Jubilee, 352-359; Homage, 365, 366
 Voltigeur, 19
 Völund, 195

- Warr, W. K., 413
 Walker, Bryan, 172
 Wallis, Bishop Frederick, 279
 Wallon, 236, 237
 Walls of York, 2
 Walpole, Spencer, 119, 251
 Walsham How, Bishop, 334, 335, 342
 Warren, Sir H., 308
 Warsaw, Archbishop Nicolas of, 330
 Watney, Sir John, 326
 Way, Canon John, 413
 Wearmouth Pandects, 182-186
 Weaver, Laurence, on lead-work, 32
 Webster, Sir Richard, 150
 Wedding, Choral, 91
 Welsh Services, 400
 Westcott, Bishop, 128, 132, 170, 237, 238-244, 301
 Weyland Smith, 195
 Whirlwind. A, 70
 Whitting, Fred, 230
 Whymper, E., 40, 105
 Wilberforce, Bishop Samuel, 57-59
 Wilfrith, Bishop, 36, 198
 Wills, Mr. Justice, 99, 100
 Wills, Sir E. P., 387, 413 ; G. A., 409 ; H. H., 409 ; H. O., 409
 Wilne Font, The, 200-202
 Wilts dialect, 397
 Winnington Ingram, Bishop, 335, 339
 Winterstoke, Lord, 409
 Wolfe, General, 9
 Women, Lectures for, 121 ; Higher Examinations for, 126 ; admitted to Tripos Examinations, 127 ; degrees for, 309-311 ; a Senior Classic, 127 ; a Senior Wrangler, 127 ; a University for, 309-311
 Woodham, Dr., 119
 Worcester, Marquis of, 69
 Wordsworth, Bishop Charles, 50, 57, 88 ; Bishop John, 182
 Worsley and Wake, 13
 Wray of Kelfield, 9
 Wright, Aldis, 171, 227, 227*n*.
 Wright-Henderson, Dr. P. G., 52*n*.
 YACHT, the Royal, 403-405
 Yeld, George, 40
 York and Ainsty hounds, 22
 York, the walls of, 2 ; minster burned, 3 ; chartists at, 2 ; school of, 34-40 ; politics at, 249, 250
 Yorkshire dialects, 34



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